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The Peacock Inn, Rowsley.

ENGLAND

PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE

REMINISCENCES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

BY

JOEL COOK

ILLUSTRATED

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

PHILADELPHIA

HENRY T. COATES & CO.

1900

In 50.82.13

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INTRODUCTION.

No land possesses greater attractions for the American tourist than England. It was the home of his forefathers; its history is to a great extent the history of his own country; and he is bound to it by the powerful ties of consanguinity, language, laws, and customs. When the American treads the busy London streets, threads the intricacies of the Liverpool docks and shipping, wanders along the green lanes of Devonshire, climbs Alnwick's castellated walls, or floats upon the placid bosom of the picturesque Wye, he seems almost as much at home as in his native land. But, apart from these considerations of common Anglo-Saxon paternity, no country in the world is more interesting to the intelligent traveller than England. The British system of entail, whatever may be the opinion of its political and economic merits, has built up vast estates and preserved the stately homes, renowned castles, and ivy-clad ruins of ancient and celebrated structures, to an extent and variety that no other land can show. The remains of the abbeys, castles, churches, and ancient fortresses in England and Wales that war and time together have crumbled

and scarred tell the history of centuries, while countless legends of the olden time are revived as the tourist passes them in review. England, too, has other charms than these. British scenery, though not always equal in sublimity and grandeur to that displayed in many parts of our own country, is exceedingly beautiful, and has always been a fruitful theme of song and story.

“ The splendor falls on castle-walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.”

Yet there are few satisfactory and comprehensive books about this land that is so full of renowned memorials of the past and so generously gifted by Nature. Such books as there are either cover a few counties or are devoted only to local description, or else are merely guide-books. The present work is believed to be the first attempt to give in attractive form a book which will serve not only as a guide to those visiting England and Wales, but also as an agreeable reminiscence to others, who will find that its pages treat of familiar scenes. It would be impossible to describe everything within the brief compass of a single book, but it is believed that nearly all the more prominent places in England and Wales are included, with enough of their history and legend to make the description interesting.

The work has been arranged in ten tours, with Liverpool and London as the chief starting-points, and each route follows the lines upon which the sightseer generally advances in the respective directions taken. Such is probably the most convenient form for the travelling reader, as the author has found from experience, while a comprehensive index will make reference easy to different localities and persons. Without further introduction it is presented to the public, in the confident belief that the interest developed in its subject will excuse any shortcomings that may be found in its pages.

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LIVERPOOL WESTWARD TO THE
WELSH COAST.

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WELSH COAST.

ENGLAND,

PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I.

LIVERPOOL WESTWARD TO THE WELSH COAST.

Liverpool—Birkenhead—Knowsley Hall—Chester—Cheshire—Eaton Hall—Hawarden Castle—Bidston—Congleton—Beeston Castle—The river Dee—Llangollen—Valle Crucis Abbey—Dinas Bran—Wynnstay—Pont Cysylltau—Chirk Castle—Bangor-ys-Coed—Holt—Wrexham—The Sands o' Dee—North Wales—Flint Castle—Rhuddlan Castle—Mold—Denbigh—St. Asaph—Holywell—Powys Castle—The Menai Strait—Anglesea—Beaumaris Castle—Bangor—Penrhyn Castle—Plas Newydd—Caernarvon Castle—Ancient Segontium—Conway Castle—Bettws-y-Coed—Mount Snowdon—Port Madoc—Coast of Merioneth—Barmouth—St. Patrick's Causeway—Mawddach Vale—Cader Idris—Dolgelly—Bala Lake—Aberysthwith—Harlech Castle—Holyhead.

LIVERPOOL.

THE American transatlantic tourist, after a week or more spent upon the ocean, is usually glad again to see the land. After skirting the bold Irish coast, and peeping into the pretty cove of Cork, with Queenstown in the background, and passing the rocky headlands of Wales, the steamer that brings him from America carefully enters the Mersey River. The shores are low but picturesque as

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the tourist moves along the estuary between the coasts of Lancashire and Cheshire, and passes the great beacon standing solitary and alone amid the waste of waters, the Perch Rock Light off New Brighton on the Cheshire side. Thus he comes to the world's greatest seaport—Liverpool—and the steamer finally passes between the miles of docks that front the two cities, Liverpool on the left and Birkenhead on the right. Forests of masts and funnels loom up behind the great dock-walls, stretching far away on either bank, while a fleet of arriving or departing steamers is anchored in a long line in mid-channel. Odd-looking, low, black tugs, pouring out thick smoke from double funnels, move over the water. The passengers are landed upon the capacious structure a half mile long, built on pontoons, so it can rise and fall with the tides, and known as the Prince's Landing-Stage, where the customs officers perform their brief formalities and quickly let the visitor go ashore over the fine floating bridge into the city.

At Liverpool most American travellers begin their view of England. It is the great city of ships and sailors and all that appertains to the sea, and its 860,000 population are mainly employed in mercantile life and the myriad trades that serve the ship or deal in its cargo, for fifteen thousand to twenty thousand of the largest vessels of modern commerce will enter the Liverpool docks in a year,

and its merchants own 8,260,000 tonnage. Fronting these docks on the Liverpool side of the Mersey is the great sea-wall, over five miles long, behind which are enclosed 400 acres of water-surface in the various docks, that are bordered by sixteen miles' length of quays. On the Birkenhead side of the river there are ten miles of quays in the docks that extend for over two miles along the bank. These docks, which are made necessary to accommodate the enormous commerce, have cost over \$50,000,000, and are the crowning glory of Liverpool. They are filled with the ships of all nations, and huge store-houses line the quays, containing products from all parts of the globe, yet chiefly the grain and cotton, provisions, tobacco, and lumber of America. Railways run along the inner border of the docks on a street between them and the town, and along their tracks horses draw the freight cars, while double-decked passenger-cars also run upon them with broad wheels fitting the rails, yet capable of being run off whenever the driver wishes to get ahead of the slowly moving freight-cars. Ordinary wagons move upon Strand street alongside, with horses of the largest size drawing them, the huge growth of the Liverpool horses being commensurate with the immense trucks and vans to which these magnificent animals are harnessed.

Liverpool is of great antiquity, but in the time of William the Conqueror it was only a fishing-village.

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Liverpool Castle, long since demolished, was a fortress eight hundred years ago, and afterward the rival families of Molineux and Stanley contended for the mastery of the place. It was a town of slow growth, however, and did not attain full civic dignity till the time of Charles I. It was within two hundred years that it became a seaport of any note. The first dock was opened in 1699, and strangely enough it was the African slave-trade that gave the Liverpool merchants their original start. The port sent out its first slave-ship in 1709, and in 1753 had eighty-eight ships engaged in the slave-trade, which carried over twenty-five thousand slaves from Africa to the New World that year. Slave-auctions were frequent in Liverpool, and one of the streets where these sales were effected was nicknamed "Negro street." The agitation for the abolition of the trade was carried on a long time before Liverpool submitted, and then privateering came prominently out as the lucrative business a hundred years ago during the French wars, that brought Liverpool great wealth. Next followed the development of trade with the East Indies, and finally the trade with America has grown to such enormous proportions in the present century as to eclipse all other special branches of Liverpool commerce, large as some of them are. This has made many princely fortunes for the merchants and shipowners, and their wealth has been liberally expended in beautifying their city.

It has in recent years had very rapid growth, and has greatly increased its architectural adornments. Most amazing has been this advancement since the time in the last century when the mayor and corporation entertained Prince William of Gloucester at dinner, and, pleased at the appetite he developed, one of them called out, "Eat away, Your Royal Highness; there's plenty more in the kitchen!" The mayor was Jonas Bold, and afterwards, taking the prince to church, they were astonished to find that the preacher had taken for his text the words, "Behold, a greater than Jonas is here."

Liverpool has several fine buildings. Its Custom House is a large Ionic structure of chaste design, with a tall dome that can be seen from afar, and is richly decorated within. The Town Hall and the Exchange buildings make up the four sides of an enclosed quadrangle paved with broad flagstones. Here, around the attractive Nelson monument in the centre, the merchants meet and transact their business. The chief public building is St. George's Hall, an imposing edifice, surrounded with columns and raised high above one side of an open square, and costing \$2,000,000 to build. It is a Corinthian building, having at one end the Great Hall, one hundred and sixty-nine feet long, where public meetings are held, and court-rooms at the other end. Statues of Robert Peel, Gladstone, and Stephenson, with other great men, adorn the Hall. Gladstone

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was the son of Sir John Gladstone, a prominent Liverpool merchant, and was born here in 1809; Mrs. Hemans was also a native of Liverpool, born in 1793. Sir William Brown, who amassed a princely fortune in Liverpool, has presented the city with a splendid free library and museum, which stands in a magnificent position on Shaw's Brow. Many of the streets are lined with stately edifices, public and private, and most of these avenues diverge from the square fronting St. George's Hall, opposite which is the fine station of the London and North-western Railway, which, as is the railroad custom in England, is also a large hotel. The suburbs of Liverpool are filled for a wide circuit with elegant rural homes and surrounding ornamental grounds, where the opulent merchants live. They are generally bordered with high stone walls, interfering with the view, and impressing the visitor strongly with the idea that an Englishman's house is his castle. Several pretty parks with ornamental lakes among the hills are also in the suburbs. Yet it is the vast trade that is the glory of Liverpool, for it is but an epitome of England's commercial greatness and is of comparatively modern growth. "All this," not long ago said Lord Erskine, speaking of the rapid advancement of Liverpool, "has been created by the industry and well-disciplined management of a handful of men since I was a boy."

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KNOWSLEY HALL.

Five miles out of Liverpool is the village of Prescott, where Kemble the tragedian was born, and where the people at the present time are largely engaged in watchmaking. Not far from Prescott is one of the famous homes of England—Knowsley Hall, the seat of the Stanleys and of the Earls of Derby for five hundred years. The park covers two thousand acres and is almost ten miles in circumference. The greater portion of the famous house was built in the time of George II. It is an extensive and magnificent structure, and contains many art-treasures in its picture-gallery by Rembrandt, Rubens, Correggio, Teniers, Vandyke, Salvator Rosa, and others. The Stanleys are one of the governing families of England, the last Earl of Derby having been premier in 1866, and the present earl having also been a cabinet minister. The crest of the Stanleys represents the Eagle and the Child, and is derived from the story of a remote ancestor who, cherishing an ardent desire for a male heir, and having only a daughter, contrived to have an infant conveyed to the foot of a tree in the park frequented by an Eagle. Here he and his lady, taking a walk, found the child as if by accident, and the lady, considering it a gift from Heaven brought by the eagle and miraculously preserved, adopted the boy as her heir. From this time the

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crest was assumed; but we are told that the old knight's conscience smote him at the trick, and on his deathbed he bequeathed the chief part of his fortune to the daughter, from whom are descended the present family.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF CHESTER.

Not far from Liverpool, and in the heart of Cheshire, we come to the small but famous river Dee and the old and very interesting city of Chester. It is built in the form of a quadrant, its four walls enclosing a plot about a half mile square. The walls, which form a promenade two miles around, over which every visitor should tramp; the quaint gates and towers; the "Rows," or arcades along the streets, which enable the sidewalks to pass under the upper stories of the houses by cutting away the first-floor front rooms; and the many ancient buildings—are all attractive. The Chester Cathedral is a venerable building of red sandstone, which comes down to us from the twelfth century, though it has recently been restored. It is constructed in the Perpendicular style of architecture, with a square and turret-surmounted central tower. This is the Cathedral of St. Werburgh, and besides other merits of the attractive interior, the southern transept is most striking from its exceeding length. The choir is richly ornamented with carvings and fine woodwork, the Bishop's Throne having originally been a pedes-

tal for the shrine of St. Werburgh. The cathedral contains several ancient tombs of much interest, and the elaborate Chapter Room, with its Early English windows and pillars, is much admired. In this gorgeous structure the word of God is preached from a Bible whose magnificently-bound cover is inlaid with precious stones and its markers adorned with pearls. The book is the Duke of Westminster's gift, that nobleman being the landlord of much of Chester. In the nave of the cathedral are two English battle-flags that were at Bunker Hill. Chester Castle, now used as a barrack for troops, has only one part of the ancient edifice left, called Julius Cæsar's Tower, near which the Dee is spanned by a fine single-arch bridge.

The quaintest part of this curious old city of Chester is no doubt the "Rows," above referred to. These arcades, which certainly form a capital shelter from the hot sun or rain, were, according to one authority, originally built as a refuge for the people in case of sudden attack by the Welsh; but according to others they originated with the Romans, and were used as the vestibules of the houses; and this seems to be the more popular theory with the townsfolk. Under the "Rows" are shops of all sizes, and some of the buildings are grotesquely attractive, especially the curious one bearing the motto of safety from the plague, "God's providence is mine inheritance," standing on Watergate street, and known as

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“God’s Providence House;” and “Bishop Lloyd’s Palace,” which is ornamented with quaint wood-carvings. The “Dark Row” is the only one of these strange arcades that is closed from the light, for it forms a kind of tunnel through which the foot-walk goes. Not far from this is the famous old “Stanley House,” where one unfortunate Earl of Derby spent the last day before his execution in 1657 at Bolton. The carvings on the front of this house are very fine, and there is told in reference to the mournful event that marks its history the following story : Lieutenant Smith came from the governor of Chester to notify the condemned earl to be ready for the journey to Bolton. The earl asked, “When would have me go ?” “To-morrow, about six in the morning,” said Smith. “Well,” replied the earl, “commend me to the governor, and tell him I shall be ready by that time.” Then said Smith, “Doth your lordship know any friend or servant that would do the thing your lordship knows of ? It would do well if you had a friend.” The earl replied, “What do you mean ? to cut off my head ?” Smith said, “Yes, my lord, if you could have a friend.” The earl answered, “Nay, sir, if those men that would have my head will not find one to cut it off, let it stand where it is.”

It is easy in this strange old city to carry back the imagination for centuries, for it preserves its connection with the past better perhaps than any other

English town. The city holds the keys of the outlet of the Dee, which winds round it on two sides, and is practically one of the gates into Wales. Naturally, the Romans established a fortress here more than a thousand years ago, and made it the headquarters of their twentieth legion, who impressed upon the town the formation of a Roman camp, which it bears to this day. The very name of Chester is derived from the Latin word for a camp. Many Roman fragments still remain, the most notable being the Hyptocaust. This was found in Watergate street about a century ago, together with a tessellated pavement. There have also been exhumed Roman altars, tombs, mosaics, pottery, and other similar relics. The city is built upon a sandstone rock, and this furnishes much of the building-material, so that most of the edifices have their exteriors disintegrated by the elements, particularly the churches—a peculiarity that may have probably partly justified Dean Swift's epigram, written when his bile was stirred because a rainstorm had prevented some of the Chester clergy from dining with him :

“ Churches and clergy of this city
Are very much akin :
They're weather-beaten all without,
And empty all within.”

The modernized suburbs of Chester, filled with busy factories, are extending beyond the walls over

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a larger surface than the ancient town itself. At the angles of the old walls stand the famous towers—the Phœnix Tower, Bonwaldesthorpe's Tower, Morgan's Mount, the Goblin Tower, and the Water Tower; while the gates in the walls are almost equally famous—the Eastgate, Northgate, Watergate, Bridgegate, Newgate, and Peppergate. The ancient Abbey of St. Mary had its site near the castle, and not far away are the picturesque ruins of St. John's Chapel, outside the walls. According to a local legend, its neighborhood had the honor of sheltering an illustrious fugitive. Harold, the Saxon king, we are told, did not fall at Hastings, but, escaping, spent the remainder of his life as a hermit, dwelling in a cell near this chapel and on a cliff alongside the Dee. The four streets leading from the gates at the middle of each side of the town come together in the centre at a place formerly known as the "Pentise," where was located the bull-ring at which was anciently carried on the refining sport of "bull-baiting" while the mayor and corporation, clad in their gowns of office, looked on approvingly. Prior to this sport beginning, we are told that solemn proclamation was made for "the safety of the king and the mayor of Chester"—that "if any man stands within twenty yards of the bull-ring, let him take what comes." Here stood also the stocks and pillory. Amid so much that is ancient and quaint, the Town Hall, a

beautiful structure recently erected, is naturally most attractive, its dedication to civic uses having been made by the present Prince of Wales, who bears among many titles that of Earl of Chester. But this is about the only modern attraction this interesting city possesses. At an angle of the walls are the "Dee Mills," as old as the Norman Conquest, and famous in song as the place where the "jolly miller once lived on the Dee." Full of attractions within and without, it is difficult to tear one's self away from this quaint city, and therefore we will agree, at least in one sense, with Dr. Johnson's blunt remark to a lady friend: "I have come to Chester, madam, I cannot tell how, and far less can I tell how to get away from it."

CHESHIRE.

The county of Cheshire has other attractions. But a short distance from Chester, in the valley of the Dee, is Eaton Hall, the elaborate palace of the Duke of Westminster and one of the finest seats in England, situated in a park of eight hundred acres that extends to the walls of Chester. This palace has been almost entirely rebuilt and modernized, and is now the most spacious and splendid example of Revived Gothic architecture in England. The house contains many works of art—statues by Gibson, paintings by Rubens and others—and is full of the most costly and beautiful decorations and

furniture, being essentially one of the show-houses of Britain. In the extensive gardens are a Roman altar found in Chester and a Greek altar brought from Delphi. At Hawarden Castle (pronounced Harden), six miles west of Chester, was the home of the late William E. Gladstone, and in its picturesque park are the ruins of the ancient castle, dating from the time of the Tudors, and from the keep of which there is a fine view of the Valley of the Dee. The ruins of Ewloe Castle, six hundred years old, are not far away, but so buried in foliage that they are difficult to find. Two miles from Chester is Hoole House, formerly Lady Broughton's, famous for its rockwork, a lawn of less than an acre exquisitely planted with clipped yews and other trees being surrounded by a rockery over forty feet high. In the Wirral or Western Cheshire are several attractive villages. At Bidston, west of Birkenhead and on the sea-coast, is the ancient house that was once the home of the unfortunate Earl of Derby, whose execution is mentioned above. Congleton, in Eastern Cheshire, stands on the Dane, in a lovely country, and is a good example of an old English country-town. Its Lion Inn is a fine specimen of the ancient black-and-white gabled hostelry which novelists love so well to describe. At Nantwich is a curious old house with a heavy octagonal bow-window in the upper story overhanging a smaller lower one, telescope-fashion. The noble

tower of Nantwich church rises above, and the building is in excellent preservation.

Nearly in the centre of Cheshire is the stately fortress of Beeston Castle, standing on a sandstone rock rising some three hundred and sixty feet from the flat country. It was built nearly seven hundred years ago by an Earl of Cheshire, then just returned from the Crusades. Standing in an irregular court covering about five acres, its thick walls and deep ditch made it a place of much strength. It was ruined prior to the time of Henry VIII., having been long contended for and finally dismantled in the Wars of the Roses. Being then rebuilt, it became a famous fortress in the Civil Wars, having been seized by the Roundheads, then surprised and taken by the Royalists, alternately besieged and defended afterward, and finally starved into surrender by the Parliamentary troops in 1645. This was King Charles's final struggle, though the castle did not succumb till after eighteen weeks' siege, and its defenders were forced to eat cats and rats to satisfy hunger, and were reduced to only sixty. Beeston Castle was then finally dismantled, and its ruins are now an attraction to the tourist. Lea Hall, an ancient and famous timbered mansion, surrounded by a moat, was situated about six miles from Chester, but the moat alone remains to show where it stood. Here lived Sir Hugh Calveley, one of Froissart's heroes, who was governor of Calais when it was

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held by the English, and is buried under a sumptuous tomb in the church of the neighboring college of Bunbury, which he founded. His armed effigy surmounts the tomb, and the inscription says he died on St. George's Day, 1394.

THE RIVER DEE.

Frequent reference has been made to the river Dee, the Deva of the Welsh, which is unquestionably one of the finest streams of Britain. It rises in the Arran Fowddwy, one of the chief Welsh mountains, nearly three thousand feet high, and after a winding course of about seventy miles falls into the Irish Sea. This renowned stream has been the theme of many a poet, and after expanding near its source into the beautiful Bala Lake, whose bewitching surroundings are nearly all described in polysyllabic and unpronounceable Welsh names, and are popular among artists and anglers, it flows through Edeirnim Vale, past Corwen. Here a pathway ascends to the eminence known as Glendower's Seat, with which tradition has closely knit the name of the Welsh hero, the close of whose marvellous career marked the termination of Welsh independence. Then the romantic Dee enters the far-famed Valley of Llangollen, where tourists love to roam, and where lived the "Ladies of Llangollen." We are told that these two high-born dames had many lovers, but rejecting all and enamored only of each other,

Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, the latter seventeen years the junior of the former, determined on a life of celibacy. They eloped together from Ireland, were overtaken and brought back, and then a second time decamped—on this occasion in masquerade, the elder dressed as a peasant and the younger as a smart groom in top-boots. Escaping pursuit, they settled in Llangollen in 1778 at the quaint little house called Plas Newydd (New Place), and lived there together for a half century. Their costume was extraordinary, for they appeared in public in blue riding-habits, men's neckcloths, and high hats, with their hair cropped short. They had antiquarian tastes, which led to the accumulation of a vast lot of old wood-carvings and stained glass, gathered from all parts of the world and worked into the fittings and adornment of their home. They were on excellent terms with all the neighbors, and Lady Butler the elder died in 1829, aged ninety, and Miss Ponsonby two years afterward, aged seventy-six. Their remains lie in Llangollen churchyard, where is also interred their faithful servant, Mary Carryl, who bought for them, with her savings, the freehold of Plas Newydd. A monument has been erected in memory of the three.

Within this famous valley are the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, the most picturesque abbey ruin in North Wales. An adjacent stone cross gave it the name six hundred years ago, when it was built by

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the great Madoc for the Cistercian monks. The ruins in some parts are now availed of for farm-houses. Fine ash trees bend over the ruined arches, ivy climbs the clustered columns, and the lancet windows with their delicate tracery are much admired. The remains consist of the church, abbot's lodgings, refectory, and dormitory. The church was cruciform, and is now nearly roofless, though the east and west ends and the southern transept are tolerably perfect, so that much of the abbey remains. It was occupied by the Cistercians, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The ancient cross, of which the remains are still standing near by, is Eliseg's Pillar, erected in the seventh century as a memorial of that Welsh prince. It was one of the earliest lettered stones in Britain, standing originally about twelve feet high. From this cross came the name of Valle Crucis, which in the thirteenth century was given to the famous abbey. The great Madoc, who lived in the neighboring castle of Dinas Bran, built this abbey to atone for a life of violence. The ruins of his castle stand on a hill elevated about one thousand feet above the Dee. Bran in Welsh means *crow*, so that the English know it as Crow Castle. From its ruins there is a beautiful view over the Valley of Llangollen. Farther down the valley is the mansion of Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Wynn, in the midst of a large and richly wooded park, a

circle of eight miles enclosing the superb domain, within which are herds of fallow-deer and many noble trees. The old mansion was burnt in 1858, and an imposing structure in Renaissance now occupies the site. Fine paintings by renowned artists adorn the walls, and the Dee foams over its rocky bed in a sequestered dell near the mansion. Memorial columns and tablets in the park mark notable men and events in the Wynn family, the chief being the Waterloo Tower, ninety feet high. Far away down the valley a notable aqueduct by Telford carries the Ellesmere Canal over the Dee—the Pont Cysylltau—supported on eighteen piers of masonry at an elevation of one hundred and twenty-one feet, while a mile below is the still more imposing viaduct carrying the Great Western Railway across.

Not far distant is Chirk Castle, now the home of Mr. R. Myddelton Biddulph, a combination of a feudal fortress and a modern mansion. The ancient portion, still preserved, was built by Roger Mortimer, to whom Edward I. granted the lordship of Chirk. It was a bone of contention during the Civil Wars, and when they were over, \$150,000 were spent in repairing the great quadrangular fortress. It stands in a noble situation, and on a clear day portions of seventeen counties can be seen from the summit. Still following down the picturesque river, we come to Bangor-ys-Coed, or “Bangor-in-

the-Wood," in Flintshire, once the seat of a famous monastery that disappeared twelve hundred years ago. Here a pretty bridge crosses the river, and a modern church is the most prominent structure in the village. The old monastery is said to have been the home of twenty-four hundred monks, one half of whom were slain in a battle near Chester by the heathen king Ethelfrith, who afterwards sacked the monastery, but the Welsh soon gathered their forces again and took terrible vengeance. Many ancient coffins and Roman remains have been found here. The Dee now runs with swift current past Overton to the ancient town of Holt, whose charter is nearly five hundred years old, but whose importance is now much less than of yore. Holt belongs to the debatable Powisland, the strip of territory over which the English and Welsh fought for centuries. Holt was formerly known as Lyons, and was a Roman outpost of Chester. Edward I. granted it to Earl Warren, who built Holt Castle, of which only a few quaint pictures now exist, though it was a renowned stronghold in its day. It was a five-sided structure with a tower on each corner, enclosing an ample courtyard. After standing several sieges in the Civil Wars of Cromwell's time the battered castle was dismantled.

The famous Wrexham Church, whose tower is regarded as one of the "seven wonders of Wales," is three miles from Holt, and is four hundred years

old. Few churches built as early as the reign of Henry VIII. can compare with this. It is dedicated to St. Giles, and statues of him and of twenty-nine other saints embellish niches in the tower. Alongside of St. Giles is the hind that nourished him in the desert. The bells of Wrexham peal melodiously over the valley, and in the vicarage the good Bishop Heber wrote the favorite hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." In the churchyard is the tomb of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, who died in 1721. His quaint epitaph begins :

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd,
In London dead,
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven."

Then the Dee flows on past the ducal palace of Eaton Hall, and encircles Chester, which has its race-course, "The Roodee"—where is held an annual contest in May for the "Chester Cup"—enclosed by a beautiful semicircle of the river. The Dee flows on through a straight channel for six miles to its estuary, which broadens among treacherous sands and flats between Flintshire and Cheshire, till it falls into the Irish Sea. Many are the tales of woe that are told of the "Sands o' Dee," along which the railway from Chester to Holyhead skirts the edge in Flintshire. Many a

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poor girl, sent for the cattle wandering on these sands, has been lost in the mist that rises from the sea, and drowned by the quickly rushing waters. Kingsley has plaintively told the story in his mournful poem :

“They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call her cattle home
Across the Sands o’ Dee.”

FLINT AND DENBIGH.

Let us now journey westward from the Dee into Wales, coming first into Flintshire. The town of Flint, it is conjectured, was originally a Roman camp, from the design and antiquities found there. Edward I., six hundred years ago, built Flint Castle upon an isolated rock in a marsh near the river, and after a checquered history it was dismantled in the seventeenth century. From the railway between Chester and Holyhead the ruins of this castle are visible on its low freestone rock ; it is a square, with round towers at three of the corners and a massive keep at the other, formed like a double tower and detached from the main castle. This was the “dolorous castle” into which Richard II. was inveigled at the beginning of his imprisonment, which ended with abdication, and finally his death at Pomfret.

The story is told that Richard had a fine greyhound at Flint Castle that often caressed him, but when the Duke of Lancaster came there the greyhound suddenly left Richard and caressed the duke, who, not knowing the dog, asked Richard what it meant. "Cousin," replied the king, "it means a great deal for you and very little for me. I understand by it that this greyhound pays his court to you as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed, for the natural instinct of the dog shows it to him; keep him, therefore, by your side." Lancaster treasured this, and paid attention to the dog, which would nevermore follow Richard, but kept by the side of the duke, "as was witnessed," says the chronicler Froissart, "by thirty thousand men."

Rhuddlan Castle, also in Flintshire, is a red sandstone ruin of striking appearance, standing on the Clwyd River. When it was founded no one knows accurately, but it was rebuilt seven hundred years ago, and was dismantled, like many other Welsh castles, in 1646. It was at Rhuddlan that Edward I. promised the Welsh "a native prince who never spoke a word of English, and whose life and conversation no man could impugn;" and this promise he fulfilled to the letter by naming as the first English Prince of Wales his infant son, then just born at Caernarvon Castle. Six massive towers flank the walls of this famous castle, and are in tolerably fair

preservation. Not far to the southward is the eminence known by the Welsh as "Yr-Wyddgrug," or "a lofty hill," and which the English call Mold. On this hill was a castle, of which little remains now but tracings of the ditches, larches and other trees peacefully growing on the site of the ancient stronghold. Off toward Wrexham are the ruins of another castle, known as Caergwrle, or the "camp of the giant legion." This was of Welsh origin, and commanded the entrance to the Vale of Alen; the English called it Hope Castle.

Adjoining Flintshire is Denbigh, with the quiet watering-place of Abergele out on the Irish Sea. About two miles away is St. Asaph, with its famous cathedral, the smallest in the kingdom, having portions dating from the thirteenth century. The great castle of Denbigh, when in its full glory, had fortifications one and a half miles in circumference. It stood on a steep hill at the county-town, where scanty ruins now remain, consisting chiefly of an immense gateway with remains of flanking towers. Above the entrance is a statue of the Earl of Lincoln, its founder in the thirteenth century. His only son was drowned in the castle-well, which so affected the father that he did not finish the castle. Edward II. gave Denbigh to Despenser; Leicester owned it in Elizabeth's time; Charles II. dismantled it. The ruins impress the visitor with the stupendous strength of the immense walls of this

stronghold, while extensive passages and dungeons beneath the surface have been explored for long distances. In one chamber near the entrance-tower, which had been walled up, a large amount of gunpowder was found. Henry M. Stanley is a native of Denbigh. At Holywell, now the second town in North Wales, is the shrine to which pilgrims have been going for many centuries. At the foot of a steep hill, from an aperture in the rock, there rushes forth a torrent of water at the rate of eighty-four hogsheads a minute; whether the season be wet or be dry, the sacred stream gushing forth from St. Winifrede's Well varies but little, and around it grows the fragrant moss known as St. Winifrede's Hair. The spring has valuable medicinal virtues, and an elegant dome covering it supports a chapel. The little building is an exquisite Gothic structure built by Henry VII. A second basin is provided, into which bathers may descend. The pilgrims to this holy well have of late years decreased in numbers; James II., who, we are told, "lost three kingdoms for a mass," visited this well in 1686, and "received as a reward the undergarment worn by his great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, on the day of her execution." This miraculous spring gets its name from the pious virgin Winifrede. She having been seen by the Prince of Wales, Caradoc, he was struck by her great beauty and attempted to carry her off; she fled to the church, the prince pursuing,

and, overtaking her, he in rage drew his sword and struck off her head; the severed head bounded through the church-door and rolled to the foot of the altar. On the spot where it rested a spring of uncommon size burst forth. The pious priest took up the head, and at his prayer it was united to the body, and the virgin, restored to life, lived in sanctity for fifteen years afterward; miracles were wrought at her tomb; the spring proved another Pool of Bethesda, and to this day we are told that the votive crutches and chairs left by the cured remain hanging over St. Winifrede's Well, while the blood of the virgin is reproduced in the red vegetable growth on the adjacent stones.

South of Denbigh, in Montgomeryshire, are the ruins of Montgomery Castle, long a frontier fortress of Wales, around which many hot contests have raged; a fragment of a tower and portions of the walls are all that remain. Powys Castle is at Welsh Pool, and is still preserved—a red sandstone structure on a rocky elevation in a spacious and well-wooded park; Sir Robert Smirke has restored it.

THE MENAI STRAIT.

Still journeying westward, we come to Caernarvonshire, and reach the remarkable estuary dividing the mainland from the island of Anglesea, and known as the Menai Strait. This narrow stream,

with its steeply-sloping banks and winding shores, looks more like a river than a strait, and it everywhere discloses evidence of the residence of an almost pre-historic people in relics of nations that inhabited its banks before the invasion of the Romans. There are hill-forts, sepulchral mounds, pillars of stone, rude pottery, weapons of stone and bronze; and in that early day Mona itself, as Anglesea was called, was a sacred island. Here were fierce struggles between Roman and Briton, and Tacitus tells of the invasion of Mona by the Romans and the desperate conflicts that ensued as early as A. D. 60. The history of the strait is a story of almost unending war for centuries, and renowned castles bearing the scars of these conflicts keep watch and ward to this day. Beaumaris, Bangor, Caernarvon, and Conway castles still remain in partial ruin to remind us of the Welsh wars of centuries ago. On the Anglesea shore, at the northern entrance to the strait, is the picturesque ruin of Beaumaris Castle, built by Edward I. at a point where vessels could conveniently land. It stands on the lowlands, and a canal connects its ditch with the sea. It consists of a hexagonal line of outer defences surrounding an inner square. Round towers flanked the outer walls, and the chapel within is quite well preserved. It has not had much place in history, and the neighboring town is now a peaceful watering-place.

Across the strait is Bangor, a rather straggling town, with a cathedral that is not very old. We are told that its bishop once sold its peal of bells, and, going down to the shore to see them shipped away, was stricken blind as a punishment for the sacrilege. Of Bangor Castle, as it originally stood, but insignificant traces remain; but Lord Penrhyn erected in the neighborhood the imposing castle of Penrhyn, a massive pile of dark limestone, in which the endeavor is made to combine a Norman feudal castle with a modern dwelling, though with only indifferent success, excepting in the expenditure involved. The roads from the great suspension-bridge across the strait lead on either hand to Bangor and Beaumaris, although the route is rather circuitous. This bridge, crossing at the narrowest and most beautiful part of the strait, was long regarded as the greatest triumph of bridge-engineering. It carried the Holyhead high-road across the strait, and was built by Telford. The bridge is five hundred and seventy-nine feet long, and stands one hundred feet above high-water mark; it cost \$600,000. Above the bridge the strait widens, and here, amid the swift-flowing currents, the famous whitebait are caught for the London epicures. Three-quarters of a mile below, at another narrow place, the railway crosses the strait through Stephenson's Britannia tubular bridge, which is more useful than ornamental, the railway passing through two long rectangular iron

tubes, supported on plain massive pillars. From a rock in the strait the central tower rises to a height of two hundred and thirty feet, and other towers are built on each shore at a distance of four hundred and sixty feet from the central one. Couchant lions carved in stone guard the bridge-portals at each end, and this famous viaduct cost over \$2,500,000. A short distance below the Anglesea Column towers from a dark rock on the northern shore of the strait. It was erected in honor of the first Marquis of Anglesea, the gallant commander of the British light cavalry at Waterloo, where his leg was carried away by one of the last French cannon-shots. For many years after the great victory he lived here, literally with "one foot in the grave." Plas Newydd, one and a half miles below, the Anglesea family residence, where the marquis lived, is a large and unattractive mansion, beautifully situated on the sloping shore. It has in the park two ancient sepulchral monuments of great interest to the antiquarian.

CAERNARVON AND CONWAY.

As the famous strait widens below the bridges the shores are tamer, and we come to the famous Caernarvon Castle, the scene of many stirring military events, as it held the key to the valleys of Snowdon, and behind it towers that famous peak, the highest mountain in Britain, whose summit rises to a height of 3590 feet. This great castle also commanded the

south-western entrance to the strait, and near it the rapid little Seiont River flows into the sea. The ancient Britons had a fort here, and afterwards it was a Roman fortified camp, which gradually developed into the city of Segontium. The British name, from which the present one comes, was *Caer-yn-Arvon*—"the castle opposite to Mona." Segontium had the honor of being the birthplace of the Emperor Constantine, and many Roman remains still exist there. It was in 1284, however, that Edward I. began building the present castle, and it took thirty-nine years to complete. The castle plan is an irregular oval, with one side overlooking the strait. At the end nearest the sea, where the works come to a blunt point, is the famous Eagle Tower, which has eagles sculptured on the battlements. Here Queen Eleanor is said to have given birth to the first Prince of Wales, afterward Edward II. There are twelve towers altogether, and these, with the light- and dark-hued stone in the walls, give the castle a massive yet graceful aspect as it stands on the low ground at the mouth of the Seiont. The castle has recently undergone considerable restoration. A corridor, with loopholes contrived in the thickness of the walls, runs entirely around it, and from this archers could fight an approaching enemy. This great fortress has been called the "boast of North Wales" from its size and excellent position. It was last used for defence during the Civil Wars, having been a military strong-

hold for nearly four centuries. Although Charles II. issued a warrant for its demolition, this was to a great extent disregarded. Prynne, the sturdy Puritan, was confined here in Charles I.'s time. The town at Caernarvon, notwithstanding its famous history and the possession of the greatest ruin in Wales, now derives its chief satisfaction from the lucrative but prosaic occupation of trading in slates.

At the northern extremity of Caernarvon county, and projecting into the Irish Sea, is the promontory known as Great Orme's Head, rising seven hundred feet, and near it is the mouth of the Conway River. The railway to Holyhead crosses this river on a tubular bridge four hundred feet long, and runs almost under the ruins of Conway Castle, another Welsh stronghold erected by Edward I. We are told that this despotic king, when he had completed the conquest of Wales, came to Conway, the shape of the town being something like a Welsh harp, and he ordered all the native bards to be put to death. Gray founded upon this his ode, "The Bard," beginning—

" On a rock whose lofty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in a sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood."

This ode has so impressed the Conway folk that they have been at great pains to discover the exact spot

where the despairing bard plunged into the river, and several enthusiastic persons have discovered the actual site. The castle stands upon a high rock, and its builder soon after its completion was besieged there by the Welsh, but before being starved into submission was relieved by the timely arrival of a fleet with provisions. It was in the hall of Conway Castle that Richard II. signed his abdication. The castle was stormed and taken by Cromwell's troops in the Civil Wars, and we are told that all the Irish found in the garrison were tied in couples, back to back, and thrown into the river. The castle was not dismantled, but the townsfolk in their industrious quarrying of slates have undermined one of the towers, which, though kept up by the solidity of the surrounding masonry, is known as the "Broken Tower." There was none of the "bonus building" of modern times attempted in these ponderous Welsh castles of the great King Edward. The ruins are an oblong square, standing on the edge of a steep rock washed on two sides by the river; the embattled walls, partly covered by ivy, are twelve to fifteen feet thick, and are flanked by eight huge circular towers, each forty feet in diameter; the interior is in partial ruin, but shows traces of its former magnificence; the stately hall is one hundred and thirty feet long. The same architect, Henry de Elreton, designed both Caernarvon and Conway; and we are told

the curfew is still rung in Conway town. A fine suspension-bridge now crosses the river opposite the castle, its towers being built in harmony with the architecture of the place, so that the structure looks much like a drawbridge for the fortress. Although the Conway River was anciently a celebrated pearl-fishery, slate-making, as at Caernarvon, is now the chief industry of the town.

There are many other historic places in Caernarvonshire, and also splendid bits of rural and coast scenery, while the attractions for the angler as well as the artist are almost limitless. One of the prettiest places for sketching, as well as a spot where the fisherman's skill is often rewarded, is Bettws-y-Coed. This pretty village, which derives its name from a religious establishment—"Bede-house in the Wood"—that was formerly there, but long ago disappeared, is a favorite resort for explorations of the ravines leading down from Mount Snowdon, which towers among the clouds to the southward. Not far away are the attractive Falls of the Conway, and from a rock above them is a good view of the wonderful ravine of Fors Noddyn, through which the river flows. Around it there is a noble assemblage of hills and headlands. Here, joining with the Conway, comes through another ravine the pretty Machno in a succession of sparkling cascades and rapids. Not far away is the wild and lonely valley of the Lledr, another tributary of

the Conway, which comes tumbling down a romantic fissure cut into the frowning sides of the mountain. At Dolwyddelan a solitary tower is all that remains of the castle, once commanding from its bold perch on the rocks the narrow pass in the valley. It is at present a little village of slate-quarriers. The Llugwy is yet another attractive tributary of the Conway, which boasts in its course the Rhayadr-y-Wennol, or the Swallow Fall. This, after a spell of rainy weather, is considered the finest cataract in Wales for the breadth and volume of the water that descends, though not for its height. This entire region is full of charming scenery, and of possibly what some may love even better, good trout-fishing. Following the Conway Valley still further up, and crossing over the border into Denbigh, we come to the little market-town of Llanrwst. It contains two attractive churches, the older one containing many curious monuments and some good carvings, the latter having been brought from Maenant Abbey. But the chief curiosity of this little Welsh settlement is the bridge crossing the Conway. It was constructed by Inigo Jones, and is a three-arched stone bridge, which has the strange peculiarity that by pushing a particular portion of the parapet it can be made to vibrate from one end to the other. Gwydyr Castle, long the seat of the Wynnes, but now the property of Earl Carrington, is in the neighborhood, a small part of the original mansion

built in 1555 remaining. Near Trefriw lived Taliesin, the father of Welsh poetry, and a monument erected by that nobleman on the river-bank perpetuates his memory.

The recollection among the Welsh of the life and exploits of the great chieftain of former times, Madoc, is held very dear in Caernarvonshire, and is preserved not only in many legends, but also in the thriving and pleasant little seaport known as Port Madoc, which has grown up out of the slate-trade. Its wharf is a wilderness of slates, and much of the land in the neighborhood has been recovered from the sea. The geology as well as the scenery here is an interesting study. In fact, the whole Caernarvon coast, which stretches away to the south-west in the long peninsula that forms Cardigan Bay, is full of pleasant and attractive locations for student and tourist, and entwined around all are weird legends of the heroes and doings of the mystical days of the dim past, when Briton and Roman contended for the mastery of this historic region.

THE COAST OF MERIONETH.

Let us make a brief excursion south of Mount Snowdon, along the coast of the pastoral county of Merioneth, where Nature has put many crags and stones and a little gold and wheat, but where the people's best reliance is their flocks. At the place where the Mawddach joins the sea is Barmouth,

where a fishing-village has of late years bloomed into a fashionable watering-place. The houses are built on a strip of sand and the precipitous hillside beyond, and the cottages are perched wherever they can conveniently hold on to the crags, the devious pathways and flights of steps leading up to them presenting a quaint aspect. The bends of the Mawddach, as it goes inland among the hills, present miles of unique scenery, the great walls of Cader Idris closing the background. Several hilltops in the neighborhood contain fortifications, and are marked by the old tombs known as cromlechs and Druids' altars. On the sea-coast curious reefs project, the chief of them being St. Patrick's Causeway. The legend tells us that a Welsh chieftain fifteen hundred years ago constructed these reefs to protect the lowlands from the incursions of the sea, and on the lands thus reclaimed there stood no less than twelve fortified Welsh cities. But, unfortunately, one stormy night the guardian of the embankments got drunk, and, slumbering at the critical moment, the waves rushed in, sweeping all before them. In the morning, where had before been fortified cities and a vast population, there was only a waste of waters. St. Patrick, we are told, used his causeway to bear him dryshod as far as possible when he walked the waters to Ireland.

Let us penetrate into the interior by going up the romantic valley of the Mawddach and viewing the

frowning sides of the chief Merioneth mountain, Cader Idris, which towers on the right hand to the height of 2925 feet. It is a long ridge rather than a peak, and steep precipices guard the upper portion. Two little lakes near the summit, enclosed by cliffs, afford magnificent scenery. Here is "Idris's Chair," where the grim magician, who used to make the mountain his home, sat to perform his incantations, whilst in a hollow at the summit he had his couch. According to Welsh tradition, whoever passed the night there would emerge in the morning either mad or a poet. This mountain, like Snowdon, is said to have been formerly a volcano, and legends tell of the fiery outbursts that came from its craters, now occupied by the two little lakes. But the truth of these legends, though interwoven into Welsh poetry, is denied by prosaic geologists. A rough and steep track, known as the "Fox's Path," leads to the summit, and there is a fine view northward across the valleys to the distant summits of Snowdon and its attendant peaks, while spread at our feet to the westward is the broad expanse of Cardigan Bay. Lakes abound in the lowlands, and pursuing the road up the Mawddach we pass the "Pool of the Three Pebbles." Once upon a time three stones got into the shoe of the giant Idris as he was walking about his domain, and he stopped here and threw them out. Here they still remain—three ponderous boulders—in the lake.

We leave the Mawddach and follow its tributary, the little river Wnion, as it ripples along over its pebbly bed guarded by strips of meadow. Soon we come to the lovely "Village of the Hazels," Dolgelly, standing in the narrow valley, and probably the prettiest spot in Wales. Steep hills rise on either hand, with bare craggy summits and the lower slopes richly wooded. Deep dells running into the hills vary the scenery, and thus the town is set in an amphitheatre of hills, up whose flanks the houses seem to climb. There is a little old church, and in a back court are the ruins of the "Parliament House," where Owen Glendower assembled the Welsh Parliament in 1404. The Torrent Walk, where the stream from the mountain is spanned by picturesque bridges, is a favorite resort of the artist, and also one of the most charming bits of scenery in the neighborhood of this beautiful town. Pursuing the valley farther up and crossing the watershed, we come to the largest inland water of Wales, the beautiful Bala Lake, heretofore referred to in describing the river Dee, which drains it. It is at an elevation of six hundred feet, surrounded by mountain-peaks, and the possibility of making it available as a water-supply for London has been considered.

There is an attractive place on the Merioneth coast to the southward of Barmouth, at the mouth of the Rheidol, and near the estuary of the river

Dovey. A ruined tower on a low eminence guards the harbor, where now is a fashionable watering-place, and is almost all that remains of the once powerful Aberystwith Castle, built by Gilbert de Strongbow, and destroyed by Oliver Cromwell. Portions of the entrance-gate and barbican can be traced, while the modern houses of the town are spread to the northward along the semicircular bay. The University College of Wales is located here, and the town is popularly known as the "Welsh Brighton," while among its antiquities in the suburbs is the ruined castellated mansion of Plas Crug, said to have been Glendower's home. On the northern part of the Merioneth coast is the entrance to the pleasant vale of Pfestiniog, another attractive spot to tourists. Tan-y-bwlch and Maentwrog are romantic villages adjoining each other in this pretty valley full of waterfalls, among these being the renowned Black Cataract and the Raven Fall.

About twelve miles north of Barmouth the picturesque Harlech Castle stands on a promontory guarding the entrance to the Tracth. The cliff is precipitous, with just enough level surface on the top to accommodate the castle. The place is a quadrangle, with massive round towers at the corners connected by lofty curtain-walls. Circular towers, protected by a barbican, guard the entrance on the land side. Deep ditches cut in the rock

surround the castle where that defence is necessary. From this fortress on the Rock of Harlech the view is magnificent. This crag is said to have supported a castle as early as the third century, when Lady Bronwen built it, and, being of most sensitive honor, died afterwards of grief because her husband had struck her. Unhappily, she was in advance of her age in her demonstration of woman's rights. Another castle replaced the first one in the sixth century, and some of its ruins were worked into the present castle, which is another achievement of the great Welsh fortress-builder, Edward I., and is well described as "the ideal castle of childhood—high-perched, four-square, round-towered and impressively massive." It has stood several sieges. Owen Glendower held it five years against the English. When Edward IV. became king, Harlech still held out for the Lancastrian party, the redoubtable Welshman, David ap Ifon, being the governor. Summoned to surrender, the brave David replied, "I held a town in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now I will hold a castle in Wales till all the old women in France hear of it." But David was starved into surrender, and then Edward IV. tried to break the terms of capitulation made by Sir Richard Pembroke, the besieger. Sir Richard, more generous, told the king, "Then, by Heaven, I will let David and his garrison into Harlech again, and Your Highness

may fetch him out by any who can, and if you demand my life for his, take it." The song of "The March of the Men of Harlech" is a memorial of this siege. Harlech was the last Welsh fortress during the Civil Wars that held out for Charles I., and since then it has been gradually falling into decay.

We have now conducted the tourist to the chief objects in North Wales. The railway runs on to Holyhead, built on the extreme point of Holy Island on the western verge of Anglesea, where there are a fine harbor of refuge, lighthouses, and an excellent port. Here comes the "Wild Irishman," as the fast train is called that runs between London and Ireland, and its passengers are quickly transferred to the swift steamers that cross the Channel to Dublin harbor. Lighthouses dot the cliffs on the coast, and at this romantic outpost we will close the survey of North Wales.

"There ever-dimpling Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
Those Edens of the Western wave."

LIVERPOOL NORTHWARD TO THE
SCOTTISH BORDER.

II.

LIVERPOOL NORTHWARD TO THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

Lancashire — Warrington — Manchester — Furness Abbey — The Ribble — Stonyhurst — Lancaster Castle — Isle of Man — Castletown — Rushen Castle — Peele Castle — The Lake Country — Windermere — Lodore Fall — Derwentwater — Keswick — Greta Hall — Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge — Skiddaw — The Border Castles — Kendal Castle — Brougham Hall — The Solway — Carlisle Castle — Scaleby Castle — Naworth — Lord William Howard.

LANCASHIRE.

THE great manufacturing county of England for cotton and woollen spinning and weaving is Lancashire. Liverpool is the seaport for the vast aggregation of manufacturers who own the huge mills of Manchester, Salford, Warrington, Wigan, Oldham, Rochdale, Bolton, Blackburn, Preston, and a score of other towns, whose operatives work into yarns and fabrics the millions of bales of cotton and wool that come into the Mersey. The warehouse and factory, with the spinners' cottages and the manufacturers' villas, make up these towns, almost all of modern growth, and the busy machinery and smoking chimneys leave little chance for romance in

Southern Lancashire. It was in this section that trade first compelled the use of modern improvements: here were used the earliest steam-engines; here labored Arkwright to perfect the spinning machinery, and Stephenson to build railways. To meet the necessities of communication between Liverpool and Manchester, the first canal was dug in England, and this was followed afterwards by the first experimental railway; the canal was constructed by Brindley, and was called the "Grand Trunk Canal," being twenty-eight miles long from Manchester to the Mersey River, at Runcorn above Liverpool, and was opened in 1767. The railway was opened in 1830; the odd little engine, the "Rocket," then drew an excursion-train over it, and the opening was marred by an accident which killed Joseph Huskisson, one of the members of Parliament for Liverpool. Let us follow this railway, which now carries an enormous traffic out of Liverpool, eastward along the valley of the Mersey, and in a few miles we pass Eastham, where the new Manchester ship canal, one of the greatest works of modern times, enters the Mersey, through three large locks, the outer gates weighing nearly three hundred tons apiece. This canal, opened in January, 1894, is about thirty-five miles long, twenty-six feet deep and one hundred and twenty feet wide at the bottom, and cost \$75,000,000, about double the original estimate. It follows up the valley of the Mersey

and its tributary, the Irwell, has five locks, and terminates at Old Trafford, Manchester, where the docks on both sides of the Irwell cover one hundred and ten acres and the quay frontage extends over five miles. The railway, however, takes us by a more direct line past Warrington, with its quaint old timbered market-house, and then up its tributary, the Irwell, thirty-one miles from Liverpool to Manchester.

MANCHESTER.

The chief manufacturing city of England has not a striking effect upon the visitor as he approaches it. It is scattered over a broad surface upon a gently undulating plain, and its suburbs straggle out into the country villages, which it is steadily absorbing in its rapid growth; the Irwell passes in a winding course through the city, receiving a couple of tributaries; this river divides Manchester from Salford, but a dozen bridges unite them. No city in England has had such rapid growth as Manchester in this century; it has increased from about seventy thousand people at the beginning of the century to 900,000 now; and this is all the effect of the development of manufacturing industry. Yet Manchester is one of the oldest towns in England, for there was a Roman camp at Mancunium, as the Cæsars called it, in the first century of the Christian era; and we are also told that in the days when

giants lived in England it was the scene of a terrific combat between Sir Launcelot of the Lake and the giant Tarquin. A ballad tells the story, but it is easier read in prose: Sir Launcelot was travelling near Manchester when he heard that this giant held in durance vile a number of knights—"threescore and four" in all; a damsel conducts him to the giant's castle-gate, "near Manchester, fair town," where a copper basin hung to do duty as a bell; he strikes it so hard as to break it, when out comes the giant ready for the fray; a terrific combat ensues, and the giant, finding that he has met his match, offers to release the captives, provided his adversary is not a certain knight that slew his brother. Unfortunately, it happens that Sir Launcelot is the very same, and the combat is renewed with such vigor that the giant is slain, "to the great contentment of many persons."

The ancient Mancunium was a little camp and city of about twelve acres, partly bounded by a tributary of the Irwell known as the Medlock. A ditch on the land-side was still visible in the last century, and considerable portions of the old Roman walls also remained within two hundred years. Many Roman relics have been discovered in the city, and at Knott Mill, the site of the giant Tarquin's castle, a fragment of the Roman wall is said to be still visible. The town in the early Tudor days had a college, and then a cathedral, and it was besieged

in the Civil Wars, though it steadily grew, and in Charles II.'s time it was described as a busy and opulent place ; but it had barely six thousand people. Cotton-spinning had then begun, the cotton coming from Cyprus and Smyrna. In 1700 life in Manchester, as described in a local guide-book, was noted by close application to business ; the manufacturers were in their warehouses by six in the morning, breakfasted at seven on bowls of porridge and milk, into which masters and apprentices dipped their spoons indiscriminately, and dined at twelve ; the ladies went out visiting at two in the afternoon, and attended church at four. Manchester was conservative in the Jacobite rebellion, and raised a regiment for the Pretender, but the royalist forces defeated it, captured the officers and beheaded them. Manchester politics then were just the opposite of its present Liberal tendencies, and it was Byrom, a Manchester man, who wrote the quaint epigram regarding the Pretender and his friends which has been so often quoted :

“God bless the King—I mean our faith's defender !
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender !
But who Pretender is, or who is King—
God bless us all !—that's quite another thing.”

It was the rapid growth of manufacturing industry in Manchester that changed its politics, and it was here that was first conspicuously advocated the free-

trade agitation in England which triumphed in the repeal of the Corn Laws, so as to admit food free of duty for the operatives, and in the Reform bill that changed the representation in Parliament. That fine building, the "Free-Trade Hall," is a monument of this agitation in which Manchester took such prominent part. As the city has grown in wealth, so has its architectural appearance improved; its school- and college-buildings are very fine, particularly Owens College, munificently endowed by a leading merchant. The Manchester Cathedral is an ancient building overlooking the Irwell, which has had to be renewed in so many parts that it has a comparatively modern aspect. Other English cathedrals are more imposing, but this, "the ould paroch church" spoken of by the ancient chroniclers, is highly prized by the townsfolk; the architecture is Perpendicular and of many dates. Until recently this was the only parish church in Manchester, and consequently all the marriages for the city had to be celebrated there; the number was at times very large, especially at Easter, and not a few tales are told of how, in the confusion, the wrong pairs were joined together, and when the mistake was discovered respliced with little ceremony. It was in this Manchester Cathedral that one rector is said to have generally begun the marriage service by instructing the awaiting crowd to "sort yourselves in the vestry."

Some of the public buildings in Manchester are

most sumptuous. The Assize Courts are constructed in rich style, with lofty Pointed roofs and a tall tower, and make one of the finest modern buildings in England. The great hall is a grand apartment, and behind the courts is the prison, near which the Fenians in 1867 made the celebrated rescue of the prisoners from the van for which some of the assailants were hanged and others transported. The Royal Exchange is a massive structure in the Italian style, with a fine portico, dome, and towers; the hall within is said to be probably the largest room in England, having a width of ceiling, without supports, of one hundred and twenty feet. Here on cotton-market days assemble the buyers and sellers from all the towns in Lancashire, and they do an enormous traffic. The new Town-Hall is also a fine building, where the departments of the city government are accommodated, and where they have an apartment dear to every Englishman's heart—"a kitchen capable of preparing a banquet for eight hundred persons." The warehouses of Manchester are famous for their size and solidity, and could Arkwright come back and see what his cotton-spinning machinery has produced he would be amazed. It was in Manchester that the famous Dr. Dalton, the founder of the atomic theory in chemistry, lived; he was a devout Quaker, like so many of the townspeople, but unfortunately was color-blind; he appeared on one occasion in a scarlet waistcoat, and when taken to task declared it seemed to him a very

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quiet, unobtrusive color, just like his own coat. Several fine parks grace the suburbs of Manchester, and King Cotton has made this thriving community the second city in England, while for miles along the beautifully shaded roads that lead into the suburbs the opulent merchants and manufacturers have built their ornamental villas.

FURNESS AND STONYHURST.

The irregularly-shaped district of Lancashire partly cut off from the remainder of the county by an arm of the Irish Sea is known as Furness. It is a wild and rugged region, best known from the famous Furness Abbey and its port of Barrow-in-Furness, one of the most remarkable examples in England of quick city growth. Forty years ago this was an insignificant fishing-village; now Barrow has magnificent docks and a fine harbor protected by the natural breakwater of Walney Island, great iron-foundries and the largest jute-manufactory in the world; while it has of late years also become a favorite port for iron shipbuilding. About two miles distant, and in a romantic glen called the Valley of Deadly Nightshade, not far from the sea, is one of the finest examples of mediæval church architecture in England, the ruins of Furness Abbey, founded in the twelfth century by King Stephen and Maud, his queen. It was a splendid abbey standing high in rank and power, its income in the reign of Edward

I. being \$90,000 a year, an enormous sum for that early day. The ruins are in fine preservation, and effigies of Stephen and Maud are on each side of the great east window. For twelve reigns the charters of sovereigns and bulls of popes confirmed the abbots of Furness in their extraordinary powers, which extended over the district of Furness, while the situation of the abbey made them military chieftains, and they erected a watch-tower on a high hill, from which signals alarmed the coast on the approach of an enemy. The church is three hundred and four feet long, and from the centre rose a tower, three of the massive supporting pillars of which remain, but the tower has fallen and lies a mass of rubbish; the stained glass from the great east window having been removed to Bowness Church, in Westmorelandshire. The abbey enclosure, covering eighty-five acres, was surrounded by a wall, the ruins of which are now covered with thick foliage. This renowned abbey was surrendered and dismantled in Henry VIII.'s reign; the present hotel near the ruins was formerly the abbot's residence.

The river Ribble, which flows into the Irish Sea through a wide estuary, drains the western slopes of the Pennine Hills, which divide Lancashire from Yorkshire. Up in the north-western portion of Lancashire, near the bases of these hills, is a moist region known as the parish of Mitton, where, as the poet tells us,

“The Hodder, the Calder, Ribble, and rain
All meet together in Mitton domain.”

In Mitton parish, amid the woods along the Hodder and on the north side of the valley of the Ribble, stands the splendid domed towers of the baronial edifice of Stonyhurst, now the famous Jesuit College of England, where the sons of the Catholic nobility and gentry are educated. The present building is about three hundred years old, and quaint gardens adjoin it, while quite an extensive park surrounds the college. Not far away are Clytheroe Castle and the beautiful ruins of Whalley Abbey. The Stonyhurst gardens are said to remain substantially as their designer, Sir Nicholas Sherburne, left them. A capacious water-basin is located in the centre, with the leaden statue of Regulus in chains standing in the midst of the water. Summer-houses with tall pointed roofs are at each lower extremity of the garden, while an observatory is upon a commanding elevation. Tall screens of clipped yews, cut square ten feet high and five feet thick, divide the beds upon one side of the gardens, so that as you walk among them you are enveloped in a green yet pleasant solitude. Arched doorways are cut through the yews, and in one place, descending by broad and easy steps, there is a solemn, cool, and twilight walk formed by the overarching yews, the very place for religious meditation. Then, reascending, this sombre walk opens into air and sunshine

amid delicious flower-gardens. On the opposite side of the gardens are walls hung with fruit, and plantations of kitchen vegetables. This charming place was fixed upon by the Jesuits for their college in 1794, when driven from Liège by the proscriptions of the French Revolution. The old building and the additions then erected enclose a large quadrangular court. In the front of the college, at the southern angle, is a fine little Gothic church, built fifty years ago. The college refectory is a splendid baronial hall. In the Mitton village-church near by are the tombs of the Sherburne family, the most singular monument being that to Sir Richard and his lady, which the villagers point out as "old Fiddle o' God and his wife"—Fiddle o' God being his customary exclamation when angry, which tradition says was not seldom. The figures are kneeling—he in ruff and jerkin, she in black gown and hood, with tan-leather gloves extending up her arms. These figures, being highly colored, as was the fashion in the olden time, have a ludicrous appearance. We are told that when these monuments came from London they were the talk of the whole country round. A stonemason bragged that he could cut out as good a figure in common stone. Taken at his word, he was put to the test, and carved the effigy of a knight in freestone which so pleased the Sherburne family that they gave him one hundred dollars for it, and it is now set in the

wall outside the church, near the monuments, and attracts fully as much attention.

LANCASTER CASTLE.

John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," was granted the Duchy of Lancaster by his father, King Edward III., but the place which stands upon the river Lune is of much greater antiquity. It was a Roman camp, and hence its name. The Picts destroyed it when the Romans left; the Saxons afterwards restored it, and ultimately it gave the name to the county. King John gave the town a charter, and John of Gaunt rebuilt the fortress, which became indissolubly connected with the fortunes of the House of Lancaster. Though sometimes besieged, it was maintained more for purposes of state than of war, and two centuries ago it still existed in all its ancient splendor, commanding the city and the sea. Lancaster stands on the slope of an eminence rising from the river Lune, and the castle-towers crown the summit, the fortress being spacious, with a large courtyard and variously-shaped towers. The keep is square, enormously strong, and defended by two semi-octagonal towers. This keep is known as "John of Gaunt's Chair," and commands a fine view of the surrounding country and far away across the sea to the distant outlines of the Isle of Man. This famous castle, partly modernized, is now used for the county jail and courts, the prison-chapel

being in the keep. In the town several large manufactories attest the presiding genius of Lancashire, and the inn is the comfortable and old-fashioned King's Arms described by Dickens.

ISLE OF MAN.

Let us go off from the Lancashire coast to that strange island which lies in the sea midway between England, Scotland, and Ireland, and whose bold shores are visible from "John of Gaunt's Chair." It stretches for thirty-three miles from its northern extremity at the point of Ayre to the bold detached cliffs of the little islet at the southern end known as the Calf of Man. Covering two hundred and twenty-seven square miles area, its coasts are irregular, its shores in several places precipitous, and a range of mountains traverses the entire island, the highest peak being Snaefell, rising 2034 feet, with North Barrule at one extremity and Cronk-ny-Jay Llaa, or "The Hill of the Rising Day," at the other. Man is a miniature kingdom, with its reproduction, sometimes in dwarf, of everything that other kingdoms have. It has four little rivers, the Neb, Colby, Black and Gray Waters, with little gems of cascades; has its own dialect, the Manx, and a parliament in miniature, known as the Council, or Upper House, and the House of Keys. It is a healthful resort, for all the winds that blow come from the sea, and its sea-views are striking, the rugged masses of

Bradda Head, the mellow-coloring of the Calf, and the broad expanse of waters, dotted by scores of fishing-boats, making many scenes of artistic merit. While the want of trees makes the land-views harsh and cold, yet the glens and coves opening into the sea are the charms of Manx scenery, the high fuchsia-hedges surrounding many of the cottages giving bright coloring to the landscape when the flowers are in bloom. It is a beautiful place, which has become the great excursion-resort of the people of Lancashire, and elaborate dancing-pavilions and restaurants at all the landing-places cater to their amusement. After landing on the island the visitor usually first proceeds to solve the great zoological problem so long presented to the outer world, and finds that the Isle of Man does really possess a breed of tailless cats, whose caudal extremity is either altogether wanting or at most is reduced to a merely rudimental substitute.

CASTLE RUSHEN.

Landing at the capital, Castletown, it is found that it gets its name from the ancient castle of Rushen, around which the town is built. Guttred the Dane is said to have built this castle nine hundred years ago, and to be buried beneath it, although Cardinal Wolsey constructed the surrounding stone glacis. The keep—into which the prisoners had to be lowered by ropes—and several parts of the interior

buildings remain almost entire, but repeated sieges so wrecked the other portions that they have had to be restored. At the castle-entrance were stone chairs for the governor and judges. It was here that the eminent men who have ruled the Isle of Man presided, among them being Regulus, who was King of Man, and the famous Percy, who was attainted of high treason in 1403. Afterwards it was ruled by the Earls of Derby, who relinquished the title of king and took that of Lord of Man, holding their sovereignty until they sold it and the castle and patronage of the island to the crown in 1764 for \$350,000. With such a history it is natural that Castle Rushen should have a weird interest attached to it, and the ancient chroniclers tell of a mysterious apartment within "which has never been opened in the memory of man." Tradition says that this famous castle was first inhabited by fairies, and afterwards by the giants, until Merlin, by his magic power, dislodged most of the giants and bound the others in spells. In proof of this it is said there are fine apartments underneath the ground, to explore which several venturesome persons have gone down, only one of whom ever returned. To save the lives of the reckless would-be explorers, therefore, this mysterious apartment, which gives entrance underground, is kept shut. The one who returned is described as an "explorer of uncommon courage," who managed to get back by the help of a clue of

packthread which he took with him, and was thus able to retrace his steps. He had a wondrous tale to tell. After passing a number of vaults, and through a long, narrow passage which descended for more than a mile, he saw a little gleam of light, and gladly sought it out. The light came from a magnificent house, brilliantly illuminated. Having "well fortified himself with brandy before beginning the exploration," he courageously knocked at the door, and at the third knock a servant appeared, demanding what was wanted. He asked for directions how to proceed farther, as the house seemed to block the passage. The servant, after some parley, led him through the house and out at the back door. He walked a long distance, and then beheld another house, more magnificent than the first, where, the windows being open, he saw innumerable lamps burning in all the rooms. He was about to knock, but first had the curiosity to peep through a window into the parlor. There was a large black marble table in the middle of the room, and on it lay at full length a giant who, the explorer says, was "at least fourteen feet long and ten feet round the body." The giant lay with his head pillowed on a book, as if asleep, and there was a prodigious sword alongside him, proportioned to the hand that was to use it. This sight was so terrifying that the explorer made the best of his way back to the first house, where the servant told him that if he had knocked at the

giant's door he would have had company enough, but would have never returned. He desired to know what place it was, but was told, "These things are not to be revealed." Then he made his way back to daylight by the aid of the clue of pack-thread as quickly as possible, and we are told that no one has ventured down there since. This is but one of the many tales of mystery surrounding the venerable Rushen Castle.

PEELE CASTLE.

The Isle of Man derives its name from the ancient British word *mon*, which means "isolated." Around this singular place there are many rocky islets, also isolated, and upon one of the most picturesque of these, where art and Nature have vied in adding strength to beauty, is built the castle of Peele, off the western coast, overlooking the distant shores of Ireland. This castle is perched upon a huge rock, rising for a great height out of the sea, and completely inaccessible, except by the approach which has been constructed on the side towards the Isle of Man, where the little town of Peele is located. After crossing the arm of the sea separating the castle from the town, the visitor, landing at the foot of the rock, ascends about sixty steps, cut out of it, to the first wall, which is massive and high, and built of the old red sandstone in which the island abounds; the gates in this wall are of wood, curi-

ously arched and carved, and four little watch-towers on the wall overlook the sea. Having entered, he mounts by another shorter stairway cut out of the rock to the second wall, built like the other, and both of them full of portholes for cannon. Passing through yet a third wall, there is found a broad plain upon the top of the rock, where stands the castle, surrounded by four churches, three almost entirely ruined; the other church (St. Germain's) is kept in some repair because it has within the bishop's chapel, while beneath is a horrible dungeon where the sea runs in and out through hollows of the rock with a continual roar; a steep and narrow stairway descends to the dungeon and burial-vaults, and within are thirteen pillars supporting the chapel above. Beware, if going down, of failing to count the pillars, for we are told that he who neglects this is sure to do something that will occasion his confinement in this dreadful dungeon. This famous castle of Peele even in its partly-ruined state has several noble apartments, and here were located some of the most interesting scenes of Scott's novel of *Peperil of the Peak*. It was in former days a state-prison, and in it were at one time confined Warwick the King-maker, and also Gloucester's haughty wife, Eleanor; her discontented spectre was said to haunt the battlements in former years, and stand motionless beside one of the watch-towers, only disappearing when the cock crew or church-bell tolled;

another apparition, a shaggy spaniel known as the Manthe Doog, also haunted the castle, particularly the guard-chamber, where the dog came and lay down at candlelight; the soldiers lost much of their terror by the frequency of the sight, but none of them liked to be left alone with him, though he did not molest them. The dog came out by a passage through the church where the soldiers had to go to deliver the keys to their captain, and for moral support they never went that way alone. One of the soldiers, we are told, on a certain night, "being much disguised in liquor" (for spirits of various kinds appear in the Isle of Man, as most other places), insisted upon going alone with the keys, and could not be dissuaded; he said he was determined to discover whether the apparition was dog or devil, and, snatching the keys, departed; soon there was a great noise, but none ventured to ascertain the cause. When the soldier returned he was speechless and horror-stricken, nor would he ever by word or sign tell what had happened to him, but soon died in agony; then the passage was walled up, and the Manthe Doog was never more seen at Castle Peele.

THE LAKE COUNTRY.

North of Lancashire, in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, is the famous "Lake Country" of England. It does not cover a large area—in fact, a good pedestrian can walk from one

extremity of the region to the other in a day—but its compact beauties have a charm of rugged outline and luxuriant detail that in a condensed form reproduce the Alpine lakes of Northern Italy. Derwentwater is conceded to be the finest of these English lakes, but there is also great beauty in Windermere and Ulleswater, Buttermere and Wastwater. The Derwent runs like a thread through the glassy bead of Derwentwater, a magnificent oval lake set among the hills, about three miles long and half that breadth, alongside which rises the frowning Mount Skiddaw with its pair of rounded heads. In entering the Lake Region from the Lancashire side we first come to the pretty Windermere Lake, the largest of these inland sheets of water, about ten miles long and one mile broad in the widest part. From Orrest Head, near the village of Windermere, there is a magnificent view of the lake from end to end, though tourists prefer usually to go to the village of Bowness on the bank, where steamers start at frequent intervals and make the circuit of the pretty lake. From Bowness the route is by Rydal Mount, where the poet Wordsworth lived, to Keswick, about twenty-three miles distant, on Derwentwater.

The attractive Derwent flows down through the Borrowdale Valley past Seathwaite, where for many a year there has been worked a famous mine of plumbago: we use it for lead-pencils, but our English ancestors, while making it valuable for marking

their sheep, prized it still more highly as a remedy for colic and other human ills. There are several pencil-mills in the village, which, in addition to other claims for fame, is noted as one of the rainiest spots in England, the annual rainfall at Seathwaite sometimes reaching one hundred and eighty-two inches. The Derwent flows on through a gorge past the isolated pyramidal rock known as Castle Crag, and the famous Bowder Stone, which has fallen into the gorge from the crags above, to the hamlet of Grange, where a picturesque bridge spans the little river. We are told that the inhabitants once built a wall across the narrowest part of this valley; having long noticed the coincident appearance of spring and the cuckoo, they rashly concluded that the latter was the cause of the former, and that if they could only retain the bird their pleasant valley would enjoy perpetual spring; they built the wall as spring lengthened into summer, and with the autumn came the crisis. The wall had risen to a considerable height when the cuckoo with the approach of colder weather was sounding its somewhat asthmatic notes as it moved from tree to tree down the valley; it neared the wall, and as the population held their breath it suddenly flew over, and carried the spring away with it down the Derwent. Judge of the popular disgust when the sages of that region complainingly remarked that, having crossed but a few inches above the topmost stones

of the wall, if the builders had only carried it a course or two higher the cuckoo might have been kept at home, and their valley thus have enjoyed a perennial spring.

The Derwent flows on along its gorge, which has been slowly ground out by a glacier in past ages, and enters the lake through the marshy, flat, reedy delta that rather detracts from the appearance of its upper end. Not far away a small waterfall comes tumbling over the crags among the foliage; this miniature Niagara has a fame almost as great as the mighty cataract of the New World, for it is the "Fall of Lodore," about which, in answer to his little boy's question, "How does the water come down at Lodore?" Southey wrote his well-known poem that is such a triumph of versification, and from which this is a quotation:

"Flying and flinging, writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking, spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around, with endless rebound,
Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound;
All at once, and all o'er, with mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

Thus we reach the border of Derwentwater, nestling beneath the fells and crags, as its miniature surrounding mountains are called. Little wooded islets

dimple the surface of the lake, in the centre being the largest, St. Herbert's Island, where once that saint lived in a solitary cell: he was the bosom friend of St. Cuthbert, the missionary of Northumberland, and made an annual pilgrimage over the Pennine Hills to visit him; loving each other in life, in death they were not divided, for Wordsworth tells us that

"These holy men both died in the same hour."

Another islet is known as Lord's Island, where now the rooks are in full possession, but where once was the home of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1716 for espousing the Pretender's cause. It is related that before his execution on Tower Hill he closely viewed the block, and finding a rough place which might offend his neck, he bade the headsman chip it off; this done, he cheerfully placed his head upon it, gave the sign, and died; his estates were forfeited and settled by the king on Greenwich Hospital. Castle Hill rises boldly on the shore above Derwent Isle, where there is a pretty residence, and every few years there is added to the other islets on the bosom of the lake the "Floating Island," a mass of vegetable matter that becomes detached from the marsh at the upper end. At Friar's Crag, beneath Castle Hill, the lake begins to narrow, and at Portinscale the Derwent flows out, receives the waters of the Greta coming

from Keswick, and, after flowing a short distance through the meadow-land, expands again into Bassenthwaite Lake, a region of somewhat tamer yet still beautiful scenery.

The town of Keswick stands some distance back from the border of Derwentwater, and is noted as having been the residence of Southey. In Greta Hall, an unpretentious house in the town, Southey lived for forty years, dying there in 1843. He was laid to rest in the parish church of Crosthwaite, just outside the town. At the pretty little church there is a marble altar-tomb, the inscription on which to Southey's memory was written by Wordsworth. Greta Hall was also for three years the home of Coleridge, the two families dwelling under the same roof. Behind the modest house rises Skiddaw, the bare crags of the rounded summits being elevated over three thousand feet, and beyond it the hills and moors of the Skiddaw Forest stretch northward to the Solway, with the Scruffel Hill beyond. Upon a slope of the mountain, not far from Keswick, is a Druids' circle, whose builders scores of centuries ago watched the mists on Skiddaw's summit, as the people there do now, to foretell a change of weather as the clouds might rise or fall, for they tell us that

"If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Scruffel wots full well of that."

THE BORDER CASTLES.

At Kendal, in Westmorelandshire, are the ruins of Kendal Castle, a relic of the Norman days, but long since gone to decay. Here lived the ancestors of King Henry VIII.'s last wife, Queen Catharine Parr. Opposite it are the ruins of Castle How, and not far away the quaint appendage known as Castle Dairy, replete with heraldic carvings. It was in the town of Kendal that was made the foresters' woollen cloth known as "Kendal green," which was the uniform of Robin Hood's band, but is no longer manufactured.

In the northern part of the county, on the military road to Carlisle, are the ruins of Brougham Castle, built six hundred years ago. Here the Earl of Cumberland magnificently entertained King James I. for three days on one of his journeys out of Scotland. It is famous as the home of the late Henry, Lord Brougham, whose ancestors held it for many generations. The manor-house, known as Brougham Hall, has such richness, variety, and extent of prospect from its terraces that it is called the "Windsor of the North." Lord Brougham was much attached to his magnificent home, and it was here in 1860 that he finished his comprehensive work on the *British Constitution*, and wrote its famous dedication to the queen, beginning with the memorable words, "Madame, I presume to lay at

Your Majesty's feet a work the result of many years' diligent study, much calm reflection, and a long life's experience." In close proximity to the castle is the Roman station Brocavum, founded by Agricola in A. D. 79. Its outline is clearly defined, the camp within the inner ditch measuring almost one thousand feet square. Various Roman roads lead from it, and much of the materials of the outworks were built into the original Brougham Castle.

The Solway and its firth divide England from Scotland, and this borderland has been the scene of many deadly feuds, though happily only in the days long ago. The castle of Carlisle was a noted border stronghold, built of red sandstone by King William Rufus, who rebuilt Carlisle, which had then lain in ruins two hundred years because of the forays of the Danes. Richard III. enlarged the castle, and Henry VIII. built the citadel. Here Mary Queen of Scots was once lodged, but in Elizabeth's time the castle fell into decay. In the town is a fine cathedral, which has been thoroughly restored, and in it Sir Walter Scott was married in 1797. In a flat situation north of Carlisle are the ruins of Scaleby Castle, once a fortress of great strength, but almost battered to pieces when it resisted Cromwell's forces. There are several acres enclosed within the moat, intended for the cattle when driven in to escape the forays that came over the border. This venerable castle is now a pictu-

resque ruin. Twelve miles north-east of Carlisle is Naworth Castle, near where the Roman Wall crossed England. This is one of the finest feudal remains in Cumberland, having been the stronghold of the Wardens of the Marches, who guarded the border from Scottish incursions. It stands amid fine scenery, and just to the southward is the Roman Wall, of which many remains are still traced, while upon the high moorland in the neighborhood is the paved Roman Road, twelve feet wide and laid with stone. In the valley of the Irthing is Gilsland Spa and its sulphur springs, told of in *Guy Mannering*. Here are pointed out in the wooded valley the "Popping Stone" where Scott is said to have proposed to Miss Charpentier, whom he married, and the "Kissing Bush" where he sealed the compact. At Naworth there was always a strong garrison, for the border was rarely at peace, and

"Stern on the angry confines Naworth rose,
In dark woods islanded; its towers looked forth
And frowned defiance on the angry North."

Here lived, with a host of retainers, the famous "belted Will"—Lord William Howard, son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk—who in the early part of the seventeenth century finally brought peace to the border by his judicious exercise for many years of the Warden's powers. It is of this famous soldier and chivalrous knight, whose praises are even yet

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sung in the borderland, that Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" has written—

"Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubbed more bold in fight,
Nor, when from war and armor free,
More famed for stately courtesy."

LIVERPOOL, THROUGH THE MIDLAND
COUNTIES, TO LONDON.

III.

LIVERPOOL, THROUGH THE MIDLAND COUNTIES, TO LONDON.

The Peak of Derbyshire—Castleton—Bess of Hardwicke—Hardwicke Hall—Bolsover Castle—The Wye and the Derwent—Buxton—Bakewell—Haddon Hall—The King of the Peak—Dorothy Vernon—Rowsley—The Peacock Inn—Chatsworth—The Victoria Regia—Matlock—Dovedale—Beauchief Abbey—Stafford Castle—Trentham Hall—Tamworth—Tutbury Castle—Chartley Castle—Alton Towers—Shrewsbury Castle—Bridge-north—Wenlock Abbey—Ludlow Castle—The Feathers Inn—Lichfield Cathedral—Dr. Samuel Johnson—Coventry—Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom—Belvoir Castle—Charnwood Forest—Groby and Bradgate—Elizabeth Widvile and Lady Jane Grey—Ulverscroft Priory—Grace Dieu Abbey—Ashby de la Zouche—Langley Priory—Leicester Abbey and Castle—Bosworth Field—Edgehill—Naseby—The Land of Shakespeare—Stratford-on-Avon—Warwick—Kenilworth—Birmingham—Boulton and Watt—Fotheringhay Castle—Holmby House—Bedford Castle—John Bunyan—Woburn Abbey and the Russells—Stowe—Whaddon Hall—Great Hampden—Creslow House.

THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

THE river Mersey takes its sources—for it is formed by the union of several smaller streams—in the ranges of high limestone hills east of Liverpool, in North Derbyshire. These hills are an extension of the Pennine range that makes the backbone of

England, and in Derbyshire they rise to a height of nearly two thousand feet, giving most picturesque scenery. The broad top of the range at its highest part is called the Kinderscout, or, more familiarly, "The Peak." The mountain-top is a vast moor, abounding in deep holes and water-pools, uninhabited excepting by the stray sportsman or tourist, and dangerous and difficult to cross. Yet, once mounted to the top, there are good views of the wild scenery of the Derbyshire hills, with the villages nestling in the glens, and of the "Kinder Fall," where much of the water from the summit pours down a cataract of some five hundred feet height, while not far away is the "Mermaid's Pool," where, if you go at the midnight hour that ushers in Easter Sunday, and look steadily into the water, you will see a mermaid. The man who ventures upon that treacherous bog-land by night certainly deserves to see the best mermaid the Peak can produce. This limestone region is a famous place. In the sheltered valley to the westward of the Kinderscout is the village of Castleton, almost covered in by high hills on all sides. It was here upon a bold cliff to the southward of the village that "Peveril of the Peak," son of William of Normandy, built his renowned castle at the time of the Norman Conquest, of which only the ruins of the keep and part of the outer walls remain. Almost inaccessible, it possessed the extraordinary powers of defence that were necessary in those

troublesome times, and here its founder gave a grand tournament, to which young knights came from far and near, the successful knight of Lorraine being rewarded by his daughter's hand. In the time of Edward III. this "Castle of the Peak" reverted to the Crown, but now it is held by the Duke of Devonshire. Under the hill on which the ruins stand is the "Cavern of the Peak," with a fine entrance in a gloomy recess formed by a chasm in the rocks. This entrance makes a Gothic arch over one thousand feet wide, above which the rock towers nearly three hundred feet, and it is chequered with colored stones. Within is a vast flat-roofed cavern, at the farther side being a lake over which visitors are ferried in a boat. Other caverns are within, the entire cave extending nearly a half mile, a little river, not inappropriately named the Styx, traversing its full length. There are more and similar caverns in the neighborhood.

BESS OF HARDWICKE.

One of the great characters of the sixteenth century was Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, familiarly known as "Bess of Hardwicke," where she was born, and who managed to outlive four husbands, thus showing what success is in store for a woman of tact and business talent. She was a penniless bride at fourteen, when she married an opulent gentleman of Derbyshire named Barley,

who left her at fifteen a wealthy widow. At the age of thirty she married another rich husband, Sir William Cavendish, the ancestor of the Dukes of Devonshire, who died in 1557, leaving her again a widow, but with large estates, for she had taken good care to look after the proper marriage settlements; and in fact, even in those early days, a pretty good fortune was necessary to provide for the family of eight children Sir William left her. She next married Sir William Loe, who also had large estates and was the captain of the king's guard, the lady's business tact procuring in advance of the wedding the settlement of these estates upon herself and her children—a hard condition, with which, the historian tells us, “the gallant captain, who had a family by a former marriage, felt constrained to comply or forego his bride.” But in time the captain died, and his estates all went to the thrifty lady, to the exclusion of his own family; and to the blooming widow, thus made for the third time, there came a-courting the Earl of Shrewsbury; the earl had numerous offspring, and therefore could hardly give Bess all his possessions, like her other husbands, but she was clever enough to obtain her object in another way. As a condition precedent to accepting the earl, she made him marry two of his children to two of hers, and after seeing these two weddings solemnized, the earl led her to the altar for the fourth time at the age of fifty; and

we are told that all four of these weddings were actual "love-matches." But she did not get on well with the earl, whose correspondence shows she was a little shrewish, though in most quarrels she managed to come off ahead, having by that time acquired experience. When the earl died in 1590, and Bess concluded not again to attempt matrimony, she was immensely rich and was seized with a mania for building, which has left to the present day three memorable houses: Hardwicke Hall, where she lived, Bolsover Castle, and the palace of Chatsworth, which she began, and on which she lavished the enormous sum, for that day, of \$400,000. The legend runs that she was told that so long as she kept building her life would be spared—an architect's ruse possibly; and when finally she died it was during a period of hard frost, when the masons could not work.

Hardwicke Hall, near Mansfield, which the renowned Bess has left as one of her monuments, is about three hundred years old, and is approached by a noble avenue through a spacious park; it is still among the possessions of the Cavendish family and in the Duke of Devonshire's estates. The old hall where Bess was born almost touches the new one that she built, and which bears the initials of the proud and determined woman in many places outside and in. It was here that Mary Queen of Scots was held in captivity part of the time that she was

placed by Queen Elizabeth in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and her statue stands in the hall. There are an extensive picture-gallery containing many historical portraits, and also fine state-apartments. The mansion is a lofty oblong stone structure, with tall square towers at each corner, the architecture being one of the best specimens of the Elizabethan Period; on the side, as viewed from the park, the hall seems all windows, which accounts for the saying of that neighborhood :

“Hardwicke Hall, more glass than wall.”

The ruins of the old hall, almost overgrown with ivy, are picturesque, but from everywhere on the ancient or on the modern hall there peer out the initials “E. S.,” with which the prudent Bess was so careful to mark all her possessions.

BOLSOVER CASTLE.

The noted Bolsover Castle, which Bess also built, though her son finished it after her death, stands in a magnificent position on a high plateau not far from Chesterfield, overlooking a wide expanse of Derbyshire. The present castle replaced an ancient structure that had fallen into ruin, and was supposed to have been built by “Peveril of the Peak;” it was fortified during King John’s time, and traces of the fortifications still remain; it was repeatedly besieged and taken by assault. The present build-

ing is a square and lofty mansion of castellated appearance, with towers at the corners built of brown stone; in it the Earl of Newcastle, who subsequently inherited it, spent on one occasion \$75,000 in entertaining King Charles I., the entire country round being invited to attend the king: Ben Jonson performed a play for his amusement. Lord Clarendon speaks of the occasion as "such an excess of feasting as had scarce ever been known in England before." It now belongs to the Duke of Portland, and has fallen into partial decay, with trees growing in some of the deserted apartments and ivy creeping along the walls. Visitors describe it as a ghostly house, with long vaulted passages, subterranean chambers, dungeon-like holes in the towers, and mysterious spaces beneath the vaults whence come weird noises. When Mr. Jennings visited Bolsover he described it as like a haunted house, and after examining the apartments, in which most things seemed going to decay, he went down stairs, guided by an old woman, to the cellars and passages that are said to be the remains of the original Norman castle. A chamber with a high vaulted roof was used as a kitchen, and an ancient stone passage connected it with a crypt; beneath this, she told him, there was a church, never opened since the days of Peveril. Their voices had a hollow sound, and their footsteps awakened echoes as if from a large empty space beneath;

the servants, she said, were afraid to come down where they were, excepting by twos and threes, and she added: "Many people have seen things here besides me; something bad has been done here, sir, and when they open that church below they'll find it out. Just where you stand by that door I have several times seen a lady and gentleman—only for a moment or two, for they come like a flash; when I have been sitting in the kitchen, not thinking of any such thing, they stood there—the gentleman with ruffles on, the lady with a scarf round her waist; I never believed in ghosts, but I have seen *them*. I am used to it now, and don't mind it; but we do not like the noises, because they disturb us. Not long ago my husband, who comes here at night, and I, could not sleep at all, and we thought at last that somebody had got shut up in the castle, for some children had been here that day; so we lit a candle and went all over it, but there was nothing, only the noises following us, and keeping on worse than ever after we left the rooms, though they stopped while we were in them." The old woman's tale shows the atmosphere there is about this sombre and ghostly castle of Bolsover.

THE WYE AND THE DERWENT.

These two noted rivers take their rise in the Derbyshire hills, and, coming together at Rowsley near the pretty Peacock Inn, flow down to the sea,

through the valleys of the Wye, the Trent, and the Humber. Rising in the limestone hills to the north of Buxton, the Wye flows past that celebrated bath, where the Romans first set the example of seeking its healing waters, both hot and cold springs gushing from the rocks in close proximity. It stands nine hundred feet above the sea, its nucleus, "The Crescent," having been built by the Duke of Devonshire; and the miraculous cures wrought by St. Mary's Well are noted by Charles Cotton among the *Wonders of the Peak*. From Buxton the Wye follows a romantic glen to Bakewell, the winding valley being availed of, by frequent tunnels, viaducts, and embankments, as a route for the Midland Railway. In this romantic glen is the remarkable limestone crag known as Chee Tor, where the curving valley contracts into a narrow gorge. The gray limestone cliffs are in many places overgrown with ivy, while trees find rooting-places in their fissures. Tributary brooks fall into the Wye, all flowing through miniature dales that disclose successive beauties, and then at a point where the limestone hills recede from the river, expanding the valley, Bakewell is reached. Here are also mineral springs, but the most important place in the town is the parish church parts, of which are seven hundred years old. It is a picturesque building, cruciform, with a spire, and is rich in sepulchral remains, containing the ancestors of the Duke of Rutland—who owns the town

—in the tombs of a long line of Vernons and Man-
ners. In the churchyard are several curious epi-
taphs, among them that of John Dale and his two
wives, the inscription concluding,

“ A period's come to all their toylsome lives ;
The good man's quiet—still are both his wives.”

In this churchyard is also the well-known epitaph
often quoted :

“ Beneath a sleeping infant lies, to earth whose body lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise, tho' not more innocent.
When the archangel's trump shall blow, and souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below had been as short as thine.”

HADDON HALL.

Three miles below Bakewell, near the Wye, is
one of the most famous old mansions of England—
Haddon Hall. This ancient baronial home, with its
series of houses, its courtyards, towers, embattled
walls, and gardens, stands on the side of a hill slop-
ing down to the Wye, while the railway has pierced
a tunnel through the hill almost underneath the
structure. The buildings surround two courtyards
paved with large stones, and cover a space of nearly
three hundred feet square. Outside the arched en-
trance-gate to the first courtyard is a low thatched
cottage used as a porter's lodge. Haddon is main-
tained, not as a residence, but to give as perfect an
idea as possible of a baronial hall of the Middle

Ages. To get to the entrance the visitor toils up a rather steep hill, and on the way passes two remarkable yew trees, cut to represent the crests of the two families whose union by a romantic marriage is one of the traditions of this famous place. One yew represents the peacock of Manners, the present ducal house of Rutland, and the other the boar's head of Vernon. Parts of this house, like so many structures in the neighborhood, were built in the time of "Peveril of the Peak," and its great hall was the "Martindale Hall" of Scott's novel, thus coming down to us through eight centuries, and nearly all the buildings are at least four hundred years old.

Entering the gateway, the porter's guard-room is seen on the right hand, with the ancient "peephole" through which he scanned visitors before admitting them. Mounting the steps to the first courtyard, which is on a lower level than the other, the chapel and the hall are seen on either hand, while in front are the steps leading to the state-apartments. The buildings are not lofty, but there are second-floor rooms in almost all parts, which were occupied by the household. There is an extensive ball-room, while the Eagle Tower rises at one corner of the court. Many relics of the olden time are preserved in these apartments. The ancient chapel is entered by an arched doorway from the court, and consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisle, with an antique Norman font and a large high-back pew used by the

family. After passing the court, the banquet-hall is entered, thirty-five by twenty-five feet, and rising to the full height of the building. In one of the doorways is a bracket to which an iron ring is attached, which was used, as we are told, "to enforce the laws of conviviality." When a guest failed to drink his allowance of wine he was suspended by the wrist to this ring, and the liquor he failed to pour down his throat was poured into his sleeve. A tall screen at the end of the room formed the front of a gallery, where on great occasions minstrels discoursed sweet music, while at the opposite end the lord and his honored guests sat on a raised dais. Here still stands the old table, while behind the dais a flight of stairs leads up to the state-apartments. Stags' heads and antlers of great age are on the walls. Another door opens out of the banquet-hall into the dining-room, the end of which is entirely taken up with a fine Gothic window displaying the Vernon arms and quarterings. This room is elaborately wainscoted. The royal arms are inscribed over the fireplace, and below them is the Vernon motto carved in Gothic letters :

"Drede God and Honour the Kyng."

An exquisite oriel window looks out from this room over the woods and grounds of Haddon, the recess bearing on one of its panels the head of Will Somers, who was Henry VIII.'s jester. The drawing-room,

which is over the dining-room, is hung with old tapestry, above which is a frieze of ornamental mouldings. A pretty recessed window also gives from this room a delightful view over the grounds.

The gem of Haddon is the long gallery or ball-room, which extends over one hundred feet along one side of the inner court: the semicircular wooden steps leading to this apartment are said to have been cut from a single tree that grew in the park. The gallery is wainscoted in oak in semicircular arched panels, alternately large and small, surmounted by a frieze and a turreted and battlemented cornice. The ceiling is elaborately carved in geometric patterns, and the tracery contains the alternating arms and crests of Vernon and Manners; the remains are still visible of the rich gilding and painting of this ceiling. In the anteroom paintings are hung, and from it a strongly-barred door opens upon a flight of stone steps leading down to the terrace and garden: this is "Dorothy Vernon's Door;" and across the garden another flight of steps leading to the terrace is known as "Dorothy Vernon's Steps." It was the gentle maiden's flight through this door and up these steps to elope with John Manners that carried the old house and all its broad lands into the possession of the family now owning it. The state bedroom is hung with Gobelin tapestry illustrating Esop's fables; the state bed is fourteen feet high, and furnished in green silk velvet and white satin, embroidered by

needlework, and its last occupant was George IV. The kitchen and range of domestic offices are extensive, and show the marvellous amount of cooking that was carried on in the hospitable days of Haddon; the kitchen has a ceiling supported by massive beams and a solid oak column in the centre; there are two huge fireplaces, scores of stoves, spits, pothooks, and hangers, large chopping-blocks, dressers, and tables, with attendant bakehouses, ovens, pantries, and larders; among the relics is an enormous salt-ing-trough hollowed out of one immense block of wood. Beyond the garden or lawn, one hundred and twenty feet square, extends the terrace, planted with ancient yews, whose gnarled roots intertwine with and displace the stones. The terrace extends the full width of the outer or upper garden, and gives a charming view of the southern front of the hall.

More romance hangs about Haddon than probably any other old baronial hall in England, and it has therefore been for years an endless source of inspiration for poets, artists, and novelists. Mrs. Radcliffe here laid some of the scenes of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. Bennett's "King of the Peak" was Sir George Vernon, the hospitable owner of Haddon. Scott has written of it, a host of artists have painted its most attractive features, and many a poet has sung of the

" Hall of wassail which has rung
To the unquestioned baron's jest:

Dim old chapel, where were hung
Offerings of the o'erfraught breast;
Moss-clad terrace, strangely still,
Broken shaft and crumbling frieze—
Still as lips that used to fill
With bugle-blasts the morning breeze."

But, unlike most baronial strongholds, the history of Haddon tells only the romance of peace, love, and hospitality. It came by marriage into the possession of the Vernons soon after the Conquest; one of them, Sir Henry Vernon of Haddon, was appointed governor of Prince Arthur by Henry VII. His grandson, Sir George Vernon, lived in such princely magnificence at Haddon that he was known as the "King of the Peak;" his initials, "G. V.," are carved in the banquet-hall. Around his youngest daughter, Dorothy, gathers the chief halo of romance. The story in brief is, that her elder sister, being the affianced bride of the son of the Earl of Derby, was petted and made much of, while Dorothy, at sweet sixteen, was kept in the background. She formed an attachment for John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, but this her family violently opposed, keeping her almost a prisoner: her lover, disguised as a forester, lurked for weeks in the woods around Haddon, obtaining occasionally a stolen interview. At length on a festal night, when the ball-room was filled with guests summoned to celebrate the approaching nuptials of the elder sister, and every one was so wrapped in enjoyment that there was no time to watch Do-

rothy, the maiden, unobserved, stole out of the ball-room into the anteroom, and through the door, across the garden, and up the steps to the terrace, where her lover had made a signal that he was waiting. In a moment she was in his arms, and rode away with him in the moonlight all night, across the hills of Derbyshire, and into Leicestershire, where they were married next morning. It was the old story—an elopement, a grand row, and then all was forgiven. Sir George Vernon had no sons, and his daughters divided his estate, Haddon going to Dorothy, who thus by her elopement carried the famous hall over to the family of Manners. Dorothy died in 1584, leaving four children, the oldest, Sir George Manners, living at Haddon and maintaining its hospitable reputation. Dying in 1679, his son, John Manners, who was the ninth Earl of Rutland, became the master of Haddon, and “kept up the good old mansion at a bountiful rate,” as the chronicler tells us. He kept one hundred and forty servants, and had so many retainers and guests that every day the tables in the old banquet-hall were spread as at a Christmas feast. The earl was raised to the rank of duke, and his son John, Duke of Rutland, known as the “Old Man of the Hill,” died in 1779, since which time the family have not used the hall as a place of residence, having gone to Belvoir in Leicestershire. Its present owner is the seventh Duke of Rutland, John Manners, and the descendant of the famous Dorothy.

There are few places, even in England, that have the fame of Haddon, and it is one of the chief spots sought out by the tourist. The duke maintains it just as it existed centuries ago, with the old furniture and utensils, so as to reproduce as faithfully as possible the English baronial hall of his ancestors. Dorothy and her husband have their monument in Bake-well Church.

CHATSWORTH.

Below Haddon Hall the valley of the Wye broadens, with yet richer scenery, as it approaches the confluence of the Wye and Derwent at Rowsley, where the quaint old Peacock Inn, which was the manor-house of Haddon, bears over the door the date 1653, and the crest of the ducal House of Rutland, a peacock with tail displayed. Ascending for a short distance the valley of the Derwent, which washes the bases of the steep limestone hills, we come to Chatsworth. In sharp contrast with the ancient glories of Haddon is this modern ducal palace, for whose magnificence Bess of Hardwicke laid the foundation. This "Palace of the Peak" stands in a park covering over two thousand acres; the Derwent flows in front, over which the road to the palace is carried by a fine bridge. From the river a lawn gently slopes upward to the buildings, and the wooded hill which rises sharply behind them is surmounted by a hunting-tower, embosomed in trees. A herd

of at least a thousand deer roam at will over the park, and have become very tame. Chatsworth is a brownish-yellow building, square and flat-topped, with a modern and more ornamental wing. Its front extends 560 feet, and in parts it is of that depth. The estate was bought in the sixteenth century by Sir William Cavendish, who built the original house, a quadrangular building with turrets, which was greatly extended by his wife. It was used as a fortress in the Civil Wars, and was considerably battered. The first Duke of Devonshire about the year 1700 rebuilt the mansion, employing the chief architects, artists, designers, and wood-carvers of his time, among them Sir Christopher Wren. In the grounds, not far from the bridge over the Derwent, is the "Bower of Mary Queen of Scots." There is a small, clear lake almost concealed by foliage, in the centre of which is a tower, and on the top a grass-grown garden, where are also several fine trees. Here, under guard, the captive was permitted to take the air. In those days she looked out upon a broad expanse of woods and moorland ; now all around has been converted into gardens and a park. Entering the house through a magnificent gateway, the visitor is taken into the entrance-hall, where the frescoes represent the life and death of Julius Cæsar ; then up the grand staircase of amethyst and variegated alabaster guarded by richly-gilded balustrades. The gorgeously-embellished chapel is wainscoted with

cedar, and has a sculptured altar made of Derbyshire marbles. The beautiful drawing-room opens into a series of state-apartments lined with choice woods and hung with Gobelin tapestries representing the cartoons of Raphael. Magnificent carvings and rare paintings adorn the walls, while the richest decorations are everywhere displayed. On the door of the antechamber is a quill pen so finely carved that it almost reproduces the real feather. In the Scarlet Room are the bed on which George II. died and the chairs and footstools used at the coronation of George III. On the north side of the house is another stairway of oak, also richly gilded. In the apartments replacing those where Mary Queen of Scots lived are her bed-hangings and tapestries. There is an extensive library with many rare books and manuscripts, and a sculpture-gallery lined with Devonshire marble, containing many statues and busts, and also two recumbent lions, each nine feet long and four feet high and weighing four tons, and carved out of a solid block of marble. The final enlargement of Chatsworth was completed about sixty-five years ago, when Queen Victoria made a state visit and was given a magnificent reception by the Duke of Devonshire.

The gardens at Chatsworth are as noted as the house, and are to many minds the gem of the estate. They cover one hundred and twenty-two acres, and are so arranged as to make a beautiful view out of

every window of the palace. All things are provided that can add to rural beauty—fountains, cascades, running streams, lakes, rockeries, orange-groves, hot-houses, woods, sylvan dells—and no labor or expense is spared to enhance the attractions of trees, flowers, and shrubbery. From a stone temple, which it completely covers, the great cascade flows down among dolphins, sea-lions, and nymphs, until it disappears among the rocks and seeks an underground outlet into the Derwent. Enormous stones weighing several tons are nicely balanced, so as to rock at the touch or swing open for gates. Others overhang the paths as if a gust of wind might blow them down. In honor of the visit of the Czar Nicholas in 1844 the great “Emperor Fountain” was constructed, which throws a column of water to an immense height. The grounds are filled with trees planted by kings, queens, and great people on their visits to the palace. The finest of all the trees is a noble Spanish chestnut of sixteen feet girth. Weeping willows do not grow at Chatsworth, but they have provided one in the form of a metal tree, contrived so as to discharge a deluge of rain-drops from its metallic leaves and boughs when a secret spring is touched. The glory of the Chatsworth gardens, however, is the conservatory, a beautiful structure of glass and iron covering nearly an acre, the arched roof in the centre rising to a height of sixty-seven

feet. In this famous hot-house are the rarest palms and tropical plants. It was designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, the duke's head-gardener, and, enlarging the design, Paxton constructed in the same way the London Crystal Palace for the Exhibition of 1851, for which service he was knighted. Besides this rare collection of hot-house plants, the famous *Victoria Regia* is in a special house at Chatsworth, growing in a tank thirty-four feet in diameter, the water being maintained at the proper temperature and kept constantly in motion as a running stream. The seed for this celebrated plant was brought from Guiana, and it first bloomed here in 1849. Some fifty persons are employed in the gardens and grounds, besides the servants in the buildings, showing the retinue necessary to maintain this great show-palace, the Duke of Devonshire seldom using it as a residence.

MATLOCK AND DOVEDALE.

Retracing the Derwent to the Wye again, the valley of the latter is open below for several miles, and then as Matlock is approached a mass of limestone stretching across the valley seems to bar all egress, and the river plunges through a narrow glen. The bold gray crags of the High Tor rise steeply on the left hand, and the gorge not being wide enough for both river and railway, the latter pierces a tunnel through the High Tor. The river bends

sharply to the right, and the village makes a long street along the bank and rises in terraces up the steep hill behind. These are the "Heights of Abraham," while the pretty slope below the High Tor is the "Lovers' Walk." Matlock is beautifully situated, and its springs are in repute, while the caves in the neighborhood give plenty of opportunity for that kind of exploration. The Derbyshire marbles are quarried all about, and mosaic manufacture is carried on. It was near Matlock that Arkwright first set up his cotton-spinning machine, and when fortune and fame had made him Sir Richard Arkwright he built Willersley Castle for his home, on the banks of the Derwent. The valley of the little river Dove also presents some fine scenery, especially in the fantastic shapes of its rocks. The river runs between steep hills fringed with ash and oak and hawthorn, and Dove-dale can be pursued for miles with interest. One of its famous resorts is the old and comfortable Izaak Walton Inn, sacred to anglers. In Dovedale are the rocks called the Twelve Apostles, the Tis-sington Spires, the Pickering Tor, the caverns known as the Dove Holes, and Reynard's Hall, while the entire stream is full of memories of those celebrated anglers of two centuries ago, Walton and his friend Cotton.

BEAUCHIEF ABBEY.

Before leaving Derbyshire the ruin of Beauchief Abbey, which gave the name of Abbey Dale to one of the pleasant vales on the eastern border of the county, must not be forgotten. It was built seven hundred years ago, and there remains but a single fragment of this famous religious house, the arch of the great east window. Singularly enough, under the same roof with the abbey was built an inn, and at a short distance there is a hermitage: the hermit's cave is scooped out of a rock elevated above the valley and overhung with foliage. We are told that a pious baker lived in the town of Derby who was noted for his exemplary life: the Virgin Mary, as a proof of his faith, required him to relinquish all his worldly goods and go to Deepdale and lead a solitary life in Christ's service. He did as he was told, departed from Derby, but had no idea where he was to go; directing his footsteps towards the east, he passed through a village, and heard a woman instruct a girl to drive some calves to Deepdale. Regarding this as an interposition of Providence, the baker, encouraged, asked where was Deepdale; the woman told the girl to show him. Arrived there, he found it marshy land, distant from any human habitation; but, seeking a rising ground, he cut a small dwelling in a rock under the side of a hill, built an altar, and there spent day and night in the

Divine service, with hunger and cold, thirst and want. Now, it happened that a person of great consequence owned this land—Ralph, the son of Geremund—and coming to the woods to hunt, he saw smoke rising from the hermit's cave, and was filled with astonishment that any one should have dared to establish a dwelling there without his permission. Going to the place, he found the hermit clothed in old rags and skins, and, inquiring about his case, Ralph's anger changed to pity. To show his compassion, he granted the hermit the ground where the hermitage stood, and also for his support the tithe of a mill not far away. The tradition further relates "that the old Enemy of the human race" then endeavored to make the hermit dissatisfied with his condition, but "he resolutely endured all its calamities," and ultimately he built a cottage and oratory, and ended his days in the service of God. After his death, Ralph's daughter prevailed upon her husband to dedicate Deepdale to religious uses, and he inviting the canons, they built the abbey. We are told in Howitt's *Forest Minstrel* of the wonder caused by the construction of the abbey, and also how in later years the monks became corrupted by prosperity. A place is shown to visitors where the wall between the chapel and the inn gave way to the thirsty zeal of the monks, and through an opening their favorite liquor was handed. The *Forest Minstrel* tells us they

“Forsook missal and mass
To chant o'er a bottle or shrive a lass ;
No matin's bell called them up in the morn,
But the yell of the hounds and sound of the horn ;
No penance the monk in his cell could stay
But a broken leg or a rainy day :
The pilgrim that came to the abbey-door,
With the feet of the fallow-deer found it nailed o'er ;
The pilgrim that into the kitchen was led,
On Sir Gilbert's venison there was fed,
And saw skins and antlers hang o'er his head.”

STAFFORD AND TRENTHAM.

The rivers which drain the limestone hills of Derbyshire unite to form the Trent, and this stream, after a winding and picturesque course through Midland England towards the eastward, flows into the Humber, and ultimately into the North Sea. Its first course after leaving Derby is through Staffordshire, one of the great manufacturing counties of England, celebrated for its potteries, whose product Josiah Wedgewood so greatly improved. The county-seat is Stafford, on the Sow River, not far from the Trent Valley, and on a high hill south-west of the town are the remains of the castle of the Barons of Stafford, originally built a thousand years ago by the Saxons to keep the Danes in check. This castle was destroyed and rebuilt by William the Conqueror; again destroyed and again rebuilt by Ralph de Stafford in Edward III.'s reign. In the Civil Wars this castle was one of the last strong-

holds of King Charles I., but it was ultimately taken by Cromwell's troops and demolished, excepting the keep; a massive castellated building of modern construction now occupies its place. The river Trent, in its winding course, forms near Trentham a fine lake, and the beautiful neighborhood has been availed of for the establishment of the splendid residence of the Duke of Sutherland, about a mile west of the village, and known as Trentham Hall. The park is extensive, the gardens are laid out around the lake, and the noble Italian building, which is of modern construction, has a fine campanile tower one hundred feet high, and occupies a superb situation. The old church makes part of Trentham Hall, and contains monuments of the duke's family and ancestors, the Leveson-Gowers, whose extensive estates cover a wide domain in Staffordshire. Trentham, which is in the pottery district and not far from Newcastle-under-Lyme, was originally a monastery, founded by St. Werburgh, niece of Æthelred. She was one of the most famous of the Anglo-Saxon saints, and some venerable yews still mark the spot where her original house stood, it being known as Tricengham. These yews, said to have been planted about that time, form three sides of a square. The religious house, rebuilt in William Rufus's reign, was given, at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., to his brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and it afterwards

came into possession of the Levesons. From the marriage of a daughter of Sir John Leveson with Sir Thomas Gower sprang the family of the present ducal house of Sutherland, the head of it being created Marquis of Stafford in 1786 and Duke of Sutherland in 1833. The present duke is the fourth who has held the title, his grandmother having been the daughter of the Earl of Carlisle—the famous Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland. The old Trentham Hall was built in 1633, being rebuilt and enlarged by Sir Charles Barry about seventy years ago.

TAMWORTH AND TUTBURY.

Staffordshire contains some famous places. In the eastern part of the county, bordering Warwick, is the ancient town of Tamworth, standing upon the little river Tame; this was originally a fortification built for defence against the Danes, and its castle was founded by Marmion, of whom Scott writes,

“They hailed Lord Marmion,
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town.”

Tamworth is also Shakespearian ground, for here Richmond halted on his march to Bosworth Field, and made a stirring address to inspire his forces for the coming combat. In later years Tamworth sent Sir Robert Peel to Parliament, and his bronze statue adorns the market-square; the ruins of the ancient

castle are almost obliterated, and the present castle is upon higher ground, its architecture being of various periods. Tutbury Castle, of which little is left but a straggling mass of ruins, stands on an eminence overlooking the Dove, and crowns a ridge of red sandstone rock: it was a great stronghold, founded by John of Gaunt, covering several acres, and was demolished after the Civil Wars. This castle, like so many other famous places, was also one of the prison-palaces of Mary Queen of Scots; although the castle is destroyed, yet near by is its parish church of St. Mary, founded by Henry de Ferrars in the reign of William Rufus, and known then as Ferrars Abbey; its west end is one of the most perfect Norman fronts remaining in England, and it has been carefully restored. Tutbury is known for some of its ancient customs, among them the annual bull-running. A minstrel band, after devotions and a long sermon in the abbey, had an excellent dinner in the castle, and then repairing to the abbey-gate demanded the bull; the prior let the bull out, with his horns and tail cut off, his ears cropped, his body greased, and his nostrils filled with pepper to make him furious. The bull being let loose, the steward proclaimed that none were to come nearer than forty feet, nor to hinder the minstrels, but all were to attend to their own safety. The minstrels were to capture the bull before sunset, and on that side of the river, but if they failed or he escaped across the

stream, he remained the lord's property. It was seldom possible to take him fairly, but if he was held long enough to cut off some of his hair it was considered a capture, and after a bull-baiting he was given to the minstrels. Thus originated the Tutbury bull-running, which ultimately degenerated into a scene of wild debauchery, often resulting in a terrible riot. The Duke of Devonshire, when he came into possession of Tutbury, was compelled to abolish the custom. About six miles from Stafford is Chartley Castle, dating from the Conquest, and belonging to the Earls of Chester and Derby, and subsequently to the famous Earl of Essex, who here entertained Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards planned the plot for which she signed his death-warrant. This castle has been many years in ruins: it had a circular keep about fifty feet in diameter, and the present remains are chiefly the fragments of two round towers and part of a wall twelve feet thick, with loopholes constructed for shooting arrows at an attacking force. Queen Mary was also imprisoned here, and a bed said to have been wrought by her is shown in the village. This unfortunate queen seems to have had more prisons and wrought more needlework than any other woman in Britain.

ALTON TOWERS.

Alton Towers, the superb home of the Earl of Shrewsbury, is also in Staffordshire, and is one of the

famous seats of England. The estate stands on the Churnet, and the house and grounds are on one side of its deep valley. The present mansion, a modern Gothic structure, was built about fifty years ago on a rocky plateau overlooking the valley. An extensive park surrounds the mansion, and there are several entrances. Of these Quicksall Lodge ushers the visitor to a magnificent approach known as the "Earl's Drive," extending three miles along the valley of the Churnet, and having its natural advantages increased by the profuse distribution along the route of statues, busts, and ornamental vases. Another entrance is from the railway-station, where is a lodge of great beauty, from which the road, about a mile in length, gradually ascends to the eminence where the mansion stands. The approach by both roads is fine, and through the intervening foliage the Towers open upon the view—rich in spire, dome, and gable, and with their fair proportions enhanced by the arcades that adorn the house and the antique stone setting that brings out the majesty of the Gothic architecture. The gardens of this fine place are beautiful, their extent being made apparently greater in reality by the artificially-formed terraces and other resources of the landscape artist. The grounds are most lavishly ornamented with statuary, vases, temples, and fountains, while gardening is carried to perfection. There is a grand conservatory, containing a palm-house and orangery. From the top of an

elaborate Gothic temple four stories high there is a fine view, while the Flag Tower, a massive building with four turrets, and six stories high, is used as an observatory. There is a delightful retreat for the weary sightseer called the Refuge, a fine imitation of Stonehenge, and Ina's Rock, where Ina, king of Wessex, held a parliament after his battle with the king of Mercia. The picturesque ruins of Alton Castle and convent are in the grounds, also the ruins of Croxden Abbey and the charming Alton Church, which was of Norman foundation. The castle existed at the time of the Conquest, and the domain in 1408, through the marriage of Maud Neville to John Talbot, was brought into the possession of the present family, Talbot having been afterwards made the first Earl of Shrewsbury. This was the famous English warrior who was so feared in France, where he conducted brilliant campaigns, that "with his name the mothers stilled their babes." He was killed at the siege of Chatillon in his eightieth year. It was the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury who married Bess of Hardwicke and made her fourth husband. It was the fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury who erected the present magnificent structure, with its varied turrets and battlements, for his summer residence, where before stood a plain house known as Alton Lodge. Upon his tomb, in memory of the wonderful change he wrought in the place, is the significant motto: "He made the desert smile."

SHREWSBURY.

Westward of Stafford is the land of the "proud Salopians," Shropshire, through which flows the Severn, on whose banks stands the ancient town from which the Earls of Shrewsbury take their title. We are told that the Britons founded this town, and that in Edward the Confessor's time it had five churches and two hundred and thirty houses, fifty-one of which were cleared away to make room for the castle erected by Roger de Montgomery, a kinsman of William the Conqueror. The Norman king created him Earl of Shrewsbury long before the present line of earls began with John Talbot. Wars raged around the castle; it was besieged and battered, for it stood an outpost in the borderland of Wales. It was here that Henry IV. assembled an army to march against Glendower, and in the following year fought the battle of Shrewsbury against Hotspur, then marching to join Glendower. Hotspur's death decided the battle. The Wars of the Roses were fought around the town, and here Henry VII., then the Earl of Richmond, slept when going to Bosworth Field; and in the Civil Wars King Charles had Shrewsbury's support, but Cromwell's forces captured it. The town is on a fine peninsula almost encircled by the Severn, and the castle stands at the entrance to the peninsula. Only the square keep and part of the inner walls remain of the original castle,

but a fine turret has been added by modern hands. In the neighborhood of Shrewsbury are the remains of the Roman city of Uriconium, said to have been destroyed by the Saxons in the sixth century. Shrewsbury has always been famous for pageants, its annual show being a grand display by the trade societies. It is also famous for its cakes, of which Shenstone says :

“ And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honored names the inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.”

The great Shrewsbury cake is the “simnel,” made like a pie, the crust colored with saffron and very thick. It is a confection said to be unsafe when eaten to excess, for an old gentleman, writing from melancholy experience in 1595, records that “sodden bread which bee called sinnels bee verie unwholesome.” The Shropshire legend about its origin is that a happy couple got into a dispute whether they should have for dinner a boiled pudding or a baked pie. While they disputed they got hungry, and came to a compromise by first boiling and then baking the dish that was prepared. To the grand result of the double process—his name being Simon and her's Nell—the combined name of simnel was given. And thus from their happily-settled contention has come Shrewsbury's great cake, of which all England acknowledges the merit.

BRIDGENORTH AND WENLOCK ABBEY.

Following down the Severn River from Shrewsbury, we come to Bridgenorth, an ancient town planted on a steep hill, full of quaint houses, and having an old covered market where the country-people gather on Saturdays. The lower part is of brick, and the upper part is black-and-white-timbered, but the human love for what is old and familiar is shown by the way in which the people still fill up the old market-house, though a fine one has recently been built. The most prized of the old houses of this venerable town is a foundry and blacksmith shop standing by the river; it was in this house that Bishop Percy, author of the *Reliques*, was born. On the promontory of sandstone, which steeply rises about one hundred and eighty feet above the river, the upper part of the town is built, and here are the ruins of Bridgenorth Castle, which stood in an exceptionally strong situation. The red sandstone predominates here, but not much of it remains in the castle, there being little left excepting a huge fragment of the massive wall of the keep, which now inclines so much on one side from the settling of the foundation as to be almost unsafe. This castle was built eight hundred years ago by the third and last of the Norman Earls of Shrewsbury; it was held for King Charles in the Civil Wars, and underwent a month's siege before it

surrendered, when the conquerors destroyed it. Bridgenorth is the most picturesque of all the towns on the Severn, owing to the steep promontory up which the houses extend from the lower to the upper town and the magnificent views from the castle. The communication with the hill is by a series of steeply-winding alleys, each being almost a continuous stairway: they are known as the "Steps." A bridge with projecting bastions crosses the river and connects the higher with the lower parts of the town, thus giving the place its name.

About twelve miles south-east of Shrewsbury is the village of Much Wenlock, where there are remains of a magnificent abbey founded by the Black monks, and exhibiting several of the Early English and Gothic styles of architecture, but, like most else in these parts, it has fallen in ruin, and many of the materials have been carried off to build other houses. Portions of the nave, transepts, chapter-house, and abbot's house remain, the latter being restored and making a fine specimen of ecclesiastical domestic architecture built around a court. An open cloister extends the entire length, and beautiful intersecting Norman arches adorn the chapter-house. There are some quaint old houses in the town—timbered structures with bold bow-windows—and not a few of them of great age. Roger de Montgomery is credited with founding Wenlock Abbey at the time of the Norman Conquest. The site was pre-

viously occupied by a nunnery, said to have been the burial-place of St. Milburgh, who was the granddaughter of King Penda of Mercia. This was a famous religious house in its day, and it makes a picturesque ruin, while the beauty of the neighboring scenery shows how careful the recluses and religious men of old were to cast their lots and build their abbeys in pleasant places.

LUDLOW CASTLE.

The most important of all the castles in the middle marches of Wales was Ludlow, whose grand ruins, mouldered into beauty, stand upon the river Tame, near the western border of Shropshire. It was here that the lord president of the Council of Wales held his court. Its ruins, though abandoned, have not fallen into complete decay, so that it gives a fine representation of the ancient feudal border stronghold: it is of great size, with long stretches of walls and towers, interspersed with thick masses of foliage and stately trees, while beneath is the dark rock on which it is founded. It was built shortly after the Conquest by Roger de Montgomery, and after being held by the Norman Earls of Shrewsbury it was fortified by Henry I.; then Joyce de Dinan held it, and confined Hugh de Mortimer as prisoner in one of the towers, still known as Mortimer's Tower. Edward IV. established it as the place of residence for the lord president of the Council that governed

Wales: here the youthful King Edward V. was proclaimed, soon mysteriously to disappear. From Ludlow Castle, Wales was governed for more than three centuries, and in Queen Elizabeth's time many important additions were made to it. The young Philip Sidney lived here, his father being the lord president; the stone bridge, replacing the draw-bridge, and the great portal were built at that time. In 1634, Milton's "Masque of Comus" was written and represented here while Earl Bridgewater was lord president, one of the scenes being the castle and town of Ludlow: this representation was part of the festivities attending the earl's installation on Michaelmas Night. It was in Ludlow Castle that Butler wrote part of *Hudibras*. The castle was held for King Charles, but was delivered up to the Parliamentary forces in 1646. The present exterior of the castle denotes its former magnificence. The foundations are built into a dark-gray rock, and the castle rises from the point of a headland, the northern front consisting of square towers with high, connecting embattled walls. In the last century trees were planted on the rock and in the deep and wide ditch that guarded the castle. The chief entrance is by a gateway under a low, pointed arch which bears the arms of Queen Elizabeth and of Earl Pembroke. There are several acres enclosed, and the keep is an immense square tower of the Early Norman, one hundred and ten feet high and ivy-

mantled to the top. On its ground floor is the dungeon, half underground, with square openings in the floor connecting with the apartment above. The great hall is now without roof or floor, and a tower at the west end is called Prince Arthur's Tower, while there are also remains of the old chapel. The ruins have an imposing aspect, the towers being richly clustered around the keep. This famous castle is now the property of Earl Powis.

The town of Ludlow adjoins the castle, and on approaching it the visitor is struck by the fine appearance of the tower of the church of St. Lawrence. The church is said to be the finest in Shropshire, and this tower was built in the time of Edward IV. Its chantry is over six hundred years old, and belonged to the Palmers' guild. Their ordinances are still preserved, one of which is to the effect that "if any man wishes, as is the custom, to keep night-watches with the dead, this may be allowed, provided that he does not call up ghosts." The town is filled with timber-ribbed, pargetted houses, one of the most striking of these being the old Feathers Inn. The exterior is rich in various devices, including the feathers of the Prince of Wales, adopted as the sign perhaps in the days of Prince Arthŭr, when the inn was built. Many of the rooms are panelled with carved oak and have quaintly moulded ceilings. It is not often that the modern tourist has a chance to rest under such a

venerable roof, for it is still a comfortable hostelry. The ancient priory of Austin Friars was at Ludlow, but is obliterated.

In the neighborhood of Ludlow are many attractive spots. From the summit of the Vignals, about four miles away, there is a superb view over the hills of Wales to the south and west, and the land of Shropshire to the northward. Looking towards Ludlow, immediately at the foot of the hill is seen the wooded valley of Hay Park; it was here that the children of the Earl of Bridgewater were lost, an event that gave Milton occasion to write the "Masque of Comus," and locate its scenes at and in the neighborhood of Ludlow. Richard's Castle is at the southern end of this wood, but there is not much of the old ruin left in the deep dingle. At Downton Castle the romantic walks in the gardens abound in an almost endless variety of ferns. Staunton Lacey Church, containing Romanesque work, and supposed to be older than the Conquest, is also near Ludlow. But the grand old castle and its quaint and venerated Feathers Inn are the great attractions before which all others pale. What an amazing tale of revelry, pageant, and intrigue they could tell were only the old walls endowed with voice!

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

We are told that in Central Staffordshire churches with spires are rare. The region of the Trent

abounds in low and simple rather than lofty church-towers, but to this rule the cathedral city of Lichfield is an exception, having five steeples, of which three beautiful spires—often called the “Ladies of the Vale”—adorn the cathedral itself. The town stands in a fertile and gently undulating district without ambitious scenery, and the cathedral, which is three hundred and seventy-five feet long and its spires two hundred and fifty-eight feet high, is its great and almost only glory. It is an ancient place, dating from the days of the Romans and the Saxons, when the former slaughtered without mercy a band of the early Christian martyrs near the present site of the town, whence it derives its name, meaning the “Field of the Dead.” This massacre took place in the fourth century, and in memory of it the city bears as its arms “an escutcheon of landscape, with many martyrs in it in several ways massacred.” In the seventh century a church was built there, and the hermit St. Chad became its bishop. His cell was near the present site of Stowe, where there was a spring of clear water rising in the heart of a forest, and out of the woods there daily came a snow-white doe to supply him with milk. The legend tells that the nightingales singing in the trees distracted the hermit’s prayers, so he besought that he might be relieved from this trial; and since that time the nightingales in the woods of Stowe have remained mute. After death the hermit-

bishop was canonized and Lichfield flourished, at least one of his successors being an archbishop. St. Chad's Well is still pointed out at Stowe, but his Lichfield church long ago disappeared. A Norman church succeeded it in the eleventh century, and has also been removed, though some of its foundations remain under the present cathedral choir. About the year 1200 the first parts of the present cathedral were built, and it was over a hundred years in building. Its architecture is Early English and Decorated, the distinguishing features being the three spires, the beautiful western front, and the Lady Chapel. The latter terminates in a polygonal apse of unique arrangement, and the red sandstone of which the cathedral is built gives a warm and effective coloring. Some of the ancient bishops of Lichfield were fighting men, and at times their cathedral was made into a castle surrounded by walls and a moat, and occasionally besieged. The Puritans grievously battered it, and knocked down the central spire. The cathedral was afterwards rebuilt by Christopher Wren. As all the old stained glass was knocked out of the windows during the Civil Wars, several of them have been refilled with fine glass from the abbey at Liège. Most of the ancient monuments were also destroyed during the sieges, but many fine tombs of more modern construction replace them, among them being the famous tomb by Chantrey of the

"Sleeping Children." The ancient chroniclers tell bad stories of the treatment this famous church received during the Civil Wars. When the spire was knocked down, crushing the roof, a marksman in the church shot Lord Brooke, the leader of the Parliamentary besiegers, through his helmet, of which the visor was up, and he fell dead. The marksman was a deaf and dumb man, and the event happened on St. Chad's Day, March 2d. The loss of their leader redoubled the ardor of the besiegers; they set a battery at work and forced a surrender in three days. Then we are told that they demolished monuments, pulled down carvings, smashed the windows, destroyed the records, set up guard-houses in the cross-aisles, broke up the pavement, every day hunted a cat through the church, so as to enjoy the echo from the vaulted roof, and baptized a calf at the font. The Royalists, however, soon retook Lichfield, and gave King Charles a reception after the battle of Naseby, but it finally surrendered to Cromwell in 1646. Until the Restoration of Charles II. the cathedral lay in ruins, even the lead having been removed from the roof. In 1661, Bishop Hacket was consecrated, and for eight years he steadily worked at rebuilding, having so far advanced in 1669 that the cathedral was reconsecrated with great ceremony. His last work was to order the bells, three of which were hung in time

to toll at his funeral; his tomb is in the south aisle of the choir.

Lichfield has five steeples, grouped together in most views of the town from the Vale of Trent, the other two steeples belonging to St. Mary's and St. Michael's churches; the church-yard of the latter is probably the largest in England, covering seven acres, through which an avenue of stately elms leads up to the church. The town has not much else in the way of buildings that is remarkable. In a plain house at a corner of the market-place, where lived one Michael Johnson, a bookseller, Dr. Samuel Johnson, his son, was born in 1709, and in the adjacent market-place is Dr. Johnson's statue upon a pedestal adorned with bas-reliefs: one of these represents the "infant Samuel" sitting on his father's shoulder to imbibe Tory principles from Dr. Sacheverel's sermons; another, the boy carried by his schoolfellows; and a third displays him undergoing a penance for youthful disobedience by standing for an hour bare-headed in the rain. The Three Crowns Inn is also in the market-place, where in 1776 Boswell and Johnson stayed, and, as Boswell writes, "had a comfortable supper and got into high spirits," when Johnson "expatiated in praise of Lichfield and its inhabitants, who, he said, were the most sober, decent people in England, were the genteeldest in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English." David Garrick went to school to Dr. Johnson in the

suburbs of Lichfield, at Edial; Addison lived once at Lichfield; and Selwyn was its bishop a few years ago, and is buried in the cathedral close; but the chief memories of the ancient town cluster around St. Chad, Johnson, and Garrick.

LADY GODIVA OF COVENTRY.

The "three spires" which have so much to do with the fame of Lichfield are reproduced in the less pretentious but equally famous town of Coventry, not far away in Warwickshire, but they do not all belong to the same church. The Coventry Cathedral was long ago swept away, but the town still has three churches of much interest, and is rich in the old brick-and-timbered architecture of two and three centuries ago. But the boast of Coventry is Lady Godiva, wife of Leofric or Lurichi the Earl of Mercia, who died in 1057. The townsfolk suffered under heavy taxes and services, and she besought her lord to relieve them. After repeated refusals he finally consented, but under a condition which he was sure Lady Godiva would not accept, which was none other than that she should ride naked from one end of the town to the other. To his astonishment she consented, and, as Dugdale informs us, "The noble lady upon an appointed day got on horseback naked, with her hair loose, so that it covered all her body but the legs, and then performing her journey, she returned with joy to her husband, who thereupon granted the

inhabitants a charter of freedom." As the ancient minstrel quaintly records the deed in rhyme: "I Lurichi, for the love of thee, doe make Coventrie tol-free." The inhabitants deserted the streets and barred all the windows, so that no one could see her, but, as there are exceptions to all rules, Tennyson writes that

"One low churl, composed of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole, in fear
Peeped; but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers who wait
On noble deeds cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed."

Thus has "Peeping Tom of Coventry" passed into a byword, and his statue stands in a niche on the front of a house on the High Street, as if leaning out of a window—an ancient and battered effigy for all the world to see. Like all other things that come down to us by tradition, this legend is doubted, but in Coventry there are sincere believers, and "Lady Godiva's procession" used to be an annual display, closing with a fair: this ceremony was opened with religious services, after which the procession started, the troops and city authorities, with music and banners, escorting Lady Godiva, a woman made up for the occasion in gauzy tights and riding a cream-colored horse; representatives of the trades and civic

societies followed her. This pageant has fallen into disuse.

In this ancient city of Coventry there are some interesting memorials of the past—the venerable gateway, the old St. Mary's Hall, with its protruding gable fronting on the street, coming down to us from the fourteenth century, and many other quaint brick and half-timbered and strongly-constructed houses that link the dim past with the active present. Its three spires surmount St. Michael's, Trinity, and Christ churches, and while all are fine, the first is the best, being regarded as one of the most beautiful spires in England. The ancient stone pulpit of Trinity Church, constructed in the form of a balcony of open stone-work, is also much admired. St. Michael's Church, which dates from the fourteenth century, is large enough to be a cathedral, and its steeple is said to have been the first constructed. This beautiful and remarkably slender spire rises three hundred and three feet, its lowest stage being an octagonal lantern supported by flying buttresses. The supporting tower has been elaborately decorated, but much of the sculpture has fallen into decay, being made of the rich but friable red sandstone of this part of the country; the interior of the church has been restored. The Coventry workhouse is located in an old monastery, where a part of the cloisters remain with the dormitory above; in it is an oriel window where Queen Elizabeth on visiting

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the town is reputed to have stood and answered a reception address in rhyme from the "Men of Coventrie" with some doggerel of equal merit, and concluding with the words, "Good Lord, what fools ye be!" The good Queen Bess, we are told, liked to visit Coventry to see bull-baiting. As we have said, Coventry formerly had a cathedral and a castle, but both have been swept away; it was an important stronghold after the Norman Conquest, when the Earls of Chester were lords of the place. In the fourteenth century it was fortified with walls of great height and thickness, three miles in circuit and strengthened by thirty-two towers, each of the twelve gates being defended by a portcullis. A parliament was held at Coventry by Henry VI., and Henry VII. was heartily welcomed there after Bosworth Field; while the town was also a favorite residence of Edward the Black Prince. Among the many places of captivity for Mary Queen of Scots Coventry also figures; the walls were mostly knocked down during the Civil Wars, and now only some fragments, with one of the old gates, remain. In later years it has been chiefly celebrated in the peaceful arts in the manufacture of silks and ribbons and the dyeing of broad-cloth in "Coventry true blue;" at present it is the "Coventry bicycle" that makes Lady Godiva's ancient city famous, this being its most extensive industry under modern auspices.

BELVOIR CASTLE.

In describing the ancient baronial mansion, Had-don Hall, it was mentioned that the Dukes of Rutland had abandoned it as their residence about a hundred years ago and gone to Belvoir in Leicestershire. Belvoir (pronounced Beever) Castle stands on the eastern border of Leicestershire, in a magnificent situation on a high wooded hill, and gets its name from the beautiful view its occupants enjoy over a wide expanse of country. In ancient times it was a priory, and it has been a castle since the Norman Conquest. Many of the large estates attached to Belvoir have come down by uninterrupted succession from that time to the present Duke of Rutland. The castle itself, however, after the Conquest belonged to the Earl of Chester, and afterwards to the family of Lord Ros. In the sixteenth century, by a fortunate marriage, the castle passed into the Manners family. Thomas Manners was created by Henry VIII. the first Earl of Rutland, and he restored the castle, which had for some time been in ruins. His son enlarged it, making a noble residence. The sixth Earl of Rutland had two sons, we are told, who were murdered by witchcraft at Belvoir through the sorcery of three female servants in revenge for their dismissal. The three "witches" were tried and committed to Lincoln jail. They were a mother and two daughters, and the mother

before going to the jail wished the bread and butter she ate might choke her if guilty. Sure enough, the chronicler tells us, she died on the way to jail, and the two daughters, afterwards confessing their guilt, were executed March 11, 1618. The seventh Earl of Rutland received Charles I. at Belvoir, and in the wars that followed the castle was besieged and ruined. After the Restoration it was rebuilt, and in finer style. The Dukes of Rutland began to adapt it more and more as a family residence, and, after abandoning Haddon Hall, Belvoir was greatly altered and made a princely mansion. It consists of a quadrangular court, around which are castellated buildings, with towers surmounting them, and occupying almost the entire summit of the hill. Here the duke can look out over no less than twenty-two of his manors in the neighboring valleys. The interior is sumptuously furnished, and has a collection of valuable paintings. A large part of the ancient castle was burnt in 1816. The Staunton Tower, however, still exists. It is the stronghold of the castle, and was successfully defended by Lord Staunton against William of Normandy. Upon every royal visit the key of this tower is presented to the sovereign, the last occasion being a visit of Queen Victoria. Belvoir, in the generous hands of the Dukes of Rutland, still maintains the princely hospitality of the "King of the Peak." A record kept of a period of thirteen weeks, from Christ-

mas to Easter, shows that two thousand persons dined at the duke's table, two thousand four hundred and twenty-one in the steward's room, and eleven thousand three hundred and twelve in the servants' hall. They were blessed with good appetites too, for they devoured about seven thousand dollars worth of provisions, including eight thousand three hundred and thirty-three loaves of bread and twenty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-three pounds of meat, exclusive of game, besides drinking two thousand four hundred bottles of wine and seventy hogsheads of ale. Thus does Belvoir maintain the inheritance of hospitable obligation descended from Haddon Hall.

CHARNWOOD FOREST.

We have now come into Leicestershire, and in that county, north of Leicester City, is the outcropping of the earth's rocky backbone, which has been thrust up into high wooded hills along the edge of the valley of the Soar for several miles, and is known as Charnwood Forest. It hardly deserves the name of a forest, however, for most of this strange rocky region is bare of trees, and many of the patches of wood that are there are of modern growth. Yet in ancient years there was plenty of wood, and a tradition comes down to us that in Charnwood once upon a time a squirrel could travel six miles on the trees without touching the ground,

and a traveller journey entirely across the forest without seeing the sun. The district consists of two lines of irregular ridgy hills, rising generally three hundred to four hundred feet above the neighboring country, the most elevated part being Bardon Hill, nine hundred feet high. These ridges are separated by a sort of valley like a Norwegian fjord, filled with red marl. The rocks are generally volcanic products with much slate, which is extensively quarried. Granite and sienite are also quarried, and at the chief granite-quarry—Mount Sorrel, an eminence which projects into the valley of the Soar—was in former times the castle of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester. In King John's reign the garrison of this castle so harassed the neighborhood that it was described as the "nest of the devil and a den of thieves." In Henry III.'s reign it was captured and demolished; the latter fate is gradually befalling the hill on which it stood, under the operations of the quarrymen. Near these quarries is the ancient village of Groby, which was quite a flourishing place eight hundred years ago, and has not grown much since. This village belonged to the Ferrars family, and an heiress of that family was the unfortunate Queen Elizabeth Widvile. About two miles away is Bradgate, a spot of rare beauty and interest, the history of which is closely connected with Groby. On the end of one of the ridges of Charnwood, just where it is sinking down to the

level of the surrounding country, stands Bradgate House. The surrounding park is quite wild and bare, but there are fine old oaks in the lower portions. From the ancient house a beautiful dell, called the Happy Valley, leads to the neighboring village of Newtown Linford. Bradgate House was destroyed in the early part of the last century by its mistress. The Earl of Suffolk, who then owned it, brought his wife, who had no taste for a rural life, from the metropolis to live there. Her sister in London wrote to inquire how she was getting on. She answered, "The house is tolerable, the country a forest, and the inhabitants all brutes." In reply the sister advised, "Set the house on fire, and run away by the light of it." The countess took the advice, and Bradgate never was rebuilt.

ULVERSCROFT AND GRACE DIEU ABBEY.

Charnwood Forest, like almost every other place in England, contains the remains of religious houses. There was a priory at Ulverscroft, not far from Bradgate, and some picturesque moss-grown remains still exist, said to be the finest ruin in Leicestershire. Grace Dieu Abbey was also in the forest, and on the dissolution of the monasteries was granted to the Beaumonts; the ruins of this abbey were much frequented by Wordsworth, who dedicated his poems to their owner. The Cistercians have in the present century established the monastery of Mount St.

Bernard in the forest, and brought large tracts under cultivation as garden-land. This is said to be the only "mitred abbey" in England. Bardon, the highest hill of Charnwood, which is near by, is located almost exactly in the centre of England, and is an obtuse-angled triangular summit that can be seen for miles away. Not far from the forest are several famous places. The abandoned castle of Ashby de la Zouche has been made the site of an interesting town, deriving much prosperity from its neighboring coal-mines: this castle was built by Lord Hastings, and here dwelt *Ivanhoe*. The ruins of the tower, chapel, and great hall are objects of much interest, and in the chapel is the "finger pillory" for the punishment of those who were disorderly in church. Staunton Harold, the seat of Earl Ferrars, is north of the town, while about nine miles to the north-east of Ashby is Donington Hall, the palace of the Marquis of Hastings: this estate is connected with Langley Priory, three miles southward; the latter domain belonged to the Cheslyns seventy years ago, and had an income of \$40,000 a year. Between lavish hospitality and ruinous law-suits the entire property was eaten up, and Richard Cheslyn became practically a pauper; but he bore ill-fortune with good grace, and maintained his genial character to the last, being always well received at all the noble houses where he formerly visited. Sir Bernard Burke writes that Cheslyn

“at dinner-parties, at which every portion of his dress was the cast-off clothes of his grander friends, always looked and was the gentleman; he made no secret of his poverty or of the generous hands that had ‘rigged him out.’ ‘This coat,’ he has been heard to say, ‘was Radcliffe’s; these pants, Granby’s; this waistcoat, Scarborough’s.’ His cheerfulness never forsook him; he was the victim of others’ mismanagement and profusion, not of his own.” John Shakespear, the famous linguist, whose talents were discovered by Lord Moira, who had him educated, was a cowherd on the Langley estate. The poor cowherd afterwards bought the estates for \$700,000, and they were his home through life.

ELIZABETH WIDVILE AND LADY JANE GREY.

Charnwood Forest is also associated in history with two unfortunate women. Elizabeth Widvile was the wife of Sir John Grey of Groby, who lost his life and estate in serving the House of Lancaster, leaving Elizabeth with two sons; for their sake she sought an interview with King Edward IV. to ask him to show them favor. Smitten by her charms, Edward made her his queen, but he was soon driven into exile in France, and afterwards died, while her father and brother perished in a popular tumult. Her daughter married King Henry VII., a jealous son-in-law, who confined Elizabeth in the monastery of Bernondsey, where she died. Bradgate passed

into the hands of her elder son by Sir John Grey of Groby, and his grandson was the father of the second queen to which it gave birth, whose name is better known than that of Elizabeth Widvile—the unfortunate “ten-days’ queen,” Lady Jane Grey. She lived the greater part of her short life at Bradgate, in the house whose ruins still stand to preserve her memory. We are told by the quaint historian Fuller that “she had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen—the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, and the death of a malefactor for her parents’ offences.” These parents worried her into accepting the crown—they played for high stakes and lost—and her father and father-in-law, her husband and herself, all perished on the scaffold. We are told that this unfortunate lady still haunts Bradgate House, and on the last night of the dying year a phantom carriage, drawn by four gray horses, glides around the ruins with her headless body. The old oaks have a gnarled and stunted appearance, tradition ascribing it to the woodsmen having lopped off all the leading shoots when their mistress perished. The remains of the house at present are principally the broken shells of two towers, with portions of the enclosing walls, partly covered with ivy.

LEICESTER ABBEY AND CASTLE.

The city of Leicester, which is now chiefly noted for the manufacture of hosiery, was founded by the Britons, and was subsequently the Roman city of Rataë. Tradition ascribes the foundation of Leicester to King Lear. Many Roman remains still exist here, notably the ancient Jewry wall, which is seventy-five feet long and about twenty feet high, and which formed part of the town-wall, deriving its name from the fact that it bounded the quarter allotted to the Jews. Many old houses are found in Leicester, and just north of the city are the ruins of Leicester Abbey. This noted religious house was founded in the twelfth century, and stood on a meadow watered by the river Soar. It was richly endowed, and was dedicated to the "Virgin Mary of the Meadows," but its chief fame comes from its being the last residence of Cardinal Wolsey. This great man, once the primate of England, has had his downfall pathetically described by Shakespeare. The king summoned him to London to stand trial for treason, and on his way Wolsey became so ill that he was obliged to rest at Leicester, where he was met at the abbey-gate by the abbot and entire convent. Aware of his approaching dissolution, the fallen cardinal said, "Father abbot, I have come hither to lay my bones among you." The next day he died, and to the surrounding monks, as the last

sacrament was administered, he said, "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs." The remains were interred by torchlight before day-break on St. Andrew's Day, 1530, and to show the vanity of all things earthly tradition says that after the destruction of the abbey the stone coffin in which they were buried was used as a horse-trough for a neighboring inn. Nothing remains of the abbey as Wolsey saw it excepting the gate in the east wall through which he entered. The present ruins are fragments of a house built afterwards. The foundations that can still be traced show that it was a grand old building. The gardens and park now raise vegetables for the Leicester market.

Leicester Castle still exists only in a portion of the great hall, but it has been enlarged and modernized, and is now used for the county offices. The castle was built after the Norman Conquest to keep the townspeople in check. It was afterwards a stronghold of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and it then became part of the Duchy of Lancaster. The Dukes of Lancaster restored it, and lived there frequently in great pomp, and they also built the adjoining Hospital of the Newarke (the New Work) and a singular earthwork alongside, called the Mount. Several parliaments were held here, but after the time of Edward IV. the castle fell into decay. There are now few remains of the original

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castle, excepting part of the great hall and the Mount or earthwork of the keep, which is about thirty feet high and one hundred feet in diameter upon its flat, circular top. Nor far from Leicester was fought the last great battle of the "Wars of the Roses," Bosworth Field, upon Redmoor Plain, about two miles from the village now known as Market Bosworth. It was a moor at the time of the battle in 1485, overgrown with thistles and scutch-grass. Shakespeare has been the most popular historian of this battle, and the well where Richard slaked his thirst is still pointed out, with other localities of the scenes of the famous contest that decided the kingship of England, Richard III. giving place to Richmond, who became Henry VII.

THE EDGEHILL BATTLEFIELD.

While we are considering this locality two other famous battlefields not far away, that together were decisive of the fate of England, must not be overlooked. These were Edgehill and Naseby, the opening and closing contests of the Civil War that overthrew Charles I., the scene of one being visible from the other, though the intervening contest spread almost all over the island. The high ground that borders Warwickshire and Northamptonshire has various roads crossing it, and the opposing forces meeting on these highlands made them the scenes of the battles—practical repetitions of many hot

contests there in earlier years. The command of the Parliamentary army had been given to the Earl of Essex, and he and all his officers were proclaimed traitors by the King. Charles I. assembled an army at Nottingham in 1642 to chastise them, and it was considered an evil omen that when the royal standard was set up on the evening of the day of assemblage, a gale arose and it was blown down. Charles moved west from Nottingham to Shrewsbury to meet reinforcements from Wales, and then his army numbered eighteen thousand men. Essex was at Northampton, and moved southward to Worcester. Charles desired to march to London to break up the Parliament, but to do this must either defeat or outflank Essex. He choose the latter plan, moved to Kenilworth, but could not enter Coventry, because Lord Brooke, who was afterwards killed at Lichfield, held it for the Parliament. Essex left Worcester, and pressed the king by forced marches, but Charles turned his flank and started for London with Essex in pursuit. In October he reached Edgect, near the field at Edgehill, and there in the open country he was astonished to find a gentleman amusing himself with a pack of hounds. He asked who it was who could hunt so merrily while his sovereign was about to fight for his crown. Mr. Richard Shuckburgh was accordingly introduced, and the king persuaded him to take home his hounds and raise his tenantry. The next day he joined Charles with

a troop of horse, and was knighted on the field of Edgehill.

Charles slept in the old house at Edgecot: the house has been superseded by a newer one, in which is preserved the bed in which the king rested on the night of October 22, 1642. At three o'clock next morning, Sunday, he was aroused by a messenger from Prince Rupert, whose cavalry guarded the rear, saying that Essex was at hand, and the king could fight at once if he wished. He immediately ordered the march to Edgehill, a magnificent situation for an army to occupy, for here the broken country of the Border sinks suddenly down upon the level plain of Central England. Essex's camp-fires on that plain the previous night had betrayed his army to Prince Rupert, while Rupert's horsemen, appearing upon the brow of the hill, told Essex next morning that the king was at hand. Edgehill is a long ridge extending almost north and south, with another ridge jutting out at right angles into the plain in front: thus the Parliamentary troops were on low ground, bounded in front and on their left by steep hills. On the southern side of Edgehill there had been cut out of the red iron-stained rock of a projecting cliff a huge red horse, as a memorial of the great Earl of Warwick, who before a previous battle had killed his horse and vowed to share the perils of the meanest of his soldiers. Both sides determined to give battle; the Puritan ministers

passed along the ranks exhorting the men to do their duty, and they afterwards referred to the figure as the "Red Horse of the wrath of the Lord which did ride about furiously to the ruin of the enemy." Charles disposed his army along the brow of the hill, and could overlook his foes, stretched out on the plain, as if on a map, with the village of Kington behind them. Essex had twelve thousand men on a little piece of rising ground known afterwards as the "Two Battle Farms," Battledon and Thistledon. The king was superior both in numbers and position, with Prince Rupert and his cavalry on the right wing; Sir Edmund Verney bore the king's standard in the centre, where his tent was pitched, and Lord Lindsey commanded; under him was General Sir Jacob Astley, whose prayer before the battle is famous: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me.—March on, boys!" The king rode along in front of his troops in the stately figure that is familiar in Van Dyck's paintings—full armor, with the ribbon of the Garter across his breastplate and its star on his black velvet mantle—and made a brief speech of exhortation. The young princes Charles and James, his sons, both of them afterwards kings of England, were present at Edgehill, while the philosopher Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was also in attendance, and we are told was found in the heat of the battle

sitting snugly under a hedge reading a copy of Virgil.

The battle did not begin till afternoon, and the mistake the king made was in not waiting for the attack in his strong position on the brow of the hill; but his men were impatient and in high spirits, and he permitted them to push forward, meeting the attack halfway. Rupert's cavalry upon encountering the Parliamentary left wing were aided by the desertion of part of the latter's forces, which threw them into confusion; the wing broke and fled before the troopers, who drove them with great slaughter into the village of Kinton, and then fell to plundering Essex's baggage-train. This caused a delay which enabled the Parliamentary reserves to come up, and they drove Rupert back; and when he reached the royal lines he found them in disorder, with Sir Edmund Verney killed and the royal standard captured, Lord Lindsey wounded and captured, and the king in personal danger; but darkness came, and enabled the king to hold his ground, and each side claimed a victory. The royal standard was brought back by a courageous Cavalier, who put on a Parliamentary orange-colored scarf, rode into the enemy's lines, and persuaded the man who had it to let him carry it. For this bold act he was knighted by the king on the spot and given a gold medal. There were about fourteen hundred killed in the battle, and buried between the two farm-houses of Battledon and

Thistledon, at a place now called the Graveyards. Lord Lindsey died on his way to Warwick with his captors. Cromwell was not personally engaged at Edgehill, although there as a captain of cavalry. Carlyle says that after watching the fight he told Hampden they never would get on with a "set of poor tapsters and town-apprentice people fighting against men of honor; to cope with men of honor they must have men of religion." Hampden answered, "It was a good notion if it could be executed;" and Cromwell "set about executing a bit of it, his share of it, by and by."

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

The last great contest of the Civil War, at which the fate of King Charles was really decided, was fought nearly three years afterwards, June 14, 1645, and but a few miles north-east of Edgehill, at Naseby, standing on a high plateau elevated nearly seven hundred feet. The Parliamentary forces had during the interval become by far the stronger, and were engaged in besieging Chester. The king and Prince Rupert in May left Oxford with their forces, and marched northward, hoping to raise this siege. The king had gone as far north as Leicester, when hearing that Lord Fairfax had come from the borders of Wales and besieged Oxford, he turned about to relieve it. His army was about ten thousand strong, and, having reached Daventry in June, halted, while

Fairfax, leaving Oxford, marched northward to meet the king, being five miles east of him on June 12th. Being weaker than Fairfax, the king determined on retreat, and the movement was started towards Market Harborough, just north of Naseby. The king, a local tradition says, while sleeping at Daventry was warned, by the apparition of Lord Strafford in a dream, not to measure his strength with the Parliamentary army. A second night the apparition came, assuring him that "if he kept his resolution of fighting he was undone;" and it is added that the king was often afterwards heard to say he wished he had taken the warning and not fought at Naseby. Fairfax, however, was resolved to force a battle, and pursued the king's retreating army. On June 13th he sent Harrison and Ireton with cavalry to attack its rear. That night the king's van and main body were at Market Harborough, and his rear-guard of horse at Naseby, three miles southward. Ireton about midnight surprised and captured most of the rear-guard, but a few, escaping, reached the king, and roused him at two in the morning. Fairfax was coming up, and reached Naseby at five in the morning. The king held a council of war in the King's Head Inn at Market Harborough, and determined to face about and give battle. The forces met on Broad Moor, just north of Naseby village. Prince Rupert had command of the royal troops, and Sir Jacob Astley was in command of the infantry. The

king rode along the lines, inspiring the men with a speech, to which they gave a response of ringing cheers. Cromwell commanded the right wing of Fairfax's line, while Ireton led the left, which was opposed by Rupert's cavalry. The advance was made by Fairfax, and the sequel proved that the Parliamentary forces had improved their tactics. Rupert's troopers, as usual, broke down the wing opposing them, and then went to plundering the baggage-wagons in the rear. But fortune inclined the other way elsewhere. Cromwell on the right routed the royal left wing, and after an hour's hot struggle the royal centre was completely broken up. Fairfax captured the royal standard, and the king with his reserve of horse made a gallant attempt to recover the day. But it was of no use. Fairfax formed a second line of battle, and the king's wiser friends, seizing his horse's bridle, turned him about, telling him his charge would lead to certain destruction. Then a panic came, and the whole body of Royalists fled, with Fairfax's cavalry in pursuit. Cromwell and his "Ironsides" chased the fugitives almost to Leicester, and many were slaughtered. The king never halted till he got to Ashby de la Zouche, twenty-eight miles from the battle-field, and he then went on to Lichfield. There were one thousand Royalists killed and four thousand five hundred captured, with almost all the baggage, among it being the king's correspondence, which by

disclosing his plans did almost equal harm with the defeat. The prisoners were sent to London. A monument has since been erected on the battlefield, with an inscription describing the contest as "a useful lesson to British kings never to exceed the bounds of their just prerogative; and to British subjects, never to swerve from the allegiance due to their legitimate monarch." This is certainly an oracular utterance, and of its injunctions the reader can take his choice.

THE LAND OF SHAKESPEARE.

Close to the village of Naseby rises the Avon, some of its springs being actually within the village, where their waters are caught in little ponds for watering cattle. The slender stream of Shakespeare's river flows downward from the plateau through green meadows, and thence to the classic ground of Stratford and of Warwick. It was at Stratford-on-Avon that Shakespeare was born and died :

" Here his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,
Here the last accents faltered on his tongue."

The old house where he was born is on the main street of the town, and has been taken possession of by a Trust, which has restored it to its original condition. Its walls are covered with the initials of visitors; there is nothing to be seen in the house

that has any proved connection with Shakespeare excepting his portrait, painted when he was about forty-five years old. The sign of the butcher who had the building before the Trust bought it is also exhibited, and states that "The immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." His birth took place in this ancient but carefully preserved building on April 23, 1564, and exactly fifty-two years later, on April 23, 1616, he died in another house near by, known as the "New Place," on Chapel Street. Excepting the garden and a portion of the ancient foundations nothing now remains of the house where Shakespeare died; a green arbor in the yard, with the initials of his name set in the front fence, being all that marks the spot. Adjoining the remnants of this "New Place" is the "Nash House," where the curator representing the Shakespeare Trust has his home. This building is also indirectly connected with Shakespeare, having belonged to and been occupied by Thomas Nash, who married Elizabeth Hall, the poet's granddaughter, who subsequently became Lady Barnard. The church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford contains Shakespeare's grave; five flat stones lying in a row across the narrow chancel cover his family, the grave of Anne Hathaway, his wife, being next to that of the poet; his monument is on the wall, and near it is the American memorial window, representing the Seven Ages of Man. In the chancel upon the western side, within

a Grecian niche, is the well-known half-figure monument of Shakespeare that has been so widely copied, representing him in the act of composition. The most imposing building in Stratford is the "Shakespeare Memorial," a large and highly ornamental structure, thoroughly emblematic, and containing a theatre. Stratford is full of relics of Shakespeare and statues and portraits in his memory. There is a life-size statue of the poet outside the Town-Hall which was presented to the city by Garrick in the last century, while within the building is his full-length portrait, also a present from Garrick, together with Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick himself. At the modest hamlet of Shottery, about a mile out of town, is the little cottage where Anne Hathaway lived, and where the poet is said to have "won her to his love;" a curious bedstead and other relics are shown at the cottage. Charlecote House, the scene of Shakespeare's youthful deer-stealing adventure that compelled him to go to London, is about four miles east of Stratford, near the Avon: it is an ancient mansion of the Elizabethan period. In the neighborhood are also a mineral spring known as the Royal Victoria Spa and some ancient British intrenchments called the Dingles.

WARWICK.

The renowned castle of Warwick is upon the Avon, a short distance above Stratford. Warwick was

founded by the Britons at a very early period, the legend, in fact, going back for its foundation to the "ancient king Cymbelline in the year one;" and it is believed to be as old in some parts as the Christian era; it was afterwards held as a Christian stronghold against the Danes. Lady Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred, built the donjon-keep upon an artificial mound of earth that can still be traced in the castle grounds. The most ancient part of the present castle was erected in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and in William the Conqueror's time it received considerable additions, and he created the first Earl of Warwick. It was a great stronghold in the subsequent wars, and an heiress brought the castle to Richard Neville, who assumed the title in right of his wife, and was the famous Warwick, "the King-maker." After many changes it came to the Grevilles, who are now the Earls of Warwick. This castle is one of the best specimens of the feudal stronghold remaining in England, and occupies a lovely position on the river-bank, being built on a rock about forty feet high; its modern apartments contain a rich museum filled with almost priceless relics of the olden time. Here are also valuable paintings and other works of art, among them Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I. and many masterpieces of Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Holbein, and Salvator Rosa. In December, 1871, the great hall and suite of private apartments

at Warwick were burnt, but the valuable contents were almost all saved with little injury. The castle was restored by a public subscription. It is built around a large oval-shaped court; the gate-house tower is flanked by embattled walls covered with ivy, and having at either extremity Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower; the inner court is bounded by ramparts and turrets, and has on one side an artificial mound surmounted by an ancient tower. From the modernized rooms of the castle, where the family live and the museum is located, and which extend in a suite for three hundred and fifty feet, all the windows look out upon beautiful views; many of these rooms are hung with tapestry. Cæsar's Tower, believed to be the most ancient part of the castle and as old as the Norman Conquest, is one hundred and seventy-four feet high; Guy's Tower, which was built in 1394, has solid walls ten feet thick and is one hundred and twenty-eight feet high, disclosing fine views from the turrets. The grounds are extensive, and the magnificent marble "Warwick Vase," brought from the Emperor Adrian's villa at Tivoli in Italy, is kept in a special greenhouse, being one of the most completely perfect and beautiful specimens of ancient sculpture known. St. Mary's Church at Warwick is a fine building, which in the early part of the last century replaced the original collegiate church of St. Mary, an edifice that had unfortunately been burnt. Thomas

Beauchamp, one of the earlier Earls of Warwick, was the founder of this church, and his monument with recumbent effigy is in the middle of the choir. The Beauchamp Chapel, over four hundred years old, is a beautiful relic of the original church still remaining, and stands on the southern side of the new building. The whole of this portion of Warwickshire is underlaid by medicinal waters, and the baths of Leamington are in the valley of the little river Leam, a short distance north-east of the castle, its Jephson Gardens, a lovely park, commemorating one of its most benevolent patrons.

Warwick Castle, like all the others, has its romance, and this centres in the famous giant, Guy of Warwick, who lived nearly a thousand years ago, and was nine feet high. His staff and club and sword and armor are exhibited in a room adjoining Cæsar's Tower; and here also is Guy's famous porridge-pot, a huge bronze caldron holding over a hundred gallons, which is used as a punch-bowl whenever there are rejoicings in the castle. There is nothing fabulous about the arms or the porridge-pot, but there is a good deal that is doubtful about the giant Guy himself and the huge dun cow that once upon a time he slew, one of whose ribs, measuring over six feet long, is shown at Guy's Cliff. This cliff is where the redoubtable Guy retired to a cave as a hermit after championing the cause of England in single combat against a giant

champion of the Danes, and is about a mile from Warwick. It is said that Guy, who had been in the Crusades and returned home from the Holy Land, daily received alms from his wife, the Countess Felice, who did not recognize her husband in the grizzled and bearded old recluse, but before his death he revealed himself to her, and the two were buried in the cave in Guy's Cliff. It is a picturesque spot, and a chantry has been founded there, while for many years a rude statue of the giant Guy stood on the cliff, where the chisel had cut it out of the solid rock. The town of Warwick is full of old gabled houses and of curious relics of the time of the "King-maker" and of the famous Earl of Leicester, who in Elizabeth's time founded there the Leicester Hospital, where especial preference is given to pensioners who have been wounded in the wars. It is a fine old house, with its chapel, which has been restored nearly in the old form, stretching over the pathway, and a flight of steps leading up to the promenade around it. The hospital buildings are constructed around an open quadrangle, and upon the quaint black and white building are some fine antique carvings. The old Malt-Shovel Inn is a rather decayed structure in Warwick, with its ancient porch protruding over the street, while some of the buildings, deranged in the lower stories by the acute angles at which the streets cross, have oblique gables above stairs that enabled

the builders to construct the upper rooms square. This is a style of construction peculiar to Warwick, and adds to the oddity of this somnolent old town, that seems to have been practically asleep for centuries.

KENILWORTH.

About five miles from Warwick are the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, the magnificent home of the Earl of Leicester, which Scott has immortalized. Geoffrey de Clinton in the reign of Henry I. built a strong castle and founded a monastery here. It was afterwards the castle of Simon de Montfort, and his son was besieged in it for several months, ultimately surrendering, when the king bestowed it on his youngest son, Edward, Earl of Lancaster and Leicester. Edward II., when taken prisoner in Wales, was brought to Kenilworth, and signed his abdication in the castle, being afterwards murdered in Berkeley Castle. Then it came to John of Gaunt, and in the Wars of the Roses was alternately held by the partisans of each side. Finally, Queen Elizabeth bestowed it upon her ambitious favorite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who made splendid additions to the buildings. It was here that Leicester gave the magnificent entertainment to Queen Elizabeth which was a series of pageants lasting seventeen days, and cost \$5000 a day—a very large sum for those times. The queen was attended by thirty-one barons and a host of retainers, and four hundred

servants, who were all lodged in the fortress. The attendants were clothed in velvet, and the party drank sixteen hogsheads of wine and forty hogsheads of beer every day, while to feed them ten oxen were killed every morning. There was a succession of plays and amusements provided, including the Coventry play of "Hock Tuesday" and the "Country Bridal," with bull- and bear-baiting, of which the queen was very fond. Scott has given a gorgeous description of these fetes and of the great castle, and upon these and the tragic fate of Amy Robsart has founded his romance of *Kenilworth*. The display and hospitality of the Earl of Leicester were intended to pave the way to marriage, but the wily queen was not to be thus entrapped. The castle is now part of the Earl of Clarendon's estate, and he has taken great pains to preserve the famous ruins. The great hall, ninety feet long, still retains several of its Gothic windows, and some of the towers rise seventy feet high. These ivy-mantled ruins stand upon an elevated rocky site commanding a fine prospect, and their chief present use is as a picnic-ground for tourists. Not far away are the ruins of the priory, which was founded at the same time as the castle. A dismantled gatehouse with some rather extensive foundations is all that remains. In a little church near by the matins and the curfew are still tolled, one of the bells used having belonged to the priory. Few

English ruins have more romance attached to them than those of Kenilworth, for the graphic pen of the best story-teller of Britain has interwoven them into one of his best romances, and has thus given an idea of the splendors as well as the dark deeds of the Elizabethan era that will exist as long as the language endures.

BIRMINGHAM.

Thus far we have mainly written of the rural and historical attractions of Warwickshire, but its great city must not be passed by without notice. The "Homestead of the Sons of Beorm" the Saxon, while rising from small beginnings, has had a prodigiously rapid growth since the coal, iron, and railways have so greatly swollen the wealth and population of manufacturing England. It was at the time of the Conquest the manor of Bermingeham, or, as the Midland English prefer to pronounce it, "Brum-magem." It was held for many years by a family of the same name, and had an uneventful history till the townsmen ranged themselves on the side of Parliament in the Civil War, in revenge for which Prince Rupert captured and pillaged Birmingham: it was then a market-town, built mostly along one street, and noted for its smiths and cutlers, who were kept busy forging pikes and swords for the king's opponents. The great growth of the city has been in the present century, when the population has

trebled, and now exceeds five hundred thousand. The main features of its history relate to trade and manufactures, otherwise its annals are comparatively commonplace. There is little remaining of the old town, almost all the structures being modern. St. Martin's Church, replacing the original parish church, or "Mother Church," as it is called, is a fine modern structure, and contains some interesting monuments of the Bermingham family. There are several other attractive churches, including the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, which is supported on massive arches, for it is built over a canal on which are several locks: this has given cause for a favorite Birmingham witticism:

"St. Peter's world-wide diocese
Rests on the power of the keys;
Our church, a trifle heterodox,
We'll rest on a 'power of locks.'"

Birmingham has many fine public and private buildings and some attractive streets, though much of the town is made up of narrow lanes and dingy houses, with huge factories in every direction. There are several small parks, the gifts of opulent residents, notably Aston Hall. This was formerly the residence of the Holte family, and the fine old mansion which still stands in the grounds was built by Sir Thomas Holte in the reign of James I. Charles I. is said to have slept here for two nights before the battle of Edgehill, for which offence the

house was cannonaded by the Puritans and its owners fined. The grounds, covering about forty-two acres, are now a park, and a picturesque little church has been built near the mansion. Some of the factories of this metropolis of hardware are fine structures, but when their product is spoken of, "Brummagem" is sometimes quoted as synonymous for showy sham. Here they are said to make gods for the heathen and antiquities of the Pharaoh age for Egypt, with all sorts of relics for all kinds of battlefields. But Birmingham nevertheless has a reputation for more solid wares. Its people are the true descendants of Tubal Cain, for one of its historians attractively says that the Arab eats with a Birmingham spoon; the Egyptian takes his bowl of sherbet from a Birmingham tray; the American Indian used to shoot a Birmingham rifle; the Hindoo dines on Birmingham plate and sees by the light of a Birmingham lamp; the South American horsemen wear Birmingham spurs and gaudily deck their jackets with Birmingham buttons; the West Indian cuts down the sugar-cane with Birmingham hatchets and presses the juice into Birmingham vats and coolers; the German lights his pipe on a Birmingham tinder-box; the emigrant cooks his dinner in a Birmingham saucepan over a Birmingham stove; and so on *ad infinitum*. A century ago this famous town was known as the "toy-shop of Europe." Its glass-workers stand at the head of their

profession, and here are made the great lighthouse lenses and the finest stained glass to be found in English windows. The Messrs. Elkington, whose reputation is worldwide, here invented the process of electro-plating. It is a great place for jewelry and is the champion emporium for buttons. It is also the great English workshop for swords, guns, and other small-arms, and here are turned out by the million Gillott's steel pens. Over all these industries presides the magnificent Town-Hall, a Grecian temple standing upon an arcade basement, and built of hard limestone brought from the island of Anglesea. The interior is chiefly a vast assembly-room, where concerts are given and political meetings held, the latter usually being the more exciting, for we are told that when party feeling runs high some of the Birmingham folk "are a little too fond of preferring force to argument." But, although famed for its Radical politics and the introduction of the "caucus" into England, Birmingham will always be chiefly known by its manufactures, and these will recall its illustrious inventors, Boulton and Watt. Their factory was at Soho, just north of the town. Here Watt brought the steam-engine to perfection, here gas was first used, plating was perfected, and myriads of inventions were developed. Watt's house is still seen in the suburb of Heathfield, which contains the "classic garret" he used for a workshop. "The labors of Boulton and Watt at Soho," says the his-

torian Langford, "changed the commercial aspects of the world." Their history is, however, but an epitome of the wonderful story of this great city of glass- and metal-workers, whose products supply almost the entire globe.

FOTHERINGHAY.

In our journey through Midland England we have paused at many of the prison houses of Mary Queen of Scots. In Northamptonshire, near Elton, are the remains of the foundations of the castle of Fotheringhay, out in a field, with the mound of the keep rising in front of them; this was the unfortunate queen's last prison. It was a noted castle, dating from the twelfth century, and had been a principal residence of the Plantagenets. Here Mary was tried and beheaded, February 8, 1587. She is said to have borne up under her great afflictions with marvellous courage. Conducted to the scaffold after taking leave of all, she made a short address, declaring that she had never sought the life of her cousin Elizabeth—that she was queen-born, not subject to the laws, and forgiving all. Her attendants in tears then assisted her to remove her clothing, but she firmly said, "Instead of weeping, rejoice; I am very happy to leave this world in so good a cause." Then she knelt, and after praying stretched out her neck to the executioner, imagining that he would strike off her head while in an upright posture and with

the sword, as in France; they told her of her mistake, and without ceasing to pray she laid her head on the block. There was a universal feeling of compassion, even the headsman himself being so moved that he did his work with unsteady hand, the axe falling on the back of her head and wounding her; but she did not move nor utter a complaint, and, repeating the blow, he struck off her head, which he held up, saying, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Her lips moved for some time after death, and it is said few recognized her features, they were so much changed. Her son, King James I., destroyed the castle.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

Also in Northamptonshire is Holmby House, where King Charles I. was captured by the Parliamentary army previous to his trial. It was built by Sir Christopher Hatton in Queen Elizabeth's time, but only the gates and some outbuildings remain. After the battle of Naseby the king surrendered himself to the Scots, and they, through an arrangement with the English Parliament, conducted him to Holmby House, where he maintained something of sovereign state, though under the surveillance of the Parliamentary commissioners. He devoted his time to receiving visitors, the bowling-green, and the chess-table. This continued for some months, when a struggle began between the army and the Parliament to decide whose captive he was. The army

subsequently, by a plot, got possession of Holmby, and, practically making prisoners of the garrison and the commissioners of Parliament, they abducted the king and took him to a house near Huntingdon. Fairfax sent two regiments of troops thither to escort him back to Holmby, but he had been treated with great courtesy and declined to go back. Thus by his own practical consent the king was taken possession of by Cromwell, Fairfax, and Ireton, who were in command, although they denied it, and put the whole blame on one Cornet Joyce, who was in command of the detachment of troops that took possession of Holmby. The king was ultimately taken to London, tried, and executed in Whitehall. At Ashby St. Leger, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, is the gate-house of the ancient manor of the Catesbys, of whom Robert Catesby was the contriver of the Gunpowder Plot. The thirteen conspirators who framed the plot met in a room over the gateway which the villagers call the "Plot-room," and here Guy Fawkes was equipped for his task, which so alarmed the kingdom that to this day the cellars of the Parliament Houses at Westminster are searched before the session begins for fear a new plot may have been hatched, while the anniversary is kept as a solemn holiday in London. The lantern used by Guy Fawkes is still preserved in the Oxford Museum, having been given to the University in 1641.

BEDFORD CASTLE.


One of the most ancient of the strongholds of Midland England was the Bedicanford of the Saxons, where contests took place between them and the Britons as early as the sixth century. It stood in a fertile valley on the Ouse, and is also mentioned in the subsequent contests with the Danes, having been destroyed by them in the eleventh century. Finally, William Rufus built a castle there, and its name gradually changed to Bedford. It was for years subject to every storm of civil war—was taken and retaken, the most famous siege lasting sixty days, when Henry III. personally conducted the operations, being attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the chief peers of the realm: this was in 1224, and the most ingenious engines of war were used to batter down the castle-walls, which till then had been regarded as impregnable. The stronghold was ultimately captured, chiefly through the agency of a lofty wooden castle higher than the walls, which gave an opportunity of seeing all that passed within. The governor of the castle, twenty-four knights, and eighty soldiers, making most of the garrison, were hanged. King Henry then dismantled it and filled up the ditches, so as to “uproot this nursery of sedition.” The ruins lasted some time afterward, but now only the site is known, located alongside the river Ouse, which runs through

the city of Bedford. This town is of great interest, though, as Camden wrote two centuries ago, it is more eminent for its "pleasant situation and antiquity than anything of beauty and stateliness." Its neighborhood has been a noted mine for antiquities, disclosing remains of ancient races of men and of almost pre-historic animals of the Bronze and Iron Ages. The town lies rather low on the river, with a handsome bridge connecting the two parts, and pretty gardens fringing each shore. This bridge is a modern structure, having succeeded the "old bridge," which stood there several centuries with a gate-house at either end, in the larger of which was the old jail, that had for its most distinguished occupant that sturdy townsman of Bedford, John Bunyan. The castle-mound, which is all that is left, and on which once stood the keep, is on the river-shore just below the bridge, and is now used for a bowling-green in the garden of the chief hotel. The memorials of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, first a prisoner and then a minister of the gospel in Bedford, are probably the most prized remains of ancient days that Bedford has, though they are becoming scarce.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Elstow, a village about one mile south of Bedford, was Bunyan's birthplace. The house is still pointed out, though a new front has been put into it, and it

is a very small building, suitable to the tinker's humble estate. The village-green where he played is near by, alongside the churchyard wall; the church, which has been little changed, stands on the farther side of the yard, with a massive tower at the north-western angle, looking more like a fortress than a religious edifice. The bells are still there which Bunyan used to ring, and they also point out "Bunyan's Pew" inside, though the regularity of his attendance is not vouched for, as he says "absenting himself from church" was one of his offences during the greater part of his life. He married early and in poor circumstances, the young couple "not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt them both," though he considered it among his mercies that he was led "to light upon a wife of godly parentage." He says that a marked change in his mental condition suddenly began while playing a game of "tip-cat" one Sunday afternoon on the village-green, having listened in the morning to a sermon upon Sabbath-breaking. His conscience smote him; he abandoned the game, leaving his cat upon the ground, and then began his great spiritual struggle. He joined the Baptists, and began preaching, for at length, after many tribulations, he says, "the burden fell from off his back." He was persecuted, and committed to Bedford jail, where he remained (with short intervals of parole) for about twelve



years. His offence is described in the indictment as “devilishly and perniciously abstaining from coming to church to hear divine service and for being a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of the kingdom, contrary to the law of our Sovereign Lord the King.” Here he wrote, in 1675–76, what Macaulay declares to be incomparably the finest allegory in the English language—the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He was a voluminous author, having written some sixty tracts and books. Finally pardoned in 1672, he became pastor of the Bedford meeting-house, and afterwards escaped molestation; the Bunyan Meeting now occupies the site of this building. He preached in all parts of the kingdom, especially in London, where he died at the age of sixty, having caught cold in a heavy storm while going upon an errand of mercy in 1688. His great work will live as long as the Anglo-Saxon race endures. “That wonderful book,” writes Macaulay, “while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. . . . Every reader knows the strait and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were—that the imaginations of one mind should become

the personal recollections of another; and this miracle the tinker has wrought."

WOBURN ABBEY.

The county of Bedford gives the title to the dukedom held by the head of the great family of Russell, and Herbrand Arthur Russell, the Duke of Bedford, has his residence at the magnificent estate of Woburn Abbey. It is about forty miles from London, and on the Buckinghamshire border. Here the Cistercians founded an abbey in the twelfth century, which continued until the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII., and the last abbot, Robert Hobs, was executed for denying the king's religious supremacy, the tree on which he was hanged being still carefully preserved in Woburn Park. The abbey and its domain were granted by the youthful king Edward VI. to John Russell, first Earl of Bedford, under circumstances which show how fortune sometimes smiles upon mortals. Russell, who had been abroad and was an accomplished linguist, had in 1506 returned, and was living with his father in Dorsetshire at Berwick, near the sea-coast. Soon afterwards in a tempest three foreign vessels sought refuge in the neighboring port of Weymouth. On one of them was the Austrian archduke Philip, son-in-law of Ferdinand and Isabella, who was on his way to Spain. The governor took the archduke to his castle, and invited young

Mr. Russell to act as interpreter. The archduke was so delighted with him that he subsequently invited Russell to accompany him on a visit to King Henry VII. at Windsor. The king was also impressed with Russell, and appointed him to an office in the court, and three years afterwards, Henry VIII. becoming king, Russell was entrusted with many important duties, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Russell. He enjoyed the king's favor throughout his long reign, and was made one of the councillors of his son, Edward VI., besides holding other high offices, and when the youthful prince ascended the throne he made Russell an earl and gave him the magnificent domain of Woburn Abbey. He also enjoyed the favor of Queen Mary, and escorted her husband Philip from Spain, this being his last public act. Dying in 1555, he was buried in the little parish church of Chenies, near Woburn, where all the Russells rest from his time until now. He thus founded one of the greatest houses of England, which has furnished political leaders from that day till now, for the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire are heads of the Whig and Liberal Unionist party, and the late Lord John Russell (afterwards an earl) was the uncle of the present duke.

Woburn Abbey remained until the last century much in its original condition, but in 1747 changes began which have since been continued, and have resulted in the construction of the ducal palace now


adorning the spot. The mansion is a quadrangle enclosing a spacious court, the chief front being towards the west and extending two hundred and thirty feet. It is an Ionic building with a rustic basement, and within are spacious state-apartments and ample accommodations for the family. The rooms are filled with the best collection of portraits of great historical characters in the kingdom, and most of them are by famous artists. They include all the Earls and Dukes of Bedford, with their wives and famous relatives, and also the Leicesters, Essexes, and Sydneys of Queen Elizabeth's reign, with many others. The unfortunate Lord William Russell and his wife Rachel are here, and over his portrait is the walking-stick which supported him to the scaffold, while hanging on the wall is a copy of his last address, printed within an hour after his execution. Of another of these old portraits Horace Walpole writes: "A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff and still vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth." There is a fine library, and passing out of it into the flower-garden is seen on the lawn the stump of the yew tree which Mr. Gladstone felled in October, 1878, as a memorial of his visit, he being as proud of his ability as a forester as he was of his eminence as a statesman. From the house a covered way

leads to the statue-gallery, which contains an admirable collection, and the green-house, one hundred and fifty feet long, filled with valuable foreign plants, the family being great horticulturists. Busts of the great Whig statesmen are in the gallery, and it also contains the celebrated Lanti vase, brought from Rome. The "Woburn Abbey Marbles" have long been a Mecca for sculpture-loving pilgrims from both sides of the ocean. There are extensive stables, and to them are attached a fine tennis-court and riding-house, both constantly used by the younger Russells. Beyond is a Chinese dairy kept for show, and in a distant part of the grounds a curious puzzle-garden and rustic grotto. Woburn Park is one of the largest private enclosures in England, covering thirty-five hundred acres, and enclosed by a brick wall twelve miles long and eight feet high. It is undulating in surface, and contains several pretty lakes and a large herd of deer. Its "Evergreen Drive" is noted, for in the spring-time it attracts visitors from all quarters to see the magnificence of the rhododendrons, which cover two hundred acres. The state entrance to the park is through a large stone archway with ornamental gates, called the "Golden Gates," on the road from London, and having two drives of about a mile each leading up to the abbey. The dukes are liberal patrons of agriculture, and their annual "sheep-shearing" used to be one of the great festivals of

this part of England. They have also aided in the work of draining the Fen country, which extends into Bedfordshire, and have thus reclaimed a vast domain of the best farm-land, stretching northward for fifty miles.

STOWE.

We are now approaching London, and, crossing over the border into Buckinghamshire, come to another ducal palace. This is the fine estate, near the town of Buckingham, of Stowe, also originally an abbey, which came into possession of the Temple family in the sixteenth century, and in 1749 merged into the estate of the Grenvilles, the ancestors of the last Duke of Buckingham, its late owner. Stowe gets its chief fame from its pleasure-gardens, which Pope has commemorated. They appear at a distance like a vast grove, from whose luxuriant foliage emerge obelisks, columns, and towers. They are adorned with arches, pavilions, temples, a rotunda, hermitage, grotto, lake, and bridge. The temples are filled with statuary. The mansion, which has been greatly enlarged, has a frontage of nine hundred and sixteen feet, and its windows look out over the richest possible landscape, profuse with every adornment. In the interior the rooms, opening one into another, form a superb suite. There is a Rembrandt Room, hung with pictures by that painter, and many curiosities from Italy; old tapestry and draperies; rich Oriental stuffs, the



spoils of Tippoo Saib; furniture from the Doge's Palace in Venice; marble pavements from Rome; fine paintings and magnificent plate. Formerly, Stowe contained the grandest collection in England, and in this superb palace, thus gorgeously furnished, Richard Grenville, the first Duke of Buckingham, entertained Louis XVIII. and Charles X. of France and their suites during their residence in England. His hospitality was too much for him, and, burdened with debt, he was compelled to shut up Stowe and go abroad. In 1845 his successor received Queen Victoria at Stowe at an enormous cost, and in 1848 there was a financial crisis in the family. The sumptuous contents of the palace were sold to pay the debts, and realized \$375,000. A splendid avenue of elms leads up from the town of Buckingham to Stowe, a distance of two miles. This magnificent home is now the seat of Earl Temple. It was here that the Count de Paris died while on a visit in 1894.

Not far away from Buckingham is Whaddon Hall, formerly a seat of the Dukes of Buckingham, but best known as the residence of Browne Willis, an eccentric antiquary, whose person and dress were so singular that he was often mistaken for a beggar, and who is said "to have written the very worst hand of any man in England." He wore one pair of boots for forty years, having them patched when they were worn out, and keeping them till they had got all

in wrinkles, so that he was known as "Old Wrinkle-boots." He was great for building churches and quarrelling with the clergy, and left behind him valuable collections of coins and manuscripts, which he bequeathed to Oxford University. Great Hampden, the home of the patriot, John Hampden, is also in Buckinghamshire. The original house remains, much disfigured by stucco and whitewash, and standing in a secluded spot in the Chiltern Hills; it is still the property of his descendants.

CRESLOW HOUSE.

The manor of Creslow in Buckinghamshire, owned by Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, is a pasture-farm of eight hundred and fifty acres, and is said to raise some of the finest cattle in England; it was the home of the regicide Holland. The mansion is an ancient one, spacious and handsome, much of it, including the crypt and tower, coming down from the time of Edward III., with enlargements in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is a picturesque yet venerable building, with many gables and curious chimneys, and surmounted by a square tower and loopholed turret. But its chief interest attaches to the two ancient cellars known as the crypt and the dungeon: the crypt is about twelve feet square, excavated in the limestone rock, and having a Gothic vaulted ceiling, with a single small window: the dungeon is eighteen feet long, half as wide, and **six**

feet high, without any windows, and with a roof formed of massive stones. This is the "haunted chamber of Creslow"—haunted by a lady, Rosamond Clifford, the "fair Rosamond" of Woodstock, often heard, but seldom seen, by those who stay at night in the room, which she enters by a Gothic doorway leading from the crypt. Few have ever ventured to sleep there, but not long ago a guest was prevailed upon to do it, and next morning at breakfast he told his story: "Having entered the room, I locked and bolted both doors, carefully examined the whole room, and satisfied myself that there was no living creature in it but myself, nor any entrances but those I had secured. I got into bed, and, with the conviction that I should as usual sleep till six in the morning, I was soon lost in a comfortable slumber. Suddenly I was aroused, and on raising my head to listen I heard a sound certainly resembling the light, soft tread of a lady's footstep, accompanied with the rustling as of a silk gown. I sprang out of bed and lighted a candle; there was nothing to be seen and nothing now to be heard; I carefully examined the whole room, looked under the bed, into the fireplace, up the chimney, and at both the doors, which were fastened as I had left them; I looked at my watch, and it was a few minutes past twelve. As all was now perfectly quiet, I extinguished the candle and soon fell asleep. I was again aroused; the noise was now louder than before; it appeared

like the violent rustling of a stiff silk dress. I sprang out of bed, darted to the spot where the noise was, and tried to grasp the intruder in my arms; my arms met together, but enclosed nothing. The noise passed to another part of the room, and I followed it, groping near the floor to prevent anything passing under my arm. It was in vain; I could feel nothing; the noise had passed away through the Gothic door, and all was still as death. I lighted a candle and examined the Gothic door, but it was shut and fastened just as I had left it; I again examined the whole room, but could find nothing to account for the noise. I now left the candle burning, though I never sleep comfortably with a light in my room; I got into bed, but felt, it must be acknowledged, not a little perplexed at not being able to detect the cause of the noise, nor to account for its cessation when the candle was lighted. While ruminating on these things I fell asleep, and began to dream about murders and secret burials and all sorts of horrible things; and just as I fancied myself knocked down by a knight templar, I awoke and found the sun shining brightly."

This ancient house was originally the home of a lodge of Knights Templar, and the dungeon, which is now said to be appropriately decorated with skulls and other human bones, was formerly their stronghold. At this weird mansion, within a few minutes' ride of the metropolis, we will close our descriptive

journey through Midland England, and its mystic tale will recall that passage from the *Book of Days* which counsels—

“ Doubtless there are no ghosts ;
Yet somehow it is better not to move,
Lest cold hands seize upon us from behind.”

THE RIVER THAMES AND LONDON.

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IV.

THE RIVER THAMES AND LONDON.

The Thames Head—Cotswold Hills—Seven Springs—Cirencester—Cheltenham—Sudeley Castle—Chavenage—Shifford—Lechlade—Stanton Harcourt—Cumnor Hall—Fair Rosamond—Godstow Nunnery—Oxford—Oxford Colleges—Christ Church—Corpus Christi—Merton—Oriel—All Souls—University—Queen's—Magdalen—Brasenose—New College—Radcliffe Library—Bodleian Library—Lincoln—Exeter—Wadham—Keble—Trinity—Balliol—St. John's—Pembroke—Oxford Churches—Oxford Castle—Carfax Conduit—Banbury—Broughton Castle—Woodstock—Marlborough—Blenheim—Minster Lovel—Bicester—Eynsham—Abingdon—Radley—Bacon, Rich, and Holt—Clifton Hampden—Caversham—Reading—Maidenhead—Bisham Abbey—Vicar of Bray—Eton College—Windsor Castle—Magna Charta Island—Cowey Stakes—Ditton—Twickenham—London—Fire Monument—St. Paul's Cathedral—Westminster Abbey—The Tower—Lollards and Lambeth—Bow Church—St. Bride's—Whitehall—Horse Guards—St. James Palace—Buckingham Palace—Kensington Palace—Houses of Parliament—Hyde Park—Marble Arch—Albert Memorial—South Kensington Museum—Royal Exchange—Bank of England—Mansion House—Inns of Court—British Museum—Some London Scenes—The Underground Railway—Holland House—Greenwich—Tilbury Fort—The Thames Mouth.

THE THAMES HEAD.

THE river Thames is the largest and most important river in England, and carries the greatest com-

merce in the world. From the Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire it flows to the eastward past London, and after a course of two hundred and twenty miles empties into the North Sea. The confluence of many small streams draining the Cotswolds makes the Thames, but its traditional source, or "The Thames Head," is in Trewsbury Mead, about three miles from Cirencester, and at an elevation of three hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea-level. The highest elevation of the Cotswolds, Lockhampton Hill, rises nine hundred and eighty feet. The waters of the infant stream are at once pressed into service for pumping into the higher levels of a canal which pierces the Cotswolds by a long tunnel and connects the Thames with the Severn River, flowing along their western base. It receives many tiny rivulets that swell its current, until at Cricklade the most ambitious of these affluents joins it, and even lays claim to be the original stream. This is the Churn, rising at the "Seven Springs," about three miles from Cheltenham, and also on the slope of the Cotswolds. The Churn claims the honor because it is twenty miles long, while the Thames down to Cricklade measures only ten miles. But they come together affectionately, and journey on through rich meadows much like other streams, until the clear waters have acquired sufficient dignity to turn a mill.

Cirencester (pronounced Cisseter), which thus has

the honor of being a near neighbor of the Thames Head, is an ancient town, occupying the site of the Roman city of Corinium, and is known as the "metropolis of the Cotswolds." Here four great Roman roads met, and among the many Roman remains it has is part of the ruins of an amphitheatre. It was a famous stronghold before the Saxons came to England, and Polydorus tells how one Gormund, an African prince, in the dim ages of the past, besieged it for seven long years. Then he bethought him that if he could only set fire to the thatched roofs of the houses he could in the commotion that would follow force an entrance. So he set his troops at work catching sparrows, and when many were caught fastened combustibles under their tails and let them loose. The poor birds flew straight to their nests under the thatches, set them in a blaze, and while the people were busy putting out the fires Gormund got into the town. In memory of this it was afterwards called the "City of Sparrows." The Normans built a strong castle here, and Stephen destroyed it. The castle was rebuilt, and suffered the usual fate in the successive Civil Wars, and in the Revolution of 1688 the first bloodshed was at Cirencester. It had a magnificent abbey, built for the Black Canons in the twelfth century, and ruled by a mitred abbot who had a seat in Parliament. A fine gateway of this abbey remains, and also the beautiful church with its pretty tower. It is known now

as the parish church of St. John, and has been thoroughly restored. Within are the monuments of the Bathurst family, whose seat at Oakley Park, near the town, has some charming scenery. Pope's Seat, a favorite resort of the poet, who was often a guest at Oakley, is also in the park. Cheltenham, near which is the "Seven Springs," the source of the Churn, is a popular watering-place, with the Earl of Eldon's seat at Stowell Park not far away. Here in 1864 a Roman villa was discovered, which has been entirely excavated. It has twenty chambers communicating with a long corridor, and there are several elegant tessellated pavements, while the walls are still standing to a height of four feet. Two temples have also been found in the immediate neighborhood. Substantial buildings have been erected to protect these precious remains from the weather.

SUDELEY CASTLE AND CHAVENAGE.

In the Cotswolds is the castle of Sudeley, its ruins being in rather good preservation. It was an extensive work, built in the reign of Henry IV., and was destroyed in the Civil Wars; it was a famous place in the olden time, and was regarded as one of the most magnificent castles in England when Queen Elizabeth made her celebrated progress thither in 1592. After the death of Henry VIII., his queen, Catharine Parr, married Lord Seymour of Sudeley,

and she died and was buried in this castle: it is related that her leaden coffin was exhumed in 1782, two hundred and eighty years after her death, and the remains were found in excellent preservation. Among the records of the castle is a manuscript stating that Catharine Parr was told by an astrologer who calculated her nativity that she was born to sit in the "highest state of imperial majesty," and that she had all the eminent stars and planets in her house: this worked such lofty conceit in the lady that "her mother could never make her sew or do any small work, saying her hands were ordained to touch crowns and sceptres, not needles and thimbles." Near Tatbury, and also in the Cotswolds, is the source of the classic river Avon, and north-west of the town is the fine Elizabethan mansion of Chavenage, with its attractive hall and chapel. The original furniture, armor, and weapons are still preserved. This was the old manor-house of the family of Stephens, and Nathaniel represented Gloucestershire in Parliament at the time of the conviction of Charles I.: it is related that he was only persuaded to agree to the condemnation by the impetuous Ireton, who came there and sat up all night in urgent argument "to whet his almost blunted purpose." Stephens died in May, 1649, expressing regret for having participated in the execution of his sovereign. We are further told in the traditions of the house that when all the relatives were assembled for the

funeral, and the courtyard was crowded with equipages, another coach, gorgeously ornamented and drawn by black horses, solemnly approached the porch: when it halted, the door opened, and, clad in his shroud, the shade of Stephens glided into the carriage; the door was closed by an unseen hand, and the coach moved off, the driver being a beheaded man, arrayed in royal vestments and wearing the insignia of the Star and Garter. Passing the gateway of the courtyard, the equipage vanished in flames. Tradition maintains also that every lord of Chavenage dying in the manor-house since, has departed in the same awful manner.

The Thames flows on after its junction with the Churn, and receives other pretty streams, all coming out of the Cotswolds. The Coln and the Leche, coming in near Lechlade, swell its waters sufficiently to make it navigable for barges, and the river sets up a towing-path, for here the canal from the Severn joins it. The river passes in solitude out of Gloucestershire, and then for miles becomes the boundary between Oxfordshire on the north and Berkshire on the south. The canal has been almost superseded by the railway, so that passing barges are rare, but the towing-path and the locks remain, with an occasional rustic dam thrown across the gradually widening river. In this almost deserted region is the isolated hamlet of Shifford, where King Alfred held a parliament a thousand years ago. Near

STANTON HARCOURT AND CUMNOR HALL. 181

it is the New Bridge, a solid structure, but the oldest bridge that crosses the Thames, for it was "new" more than six hundred years ago. The Thames then receives the Windrush and then the Evenlode, and it passes over frequent weirs that have become miniature rapids, yet not too dangerous for an expert oarsman to guide his boat through safely. Thus the famous river comes to Bablock Hythe Ferry, and at once enters an historic region.

STANTON HARCOURT AND CUMNOR HALL.

A short distance from the ferry over the "striping Thames" in Oxfordshire is Stanton Harcourt, with its three upright sandstones, "the Devil's Coits," supposed to have been put there to commemorate a battle between the Saxons and the Britons more than twelve centuries ago. The village gets its name from the large and ancient mansion of the Harcourts, of which, however, but little remains. Pope passed the greater part of two summers in the deserted house in a tower that bears his name, and where he wrote the fifth volume of his translation of Homer in the topmost room: he recorded the fact on a pane of glass in the window in 1718, and this pane has been carefully preserved. The kitchen of the strange old house still remains, and is a remarkable one, being described as "either a kitchen within a chimney or a kitchen without one." In the lower part of this kitchen is a large square room; above

it is octangular and ascends like a tower, the fires being made against the walls, and the smoke climbing up them until it reaches the conical apex, where it goes out of loopholes on any side according to the wind. The distance from the floor to the apex is about sixty feet, and the interior is thickly coated with soot. The fireplaces are large enough to roast an ox whole.

Not far from the ferry, in Berkshire, is the ancient manor-house of Cumnor Hall, sacred to the melancholy memory of poor Amy Robsart. She was the wife of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and when his ambition led him to seek Queen Elizabeth's hand it was necessary to get her out of the way. So he sent Amy to Cumnor, where his servant Anthony Forster lived. At first poison was tried, but she suspected it, and would not take the potion. Then, sending all the people away, Sir Richard Varney and Forster, with another man, strangled her, and afterwards threw her down stairs, breaking her neck. It was at first given out that poor Amy had fallen by accident and killed herself, but people began to suspect differently, and the third party to the murder, being arrested for a felony and threatening to tell, was privately made away with in prison by Leicester's orders. Both Varney and Forster became melancholy before their deaths, and finally a kinswoman of the earl, on her dying bed, told the whole story. The earl had Amy buried with great pomp at Ox-

ford, but it is recorded that the chaplain by accident "tripped once or twice in his speech by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying so pitifully *slain*." Sir Walter Scott has woven her sad yet romantic story into his tale of *Kenilworth*; and to prove how ambition overleaps itself, we find Lord Burghley, among other reasons which he urged upon the queen why she should not marry Leicester, saying that "he is infamed by the murder of his wife." The queen remained a virgin sovereign, and Leicester's crime availed only to blacken his character. The church at Cumnor contains Forster's tomb, with a highly laudatory inscription.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

The Thames flows on past the wooded glades of Wytham Abbey, and then revives the memory of Fair Rosamond as it skirts the scanty ruins of Godstow Nunnery. This religious house upon the riverbank was founded in the reign of Henry I., and the ruins are some remains of the walls and of a small chapter-house in which Rosamond's corpse was deposited. It was at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, then a royal palace, that in the twelfth century Henry II. built "Fair Rosamond's Bower" for his charmer, who was the daughter of Lord Clifford. This bower was surrounded by a labyrinth. Queen Eleanor, whom the king had married only from ambitious

motives, was much older than he, and he had two sons by Rosamond, whom he is said to have first met at Godstow Nunnery, where she was educated. The bower consisted of arched vaults underground. There are various legends of the discovery of Rosamond by Eleanor, the most popular being that the queen discovered the ball of silk the king used to thread the maze of the labyrinth, and following it found the door and entered the bower. She is said to have ill-treated and even poisoned Rosamond, but the belief now is that Rosamond retired to the nunnery from sorrow at the ultimate defection of her royal lover, and did not die for several years. The story has been the favorite theme of the poets, and we are told that her body was buried in the nunnery, and wax lights placed around the tomb and kept continually burning. Subsequently, her remains were reinterred in the chapter-house, with a Latin inscription, which is thus translated:


"This tomb doth here enclose the world's most beauteous rose—
Rose passing sweet erewhile, now naught but odor vile."

OXFORD.

As we float along the quiet Thames the stately towers and domes of the university city of Oxford come in sight, and appear suddenly to rise from behind a green railway embankment. Here the Cherwell flows along the Christ Church meadows to join the great river, and we pause at the ancient

Ousenford—or the ford over the Ouse or Water—a name which time has changed to Oxford. The origin of the famous university is involved in obscurity. The city is mentioned as the scene of important political and military events from the time of King Alfred, but the first undisputed evidence that it was a seat of learning dates from the twelfth century. Religious houses existed there in earlier years, and to these schools were attached for the education of the clergy. The original nucleus of the town seems to have been the nunnery of St. Frideswide, established probably as early as the eighth century on ground now the site of the Oxford Cathedral. The earliest use of the name of Oxford is in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in the year 912, and it was a place of military importance and of meetings of the Saxon Witenagemet in the eleventh century. The first gathering of masters and scholars not attached to monastic establishments was in the succeeding century, and it was not until then that colleges—endowed and incorporated bodies of masters and students within the university—came into existence. It was natural that from the religious schools should develop the secular institutions that finally became colleges, and common interest led them to associate as a university. There were theological lectures about the year 1130 and legal studies afterward, and in the beginning of the thirteenth century Oxford ranked with the most important universities

of Europe. The first known application of the word to this association occurs in a statute of King John. In the thirteenth century there were three thousand students at Oxford, and Henry III. granted the university its first charter. In those early times the university grew in wealth and numbers, and intense hostility was developed between the students and townspeople, leading to the quarrels between "Town and Gown" that existed for centuries, and caused frequent riots and bloodshed. A penance for one of these disturbances, which occurred in 1354 and sacrificed fifty lives, continued to be kept until 1825. The religious troubles in Henry VIII.'s time reduced the students to barely one thousand, but a small part of whom attended the colleges, so that in 1546 only thirteen degrees were conferred. In 1603 the university was given representation in Parliament; it was loyal to Charles I., and melted its plate to assist him, so that after his downfall it was plundered, and almost ceased to have an existence as an institution of learning; it has since had a quiet and generally prosperous history. The university comprises twenty-one colleges and two halls, the oldest being University College, founded in 1249, and the youngest the Keble Memorial College, founded in 1870. University College, according to tradition, represents a school founded by King Alfred in 872, and it celebrated its millennial anniversary in 1872. Balliol College, founded between 1263 and 1282, admits no



one who claims any privilege on account of rank or wealth, and is regarded as having perhaps the highest standard of scholarship at Oxford. Christ Church College is the most extensive in buildings, numbers, and endowments, and is a cathedral establishment as well as college. There are now about eighty-five hundred members of the university and three thousand students, the university having about fifty professors, thirty readers or lecturers, and three hundred fellows, besides numerous tutors. The fellowships generally range from \$1000 to \$1500 a year, and most of them were formerly granted for life, provided the holder remained unmarried and took holy orders. They are now of two kinds, some being prize fellowships and held for six or seven years without restriction as to residence, marriage, or profession, while the tenure of others is conditioned on the performance of work in the university. There are numerous scholarships for undergraduates, valued at \$150 to \$600, with free rooms. The wealth of some of the colleges is enormous, and they are said to own altogether nearly two hundred thousand acres of land in different parts of the kingdom, and to have about \$2,100,000 annual revenues, of which they expend not over \$1,500,000, the remainder accumulating. They also have in their gift four hundred and fifty benefices, with an annual income of \$950,000. It costs a student about \$750 to \$1000 a year to live at Oxford,

(although some who are very economical manage to get through for \$500), and about \$325 in university and college fees from matriculation to graduation, when he gets his degree of B. A., or, if inattentive, fails to pass the examination, and, in Oxford parlance, is said to be "plucked." Nathaniel Hawthorne, when at the university, wrote of this wonderful caravansary of learning: "The world surely has not another place like Oxford; it is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

THE OXFORD COLLEGES.

The enumeration of the colleges which make up the university will naturally begin with the greatest, Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey, in 1524, of which the principal façade extends four hundred feet along St. Aldate's Street, and has a noble gateway in the centre surmounted by a six-sided tower with a dome-like roof. Here hangs the great bell of Oxford, "Old Tom," weighing seventeen thousand pounds, which every night, just after nine o'clock, strikes one hundred and one strokes, said to be in remembrance of the number of members the college had at its foundation. Wolsey's statue stands in the gateway which leads into the great quadrangle, called by the students, for short, "Tom Quad." Here are the lodgings of the dean and



canons, and also the Great Hall, the finest in Oxford, and the room where the sovereign is received whenever visiting the city. The ancient kitchen, the oldest portion of Cardinal Wolsey's building, adjoins the hall, and near by is the entrance to the Oxford Cathedral, which has been restored, and the ancient cloisters. Here are the tombs of Bishop Berkeley, who died in 1753, and Dr. Pusey, dying in 1882, and a tablet in memory of Robert Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, who died in 1639. From the buildings a meadow extends down to the rivers, the Cherwell on the left and the Thames (here called the Isis) on the right, which join at the lower part of the meadow. Beautiful walks are laid out upon it, including the famous Oxford promenade, the Broad Walk, a stately avenue of elms bordering one side of the meadow. Here, on the afternoon of Show Sunday, which comes immediately before Commemoration Day, nearly all the members of the university and the students, in academic costume, make a promenade, presenting an animated scene. Among the distinguished students of Christ Church have been the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, Peel, Wellington, the Wesleys, Ruskin, Liddon, and in earlier times Sir Philip Sidney, Locke, Camden, and Ben Jonson. Pusey was also a member of Christ Church.

Corpus Christi College was founded by Bishop Fox of Winchester in 1516, and his crozier is pre-

served here, and its quadrangle, which remains much as at the foundation, contains the founder's statue, and also a remarkable dial, in the centre of which is a perpetual calendar. This college is not very marked in architecture and stands at the back of Christ Church. Among the members of Corpus were Richard Hooker, Cardinal Pole, Bishop Keble, Thomas Arnold, General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, Chief Justice Coleridge, and Thomas Day, who wrote *Sandford and Merton*. Adjoining Corpus is Merton College, founded in 1264 by Walter de Merton. His idea was to forbid the students following in after-life any other pursuit than that of parish priest. The chapel of Merton is one of the finest in Oxford, and its massive tower is a city landmark. The entrance-gateway, surmounted by a sculptured representation of St. John the Baptist, is attractive, and the two college quadrangles are picturesque, the "Mob Quad," or library quadrangle, being five hundred years old, with the Treasury and its high-pitched ashlar roof and dormer windows above one of the entrance-passages. Merton has contributed six archbishops to the see of Canterbury, and Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was its master. Among the distinguished graduates have been Steele, Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library, and John Duns Scotus. St. Alban Hall, built about 1230, adjoins Merton, and is incorporated with it, a Gothic structure with a curious

old bell-tower. Oriel College stands opposite Corpus Christi, but the ancient buildings of the foundation in 1324-26 have all been superseded by comparatively modern structures of the seventeenth century: though without any striking architectural merits, the hall and chapel of this college are extremely picturesque. Its fame is not so much from its buildings as from some of its students, Sir Walter Raleigh, Bishop Butler, Whately, Keble, Wilberforce, Newman, Pusey, and Thomas Hughes having been among them. St. Mary's Hall, an offshoot founded in the fourteenth century, stands near this college, and is significantly called the "Skimmery" by the students.

All Souls College is on the High Street, and was founded in 1437, its buildings being, however, modern, excepting one quadrangle. In the chapel is a magnificent reredos, presented by Lord Bathurst, who was a fellow of All Souls, and containing figures representing most of the fellows of his time; in the library are Wren's original designs for building St. Paul's. There are about fifty fellowships in All Souls, mostly held by lawyers, and among its members have been Jeremy Taylor, Blackstone, Bishop Heber, and Lord Salisbury. This college was founded by Archbishop Chichele for "the heale of his soul" and of the souls of all those who perished in the French wars of King Henry V.; hence its name. We are told that the good arch-

bishop was much troubled where to locate his college, and there appeared to him in a dream a "right godly personage," who advised him to build it on the High Street, and at a certain spot where he would be sure in digging to find a "mallard, imprisoned but well fattened, in the sewer." He hesitated, but all whom he consulted advised him to make the trial, and accordingly, on a fixed day after mass, with due solemnity the digging began. They had not dug long, the story relates, before they heard "amid the earth horrid strugglings and flutterings and violent quackings of the distressed mallard." When he was brought out he was as big as an ostrich, and "much wonder was thereat, for the lycke had not been seen in this londe nor in onie odir." The Festival of the Mallard was long held in commemoration of this event, at which was sung the "Merry Song of the All Souls Mallard," beginning—

"Griffin, bustard, turkey, capon,
Let other hungry mortals gape on,
And on the bones their stomach fill hard;
But let All Souls men have their mallard.
Oh, by the blood of King Edward,
It was a wopping, wopping mallard!"

While the festival has passed away, the song is still sung at Oxford, and the tale has given rise to much literature, there having been vigorous contests waged over the authenticity of the mallard.

University College, also on the High Street, though

the earliest founded, now has no building older than the seventeenth century. It has an imposing Gothic front with two tower-gateways, while the recently constructed New Building is an elegant structure erected in 1850. The poet Shelley and Lord Chancellor Eldon were students here. Queen's College, founded in 1340 by Robert de Eglesfield, Queen Philippa's confessor, and hence its name, is a modern building by Wren and his pupils. Addison, Jeremy Bentham, and Francis Jeffrey were undergraduates, and in the early days the Black Prince and Edward V. St. Edmund Hall, opposite Queen's College, is a plain building, but with magnificent ivy on its walls, built in 1559, the college having been founded in 1226.

MAGDALEN AND BRASENOSE.

Bishop Patten of Winchester, who was surnamed Waynflete, founded St. Mary Magdalen (pronounced Maudlin) College in 1458. It stands by the side of the Cherwell, and its graceful tower, nearly four hundred years old, rises one hundred and forty-five feet—one of the most beautiful constructions in Oxford. Its quadrangles are fine, especially the one known as the Cloisters, which remains much as it was in the time of the founder, and is ornamented with rude sandstone statues erected in honor of a visit from King James I. In accordance with ancient custom, on the morning of the first of May.

just as five o'clock strikes, a solemn *Te Deum* is sung on the top of Magdalen Tower, where the choristers assemble in surplices and with uncovered heads. When it closes the crowd on the ground below give out discordant blasts from myriads of tin horns, but the Magdalen chime of bells, said to be "the most tunable and melodious ring of bells in all these parts and beyond," soon drowns the discord, and gives a glad welcome to the opening of spring. This custom survives from the time of Henry VII., and the produce of two acres of land given to the college by that king is used to pay for a feast for the choristers, spread later in the day in the college hall. The college has a meadow and small deer-park attached, known as the Magdalen Walks, and encircled by the arms of the Cherwell, while avenues of trees along raised dykes intersect it. The avenue on the north side of this meadow is known as "Addison's Walk," and was much frequented by him when at Oxford. The little deer-park, a secluded spot, abounds with magnificent elms. It was at Magdalen that Wolsey was educated, being known as the "Boy Bachelor," as he got his B. A. degree at the early age of fifteen. Wolsey was also the bursar of the college. The Botanic Garden is opposite Magdalen College, having a fine gateway with statues of Charles I. and II. Magdalen College School, a modern building, but an organization coeval with the college, is a short distance to the

westward. Among the distinguished names connected with Magdalen College are Wolsey, Hampden, Addison, Lord Selborne, Charles Reade, Goldwin Smith, and Gibbon.

The King's Hall, commonly known as Brasenose College, and over the entrance of which is a prominent brazen nose, still retains its chief buildings as originally founded by the Bishop of Lincoln and Sir Richard Sutton in 1509. The entrance-tower has been restored, and the rooms occupied by Bishop Heber, who was a member of this college, are still pointed out, with their windows looking upon a large horse-chestnut tree in the adjoining Exeter Gardens. This famous college is said to occupy the spot where King Alfred's palace stood, and hence its name of the King's Hall, which the king in his laws styled his palace. The part of the palace which was used for the brew-house, or the *brasinium*, afterwards became the college, and as early as Edward I. this found ocular demonstration by the fixing of a brazen nose upon the gate. It seems that the original knocker or door-handle, in the form of a nose of brass, which gave the name to Brasenose, was taken to Stamford by a migrating party of Oxford students in 1334, but it was brought back in 1890, after the addition of the fine new quadrangle and principal's house, completed a year or two earlier. This precious relic is now kept in the Hall, and is said in the legends to have been part of Friar

Bacon's brazen head. We are told that this famous friar, who lived at Oxford in the thirteenth century, became convinced, "after great study," that if he should succeed in making a head of brass which could speak, "he might be able to surround all England with a wall of brass." So, with the assistance of another friar and the devil, he went to work and accomplished it, but with the drawback that the brazen head when finished was "warranted to speak in the course of one month," but it was uncertain just when it would speak, and "if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labor would be lost." They watched it three weeks, but fatigue overmastered them, and Bacon set his servant on watch, with orders to awaken them if the head should speak. At the end of one half hour the servant heard the head say, "Time is ;" at the end of another, "Time was ;" and at the end of a third half hour, "Time's past," when down fell the head with a tremendous crash. The blockhead thought his master would be angry if disturbed by such trifles, and this ended the experiment with the brazen head. Yet Friar Bacon was a much wiser man than would be supposed by those who only know him from this tale. He was esteemed the most learned man ever at the great university, and it is considered doubtful if any there in later years surpassed him. Foze of the *Book of Martyrs*, Elias Ashmole, Richard Harris Barham, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and Dean

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Milman belonged to Brasenose. It is at present a famous boating and athletic college.

NEW COLLEGE AND RADCLIFFE LIBRARY.

William of Wykeham founded the New College, or the College of St. Mary Winton, in 1380. It has a noble entrance, and in a niche above the gateway is the Virgin, to whom an angel and the founder are addressing themselves in prayer. The chapel has a massive detached bell-tower, and in its windows are some fine stained glass, while the silver staff of William of Wykeham is still preserved there. The cloisters are extensive and picturesque, the ribbed roof resembling the bottom of a boat, while the restored hall has a fine oaken roof. The New College gardens are enclosed on three sides by the ancient walls of the city, which are well preserved, and the enclosure is one of the most beautiful in Oxford. Through a door in a corner of the gardens there is a passage-way opening out of one of the bastions of the old walls into a strip of ground called the "Slype," where a fine view is had of the bastions, with the college bell-tower and chapel behind them. In making an addition to the buildings of this college on the edge of the "Slype," the workmen in digging for the foundations discovered the remains of a mammoth. Sidney Smith was a student at New College.

New College Lane leads to Radcliffe Square, in

the centre of which is located the handsome Radcliffe Library, with colleges, churches, and schools all around the square. Dr. Radcliffe, who was the court-physician of King William III. and Queen Anne, founded this library, which is in a handsome rotunda surmounted by a dome on an octagonal base. The structure, which is one hundred feet in diameter, rises to a height of one hundred and forty feet, and from the top there is a fine view of the city. To the northward, at a short distance, are the Schools, a quadrangular building now chiefly occupied by the famous Bodleian Library. From Radcliffe Square the entrance is through a vaulted passage, the central gate-tower being a remarkable example of the combination of the five orders of architecture piled one above the other. In this building, on the lower floor, the public examinations of the candidates for degrees are held, while above is the library which Sir Thomas Bodley founded in the sixteenth century, and which contains 530,000 volumes, including many ancient and highly-prized works in print and manuscript and about 50,000 coins.

Lincoln College was founded by Richard Flemyng, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1429. Here John Wesley was a member, and the pulpit from which he preached is still kept as a precious relic. Opposite to Lincoln is Jesus College, founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1571, though others assisted; it was intended to be exclusively for Welshmen, but this



has since been changed, though it has raised a large progeny of Welsh bishops, and divine service is still regularly held in the chapel in the Welsh language. This chapel is unique in having a double chancel. Alongside of Lincoln is Exeter College, founded by Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, in 1314; this is one of the largest colleges, the greater part of the buildings being modern; they are among the finest in Oxford. The hall, restored in the present century, has a high-pitched timber roof, while the chapel, which is one of the most remarkable edifices in Oxford, has a thin, small spire that is conspicuous from a great distance. Lyell, Froude, and the first Earl of Shaftesbury were alumni of Exeter. The Ashmolean Museum adjoins this college, and was founded by Elias Ashmole in 1682, containing his collection of antiquities, some of the Arundel Marbles, which are ancient sculptural fragments and inscriptions, and various other curiosities and historical relics. Among the most noted are King Alfred's Jewel, and watches which belonged to Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell. Next to the museum is the Sheldonian Theatre, built in 1669 by Archbishop Sheldon of Canterbury, where the annual commemoration is held and the honorary degrees are conferred. This is a handsome hall accommodating over 3000 persons. The annual commemoration or commencement day is known as "the Encænïa or annual commemoration of the

founders," the prize essays and poems being delivered and degrees conferred. The undergraduates at this important ceremonial occupy the upper gallery, and they freely express their opinions as to the merits and appearance of the recipients of the degrees, as the latter appear. Not far away is Wadham College, founded in 1613 by Nicholas Wadham and Dorothy his wife. It has excellent buildings and a most beautiful garden. Among its students were Sir Christopher Wren, Lord Chancellor Westbury, Admiral Blake, Congreve, and Frederick Harrison. The British Royal Society grew out of meetings for scientific discussion held in Wadham in 1648. There is a modern Museum of Natural History in the park near by, and also Keble College, founded in 1868 as a memorial of Bishop John Keble, the author of the *Christian Year*. Its buildings are of variegated brick, the chapel being the loftiest, most costly, and finest of its style in Oxford. One of the objects in founding this college was to give the opportunity of a university career to students whose limited means do not permit them to study at the older and more expensive establishments. There are no fellows in Keble, and the endowment provides much of the expenses of the undergraduates. Not far away there stood in the olden time Hartford or Hertford Hall, dating from 1282. In its place was established Hertford College in 1740, which fell into disuse in the early part of

the present century, but was resuscitated by Mr. Thomas Baring in 1874. Among the members of this college were Lord Chancellor Clarendon, Lord Seldon, Thomas Hobbes, Sir Matthew Hale, Dean Swift, and Charles James Fox.

Trinity College was founded in 1554 by Sir Thomas Pope. Its tower and chapel are Grecian, and the chapel has a most beautiful carved screen and altar-piece. The library contains a chalice that once belonged to St. Alban's Abbey. The elder Pitt, Lord Selborne, James Bryce, and Sir Richard Burton were members of Trinity. Kettel Hall, now a private dwelling, is a picturesque building in front of Trinity. On Broad Street, where Trinity stands, is also Balliol College, founded in the thirteenth century by John Balliol. None of the existing buildings are earlier than the fifteenth century, while the south front, with its massive tower, has been rebuilt. It was here that the martyrs Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were burned in 1555-56. This is one of the largest Oxford colleges and maintains a high standard of scholarship. It is the chief Scottish college, and its rolls contain the names of Adam Smith, Sir William Hamilton the metaphysician, Robert Southey, John Lockhart, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, and Algernon Swinburne. A little farther along the same street is St. John's College, which Sir Thomas White founded in 1555. It is fronted by a terrace planted with fine elms. Its quadrangles

and cloisters are much admired, especially the venerable oriel windows, and quaint stone gables of the library, which contains relics of Archbishop Laud, including the skull-cap he wore when executed. St. John's gardens are regarded as among the most attractive in Oxford. Opposite St. John's are the university galleries, with their display of the Pomfret Marbles and Raphael and Michel Angelo's paintings and drawings, and behind this building is Worcester College, founded in 1714 by Sir Thomas Cookes. Its gardens contain a lake. Thomas De Quincey and Bonamy Price studied at Worcester. Pembroke College is opposite Christ Church, and was founded in 1624 in honor of the Earl of Pembroke, then the chancellor of the university. While its entrance-gateway and hall, of modern build, are fine, the other buildings are not attractive. The chief remembrance of Pembroke is of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who occupied apartments over the original gateway, but was compelled by poverty to leave the college before taking his degree. The college possesses Johnson's china teapot and the desk on which he wrote his *Dictionary*, and among its adornments is a fine portrait of him by Reynolds. Shenstone, Whitfield, and Pym were students at Pembroke. There are also at Oxford Mansfield College, finished in 1889, a Congregationalist theological college, and the handsome Manchester College, opened in 1893 by the Unitarians,

who transferred the establishment from London. There are three halls for ladies, where the discipline and studies are assimilated as closely as possible to those of the colleges. These are Lady Margaret Hall, founded in 1879, St. Hugh's Hall, 1886, and Somerville College, opened in 1879 and named in honor of Mrs. Somerville, the mathematician. The scholarship of the female students is tested by the university examination-papers, but they have separate class-lists and do not take degrees. A large number of the university and college lectures are open to women. This completes the description of the colleges, halls, and schools of the great university, which presents an array of institutions of learning unrivalled in any part of the world, and of which Englishmen are justly proud.

OXFORD CHURCHES AND CASTLE.

The chief street of Oxford is the High Street, familiarly called "The High," flanked on both sides by a splendid series of picturesque and famous buildings. Sir Walter Scott regarded this street as rivalling the noted High Street of Edinburgh, Hawthorne calls it "the noblest old street in England," and Wordsworth indited a sonnet to the "stream-like windings of that glorious street." There are some fine churches in Oxford, notably the university church of St. Mary the Virgin, conspicuous from its Decorated spire rising one hundred and eighty-eight

feet, which is a memorial of Queen Eleanor of Castile. A short distance to the westward is All Saints Church. Fronting Christ Church is St. Aldate's Church, also with a lofty spire and Decorated tower. Like most English towns, Oxford had a castle, but its remains are now reduced to a solitary tower, a few fragments of wall, and a high mound. This castle has long been the property of Christ Church, and was used for a prison, whence Cranmer and his fellow-martyrs went to the stake. The old tower was built in the days of William Rufus. Beneath the ruins is a crypt known as Maud's Chapel. In the centre of the mound is an octagonal vaulted chamber, approached by a long flight of steps, and containing a well. It was in this castle that the empress Maud was besieged by King Stephen in 1141, but escaped in the night, the castle surrendering next morning. The ground was covered with snow at the time, and the empress, with three attendants, clad in white, passed unnoticed through the lines of the besiegers and crossed the Thames on the ice. Just before this Maud escaped from the castle of Devizes as a dead body drawn on a hearse. The castle of Oxford has been in a dilapidated condition since Edward III.'s time. As an evidence of the change of opinion, the Martyrs' Memorial, a rich Gothic monument erected in 1841 and adorned with their statues, stands on St. Giles Street in honor of the martyrs Cranmer, Latimer,

and Ridley, who found the old tower of the castle their prison-house until the bigots of that day were ready to burn them at the stake in front of Balliol College.

The intersection of the four principal streets of old Oxford makes what is called the Carfax (a word derived from *quatre roies*), and here in the olden time stood a picturesque conduit. Conduits in former years were ornaments in many English towns, and some of them still remain in their original locations. This conduit, which stood in the way of traffic, was presented as a nuisance as long ago as the time of Laud, and Lord Harcourt in 1787 removed it to his park at Nuncham. One of the curious changes that have come over some Oxford landmarks is related of a group of statues in the entrance to the Schools, where the Bodleian Library is located. This group represents Mater Academia giving a book to King James I., sitting in his chair of state, while winged Fame trumpets the gift throughout the world. When the king saw this, embellished with appropriate mottoes, all of which were gloriously gilt, the ancient historian says he exclaimed, "By my soul! this is too glorious for Jeamy," and caused the gilded mottoes to be "whited out." Originally, the statue of the king held a sceptre in his right hand, and a book, commonly taken for the Bible, in his left. Both have disappeared. The sceptre is said to have fallen

upon the passing of the Reform Bill, and the book came down about the time of the abolition of the University Tests. The eastern part of Oxford is meadow- and garden-land, extending down to the two famous rivers which unite just below the town, and along whose shores the racing-boats in which the students take so much interest are moored. Pretty bridges span both streams, and we follow down the Thames again, skirting along its picturesque shores past Iffley, with its romantic old mill and the ancient church with its square tower rising behind, well-known landmarks that are so familiar to boating-men, till we come to Nuneham Park, with the old Carfax Conduit set on an eminence, and Blenheim Woods looming up in the background, as we look towards Oxford.

The church of Iffley is beautifully situated on the Thames, but little is known of its origin or history. It was in existence in 1189, when King Henry II. died, and its architecture indicates that it could scarcely have been built much before that time. It is an unusually good specimen of the Norman style, and is in wonderful preservation, considering its age. This church is peculiarly rich in its doorways, having three of great value, and each differing from the other. The southern doorway is enriched with sculptured flowers, a style that is almost unique in Norman architecture; it also contains rudely carved imitations of Roman centaurs. On

the south side of the church are an ancient cross and one of the most venerable yew trees in the kingdom, in the trunk of which time has made a hollow where a man could easily conceal himself. There is not on all the Thames a scene more loved by artists than that at Iffley, with its old mill and church embosomed in foliage, and having an occasional fisherman lazily angling in the smooth waters before them, while the Oxford oarsmen, some in fancy costumes, paddle by. From the Cherwell, the straight reach of the Thames for two miles down to Iffley is the usual course of the various Oxford University boat races.

BANBURY AND BROUGHTON.

If we go up the Cherwell towards the northern part of Oxfordshire, a brief visit can be paid to the famous town of Banbury, noted for its "castle, cross, and cakes." This was an ancient Roman station, and the amphitheatre still exists just out of town. The castle was built in the twelfth century, and many conflicts raged around it. Queen Elizabeth granted the castle to Lord Saye and Sele, and one of his successors first organized the revolt against Charles I. at his neighboring mansion of Broughton. Banbury was a great Puritan stronghold, and it is related that when a book descriptive of Banbury was being printed in those days, it contained a sentence describing Banbury as remarkable for its cheese, cakes, and ale. One Camden, looking at

the press while the sheet was being printed, thought this too light an expression, and changed the word *ale* into *zeal*, so that the town became noted for Banbury zeal as well as cheese and cakes. The old castle after standing several desperate sieges, was demolished by the Puritans, and nothing now remains excepting the moat and a small remnant of wall on which a cottage has been built. The Banbury cakes are mentioned as early as 1686, and they are still in high repute, being sent to all parts of the world. The Banbury cheese of which Shakespeare wrote is no longer made. The Banbury cross has been immortalized in nursery-rhymes; it was taken down by the Puritans and was only recently restored. The rhyme tells the little folk,

“ Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse:
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.”

Diligent research has developed some important information about this fine lady. It appears that in “the Second Edward’s reign a knight of much renown, yclept Lord Herbert, chanced to live near famous Banbury town.” Now, this knight had one son left, and “fearless and brave was he; and it raised the pride in the father’s heart his gallant son to see.” The poetic tale goes on to relate “that near Lord Herbert’s ancient hall proud Banbury Castle stood, within the noble walls of which dwelt

a maiden young and good ;” with much more to the same effect. There is the usual result : the knight loves the lady, has a mortal combat with the rival, and nearly loses his life. The fair lady nurses him with care, but as he gradually sinks she loses hope and pines away. A holy monk lived in the castle, and, noticing her despondency, offers to effect a cure. He prescribes : “ To-morrow, at the midnight hour, go to the cross alone : for Edward’s rash and hasty deed perhaps thou mayst atone.” She goes there, walks around the cross, and Edward is cured. Then all rejoice, and a festival is ordered, whereat,

“ Upon a milk-white steel, a lady doth appear :
By all she’s welcomed lustily in one tremendous cheer ;
With rings of brilliant lustre her fingers are bedecked,
And bells upon her palfrey hung to give the whole effect.”

A noble cavalier rode beside her, and the result has been

“ That even in the present time the custom’s not forgot ;
But few there are who know the tale connected with the spot,
Though to each baby in the land the nursery-rhymes are told
About the lady robed in white and Banbury Cross of old.”

Broughton Castle is a fine castellated mansion a short distance south-west of Banbury. It dates from the Elizabethan era, and its owner, Viscount Saye and Sele, in Charles I.’s reign, thinking that his services were not sufficiently rewarded, took the side of Parliament, in which his son represented Banbury.

When the king dissolved Parliament, it assembled clandestinely in Broughton Castle. Here the Parliamentary leaders met in a room with thick walls, so that no sounds could escape. Here also were raised the earliest troops for the Parliament, and the "Blue-coats" of the Sayes were conspicuous at the battle of Edgehill, which was fought only a few miles away. Immediately afterwards King Charles besieged Broughton Castle, captured and plundered it. This famous old building witnessed in this way the earliest steps that led to the English Revolution, and it is kept in quite good preservation. Subsequently, when Oliver Cromwell became the leader of the Parliamentary party, he held his Parliament in Banbury at the Roebuck Inn, a fine piece of architecture, with a great window that lights up one of the best rooms in England of the earlier days of the Elizabethan era. A low door leads from the courtyard to this noted council-chamber where Cromwell held his Parliament, and it remains in much the same condition as then.

WOODSTOCK AND BLENHEIM.

Not far away from Oxford is the manor of Woodstock, where "Fair Rosamond's Bower" was built by King Henry II. This manor was an early residence of the kings of England, and Henry I. built a palace there, adding to it a vast park. Of this palace not a sign is now to be seen, but two syc-

mores have been planted to mark the spot. The poet Chaucer lived at Woodstock, and is supposed to have taken much of the descriptive scenery of his *Dream* from the park. Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward III., was born at Woodstock. Henry VII. enlarged the palace, and put his name upon the principal gate; and this gate-house was one of the prisons of the princess Elizabeth, where she was detained by her sister, Queen Mary. Elizabeth is said to have written with charcoal on a window-shutter of her apartment, in 1555, a brief poem lamenting her imprisonment. Her room had an arched roof formed of carved Irish oak and colored with blue and gold, and it was preserved until taken down by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. In the Civil War the palace was besieged, and after surrender, unlike most similar structures, escaped demolition. Cromwell allotted it to three persons, two of whom pulled down their portions for the sake of the stone. Charles II. appointed the Earl of Rochester gentleman of the bedchamber and comptroller of Woodstock Park, and it is said that he here scribbled upon the door of the bedchamber of the king the well-known mock epitaph:

"Here lies our sovereign lord, the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

In Queen Anne's reign Woodstock was granted to

John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, for his eminent military services. The condition of the grant, which is scrupulously performed, was that on August 2d in every year he and his heirs should present to the reigning monarch at Windsor Castle one stand of colors, with three fleurs-de-lis painted thereon. The estate was named Blenheim, after the little village on the Danube which was the scene of his greatest victory on August 2, 1704. Ten years later, the duchess Sarah took down the remains of the old palace of Woodstock, and Scott has woven its history into one of his later novels. Hardly any trace remains of old Woodstock, and the only ruin of interest is a curious chimney-shaft of the fourteenth century, which a probably inaccurate tradition says was part of the residence of the Black Prince.

Woodstock Park covers twenty-seven hundred acres, and is nearly twelve miles in circuit, abounding with fine trees and having an undulating surface, over which roam a large herd of deer and a number of kangaroos. When the manor was granted to the Duke of Marlborough, Parliament voted a sum of money to build him a palace "as a monument of his glorious actions." The park is entered through a fine Corinthian gateway, built by the duchess Sarah in memory of her husband the year after his death. A pretty stream of water, the river Glyme, with a lake, winds through a valley in front of the palace, and is crossed by a stately stone bridge with a

centre arch of one hundred feet span. Not far from this bridge was Fair Rosamond's Bower, now marked by a wall; beyond the bridge, standing on the lawn, is the Marlborough Column, a fluted Corinthian pillar one hundred and thirty-four feet high, surmounted by the hero in Roman dress and triumphal attitude. This monument to the great duke has an account of his victories inscribed on one face of the pedestal, while on the others are the acts of Parliament passed in his behalf, and an abstract of the entail of his estates and honors upon the descendants of his daughters. Parliament voted \$2,500,000 to build Blenheim Palace, to which the duke added \$300,000 from his own resources. The duke died seventeen years after the palace was begun, leaving it unfinished. We are told that the trees in the park were planted according to the position of the troops at Blenheim. The architect of the palace was John Vanbrugh, of whom the satirical epitaph was written:

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

The palace is a massive structure, a good example of his heavy, though imposing, style, with spacious portals and lofty towers, and its principal front, which faces the north, extends three hundred and forty-eight feet from wing to wing, with a portico and flight of steps in the centre. The interior is


very fine, with magnificently-painted ceilings, tapestries, statuary, and a rare collection of pictures. The tapestries represent Blenheim and other battles, and there are one hundred and twenty copies of famous masters, made by Teniers. A stately statue of Queen Anne stands in the library. There are costly collections of enamels, plaques, and miniatures; on the walls huge paintings by Sir James Thornhill, one representing the great duke, in a blue cuirass, kneeling before Britannia, clad in white and holding a lance and wreath; Hercules and Mars stand by, and emblem-bearing females and the usual paraphernalia. We are told that Thornhill was paid for these at the rate of about six dollars per square yard. The duchess Sarah also poses in the collection as Minerva, wearing a yellow classic breastplate. Many of the most valuable paintings from the Blenheim collection have, however, been sold. Among other relics kept in the palace are Oliver Cromwell's teapot, and another teapot presented by the Duc de Richelieu to Louis XIV., two bottles that belonged to Queen Anne, and some Roman and Grecian pottery. The great hall, which has the battle of Blenheim depicted on its ceiling, rises to the entire height of the building; the library is one hundred and eighty-three feet long; and in the chapel, beneath a pompous marble monument, rest the great duke and his proud duchess Sarah, and their two sons, who died in early

years. The pleasure-gardens extend over three hundred acres along the borders of the lake and river, and are very attractive. They contain the Temple of Health erected on the recovery of George III. from his illness, an aviary, a cascade elaborately constructed of large masses of rock, a fountain copied after one in Rome, and a temple of Diana. This great estate was the reward of the soldier whose glories were sung by Addison in his poem on the *Campaign*. Addison then lived in a garret up three pair of stairs over a small shop in the Haymarket, London, whither went the Chancellor of the Exchequer to get him to write the poem, and afterwards gave him a place worth \$1000 a year as a reward. The Marlboroughs since have been almost too poor to keep up this magnificent estate in its proper style, for the family of Spencer-Churchill, holding the title, unlike most of the other great English houses, has not been blessed with a princely entailed private fortune. The last Duke, however, recouped himself by marrying a wealthy New York widow, and the Duchess of Marlborough of to-day is a Vanderbilt. Not far from Woodstock is Minster Lovel, near the village of Whitney. Some fragments of the house remain, and it has its tale of interest, like all these old houses. Lord Lovel was one of the supporters of the impostor Simnel against Henry VII., and his rebellion being defeated in the decisive battle at Stoke in Nottinghamshire, Lord

Lovel escaped by unfrequented roads and arrived home at night. He was so disguised that he was only known by a single servant, on whose fidelity he could rely. Before daybreak he retired to a subterranean recess, of which this servant retained the key, and here he remained several months in safe concealment. The king confiscated the estate, however, and dispersed the household, so that the voluntary prisoner perished from hunger. During the last century, when this stately house was pulled down, the vault was discovered, with Lord Lovel seated in a chair as he had died. So completely had rubbish excluded the air that his dress, which was described as superb, and a prayer-book lying before him on a table, were entire, but soon after the admission of fresh air the body is said to have fallen into dust.

BICESTER AND EYNHAM.

A pleasant and old-fashioned town, not far away from Oxford, is Bicester, whereof one part is known as the King's End and the other as the Market End. Here is the famous Bicester Priory, founded in the twelfth century through the influence of Thomas à Becket. It was intended for a prior and eleven canons, in imitation of Christ and his eleven disciples. The priory buildings remained for some time after the dissolution of the religious houses, but they gradually disappeared, and all that now exists is a




small farm-house about forty feet long, which formed part of the boundary-wall of the priory, and is supposed to have been a lodge for the accommodation of travellers. In the garden was a well of never-failing water held in high repute by pilgrims, and which now supplies a fish-pond. The priory and its estates have passed in regular succession through females from its founder, Gilbert Basset, to the Stanleys, and is thus one of the possessions of the Earl of Derby. Bicester is an excellent specimen of an ancient English market-town, and its curious block of market-buildings, occupied by at least twenty-five tenements, stands alone and clear in the market-place. There are antique gables, one of the most youthful of which bears the date of 1698. On the top is a promenade used by the occupants in summer weather. In the neighboring village of Eynsham is said to be the stone coffin that once held Fair Rosamond's remains, but it has another occupant, one Alderman Fletcher having also been buried in it in 1826. Eynsham once had an abbey, of which still survives the shaft of a stone cross quaintly carved with the figures of saints. It is a relic probably of the thirteenth century, but nothing remains of the abbey beyond a few stones that may have belonged to it. It was near Eynsham, not very long ago, that a strange dark-green water-plant first made its appearance in the Thames, and spread so rapidly that it soon quite choked the

navigation of the river, and from there soon extended almost all over the kingdom. The meadows and the rivers became practically all alike, a green expanse, in which from an eminence it was difficult to tell where the water-courses lay. This plant was called the "American weed," the allegation being that it came over in a cargo of timber from the St. Lawrence. It caused great consternation, but just when matters looked almost hopeless it gradually withered and died, bringing the navigation welcome relief.

ABINGDON AND RADLEY.

Crossing over into Berkshire, we find, a short distance south of Oxford, on the bank of the Thames, the ruins of the once extensive and magnificent Abingdon Abbey, founded in the seventh century. It was here that Henry, the son of William the Conqueror, was educated and gained his appellation of Beauclerc. The gatehouse still remains and is at present devoted to the use of fire-engines, but there is not much else remaining of the abbey save a remarkable chimney and fireplace and some fragments of walls. We are told that the Saxons founded this abbey, and that the Danes destroyed it, while King Alfred deprived the monks of their possessions, but his grandson Ædred restored them. The abbey was then built, and became afterwards richly endowed. For six centuries it was one of the great religious houses of this part of England; and the Bene-



dictines, true to their creed, toiled every day in the fields as well as prayed in the church. They began the day with religious services; then assembled in the chapter-house, where each was allotted his task and tools, and after a brief prayer they silently marched out in double file to the fields. From Easter until October they were thus occupied from six in the morning until ten o'clock, and sometimes until noon. Thus they promoted thrift, and as their settlement extended it became the centre of a rich agricultural colony, for they often, as their lands expanded, let them out to farmers. A short distance from Abingdon is Radley, which was formerly the manor of the abbey, and contains a beautiful little church, wealthy in its stores of rich woodwork and stained glass; it stands in the middle of the woods in a charming situation, with picturesque elm trees overhanging the old Tudor building. Radley House is now a training-school for Oxford, and it has a swimming-school attached, in which have been prepared several of the most famous Oxford oarsmen, swimming being here regarded as a necessary preliminary to boating. Near by is Bagley Wood, the delicious resort of the Oxonians which Dr. Arnold loved so well. The village of Sunningwell, not far from Radley, also has a church, and before its altar is the grave of Dean Fell, once its rector, who died of grief on hearing of the execution of Charles I. From the tower of this church Friar Bacon, the

hero of the story of the brazen head, is said to have made astronomical observations: this renowned friar, Roger Bacon, has come down to us as the most learned man that Oxford ever produced. Bacon's Study was near the Folly Bridge, across the Thames on the road to Oxford, and it survived until 1779, when it was taken down. Among the many legends told of Bacon is one that he used such skill and magic in building the tower containing this study that it would have fallen on the head of any one more learned than himself who might pass under it. Hence, freshmen on their arrival at Oxford are carefully warned not to walk too near the Friar's Tower. Bacon overcame the greatest obstacles in the pursuit of knowledge; he spent all his own money and all that he could borrow in getting books and instruments, and then, renouncing the world, he became a mendicant monk of the order of St. Francis. His *Opus Majus*—to publish which he and his friends pawned their goods—was an epitome of all the knowledge of his time.

Other famous men came also from Abingdon. Edmund Rich, who did so much to raise the character of Oxford in its earlier days, was born there about the year 1200; his parents were very poor, and his father sought refuge in Eynsham Abbey. We are told that his mother was too poor to furnish young Rich "with any other outfit than his horsehair shirt, which she made him promise to wear



every Wednesday, and which probably had been the cause of his father's retirement from their humble abode." Rich went from Eynsham to Oxford, and soon became its most conspicuous scholar; then he steadily advanced until he died the Archbishop of Canterbury. Chief-Justice Holt, who reformed the legal procedure of England, was also a native of Abingdon; he admitted prisoners to some rights, protected defendants in suits, and had the irons stricken off the accused when brought into court, for in those days of the cruel rule of Judge Jeffreys the defendant was always considered guilty until adjudged innocent. Holt originated the aphorism that "slaves cannot breathe in England:" this was in the famous Somerset case, where a slave was sold and the vendor sued for his money, laying the issues at Mary-le-Bow in London, and describing the negro as "there sold and delivered." The chief-justice said that the action was not maintainable, as the status of slavery did not exist in England. If, however, the claim had been laid in Virginia, he said he would have been obliged to allow it; so that the decision was practically on technical grounds. Lord Campbell sums up Holt's merits as a judge by saying that he was not a statesman like Clarendon, nor a philosopher like Bacon, nor an orator like Mansfield, yet his name is held in equal veneration with theirs, and that some think him the most venerated judge that ever was chief-justice. There is a really good story

told of him by Lord Campbell. In his younger days Holt was travelling in Oxfordshire, and stopped at an inn where the landlady's daughter had an illness inducing fits. She appealed to him, and he promised to work a cure; which he did by writing some Greek words on a piece of parchment and telling her to let her daughter wear the charm around her neck. Partly from the fact that the malady had spent itself, and possibly also from the effect of her imagination, the girl entirely recovered. Years rolled on and he became the lord chief-justice, when one day a withered old woman was brought before the assizes for being a witch, and it was proven that she pretended to cure all manner of cattle diseases, and with a charm that she kept carefully wrapped in a bundle of rags. The woman told how the charm many years before had cured her daughter, and when it was unfolded and handed to the judge he remembered the circumstance, recognized his talisman, and ordered her release.

CAVERSHAM AND READING ABBEY.

As we continue the journey down the Thames the shores on either hand seem cultivated like gardens, with trim hedgerows dividing them, pretty villages, cottages gay with flowers and evergreens, spires rising among the trees; and the bewitching scene reminds us of Ralph Waldo Emerson's tribute to the English landscape, that "it seems to be finished with

the pencil instead of the plough." The surface of the river is broken by numerous little "aits" or islands. We pass the little old house and the venerable church embosomed in the rural beauties of Clifton-Hampden. We pass Wallingford, where Sir William Blackstone is interred in St. Peter's Church, and Goring, and come to Pangbourne and Whitechurch, where the little river Pang flows in between green hills. Each village has the virtue that Dr. Johnson extolled when he said that "the finest landscape in the world is improved by a good inn in the foreground." Then we come to Mapledurham and Purley, where Warren Hastings lived, and finally halt at Caversham, known as the port of Reading. Here the Thames widens, and here in the olden time was the little chapel with a statue of the Virgin known as the "Lady of Caversham," which was reputed to have wrought many miracles and was the shrine for troops of pilgrims. In Cromwell's day the chapel was pulled down, and the statue, which was plated over with silver, was boxed up and sent to the Lord Protector in London. They also had here many famous relics, among them the spear-head that pierced the Saviour's side, which had been brought there by a "one-winged angel." The officer who destroyed the chapel, in writing a report of the destruction to Cromwell, expressed his regret at having missed among the relics "a piece of the holy halter Judas was hanged withal." Lord Cadogan

subsequently built Caversham House for his residence. Reading, which is the county-town of Berkshire, is not far away from Caversham, and is now a thriving manufacturing city, its most interesting relic being the hall of the ancient Reading Abbey, built seven hundred years ago. It was one of the wealthiest in the kingdom, and several parliaments sat in the hall. The ruins, still carefully preserved, show its extent and fine Norman architecture.

The Thames flows on past Sonning, where the Kennet joins it, a stream "for silver eels renowned," as Pope tells us. Then the Loddon comes in from the south, and we enter the fine expanse of Henley Reach, famous for boat-racing. It is a beautiful sheet of water, though the university race is now rowed farther down the river and nearer London, at Putney. Henley is the Mecca of boating-men on the Thames, and its regattas attract many thousands of visitors. It was on a window of the Red Lion Inn at Henley that Shenstone wrote his famous lines :

" Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Our boat now drifts with the stream through one of the most beautiful portions of the famous river, past Medmenham Abbey and Cliveden to Maidenhead. Here for about ten miles is a succession of beauties

of scenery over wood and cliff and water that for tranquil loveliness cannot be surpassed anywhere. Who has not heard of the charming rocks and hanging woods of Clieveden, with the Duke of Westminster's mansion standing on their pinnacle? Clieveden is now the residence of William Waldorf Astor.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

We come to Maidenhead and Taplow, with Brunel's masterpiece of bridge-building connecting them, its elliptical brick arches being the broadest of their kind in the kingdom. Another bridge also here spans the Thames. Below this, as beauties decrease, we are compensated by scenes of greater historical interest. Near Maidenhead is Bisham Abbey, the most interesting house in Berkshire. It was originally a convent, and here lived Sir Thomas Russel, who at one time was the custodian of the princess Elizabeth. He treated her so well that she warmly welcomed him at court after becoming queen. Bisham is a favorite scene for artists to sketch. Bray Church, where officiated the famous "Vicar of Bray," Symond Symonds Aleyn, who died in 1588, is below Maidenhead. This lively and politic vicar lived in the troubled times of King Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. Having seen martyrs burnt at Windsor, but two miles off, he found the fires too hot for his tender temper, and

therefore three times changed his religion whenever events changed his sovereign. When taxed with being a religious changeling, his shrewd answer was, "Not so, for I always keep my principle, which is this—to live and to die the Vicar of Bray." The old church, nestling among the trees, is attractive, and we are told that an ancient copy of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, which was chained to the reading-desk in Queen Elizabeth's time, is still preserved here for the edification of the faithful. To the northward of the river beyond the town of High Wycombe is Hughenden Manor, which from 1847 until his death in 1881 was the home of Benjamin Disraeli, the Earl of Beaconsfield, the great premier of England, who established the modern British Imperial policy and created the queen the Kaiser I. Hind, or Empress of India. He is buried in the village church, where Queen Victoria erected a monument to his memory.

ETON COLLEGE.

Soon the famous Eton College comes into view on the northern bank of the river—an institution dear to the memory of many English schoolboys. The village consists of a long, narrow street which is extended across an iron bridge to Windsor, on the southern bank of the Thames. Henry VI. founded the "College of the Blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor" as early as 1440. The older parts of the

buildings are of red brick, with stone dressings and quaint, highly ornamental chimneys, and they are clustered around two quadrangles. Here are the Lower and Upper Schools and the Long Chamber. Over fifty years ago fine new buildings were erected in similar style to the old buildings, which provide a beautiful chapel, schools, library, and extensive dormitories. Adjoining them to the north-east are the Playing Fields on the broad green meadows along the river's edge, with noble elms shading them. In the Upper School of the ancient structure high wooden panelling covers the lower part of the walls, deeply scarred with the names of generations of Eton boys crowded closely together. In earlier times all used to cut their names in the wood, but now this sculpturing is only permitted to those who attain a certain position, and leave without dishonor. Thus the panelling has become a great memorial tablet, and above it, upon brackets, are busts of some of the more eminent Etonians, including the Duke of Wellington, Pitt, Fox, Hallam, Fielding, and Gray. In the library are kept those instruments of chastisement which are always considered a part of schoolboy training, though a cupboard hides them from view—all but the block whereon the victim kneels preliminary to punishment. More than once have the uproarious boys made successful raids and destroyed this block or carried it off as a trophy. But vigorous switching was more a habit at Eton in

former days than it is now. Of Head-master Keate, who was a famous flogger a half century ago, and who would frequently practise on a score of boys at one *séance*, the scholars made a calculation to prove that he spent twice as much time in chastisement as in church, and it is recorded that he once flogged an entire division of eighty boys without an intermission. On another occasion he flogged, by mistake, a party who had been sent him for confirmation. Tall stories are also told of Eton flogging and "rug-riding"—the latter being a process whereby a heavy boy was dragged on a rug over the floors to polish them. Down to 1840 the Eton dinners consisted entirely of mutton, with cold mutton served up for supper, but this regulation diet is now varied with an occasional service of beef and other courses. Games are no inconsiderable part of the English schoolboy's education, and the Duke of Wellington said that in the "Playing Fields" of Eton the battle of Waterloo was won. These fields, "where all unconscious of their doom the little victims play," contain one of the finest cricket-grounds in England. The boys divide themselves into "dry bobs" and "wet bobs," the former devoted to cricket and the latter to boating. The procession of the boats is the great feature of June 4th, the "Speech Day." Of late years the Eton volunteer corps has attained great proficiency, being a battalion of over three hundred of the larger boys. This famous college is one of

the preparatory schools for the universities. It is a world in miniature, where the boy finds his own level, and is taught lessons of endurance, patience, self-control, and independence which stand him in good service throughout after-life.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Across the Thames, on the southern bank, the antique and noble towers of Windsor Castle now rise high above the horizon. This is the sovereign's rural court, and is probably the best known by the world of all the English castles. The name is given various derivations: some ascribe it to the river's winding course; others to "Wind us over," in allusion to a rope-ferry there in ancient times; others to "Wind is sore," as the castle stands high and open to the weather. From the Saxon days Windsor has been a fortress, but the present castle owes its beginning to Edward III., who was born at Windsor and built its earliest parts, commencing with the great Round Tower in 1315. The ransoms of two captive kings, John of France and David of Scotland, paid for the two higher wards. It was at Windsor that King Edward instituted the Order of the Garter, which is the highest British order of knighthood. Being impressed with the charms of Alice, Countess of Salisbury, but she resisting his advances, out of the gallantries of their coquetry came the circumstance of the king's picking up her

garter dropped at a ball and presenting it to her. Some of the nobles smiled at this, which the king noticing, said, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" ("Evil be to him who evil thinks"), adding that shortly they would see that garter advanced to such high renown as to be happy to wear it. Froissart, in giving the legend telling of this institution of the Garter, says that it rose out of the chivalrous self-denial that leads virtue to subdue passion. Henry VI. was born at Windsor; Edward IV. added St. George's Chapel to the castle; Henry VII. built the Tomb House, and Henry VIII. the gateway to the Lower Ward; Queen Elizabeth added the gallery of the north terrace; and in Charles II.'s reign the fortress, which it had been until that time, was converted into a sort of French palace. Thus it remained until George IV., in 1824, planned a thorough restoration, which was completed in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign at a cost of \$4,500,000. The great gateways are known as Henry VIII.'s, St. George's, and King George IV.'s, while within is the Norman or Queen Elizabeth's Gate. The Round Tower or Keep was built for the assemblage of a fraternity of knights which King Edward intended to model after King Arthur's "Knights of the Round Table," but the project was abandoned after the institution of the Order of the Garter.

The Round Tower stands upon an artificial

mound, and what was formerly its surrounding ditch is now a sunken garden. From its commanding battlements twelve counties can be seen, and the Prince of Wales is constable of this tower, as indeed of the whole castle. This fine old keep was the castle-prison from the time of Edward III. to that of Charles II. The poet-king, James I. of Scotland, captured when ten years old by Henry IV., was the first prisoner of note. Here he fell in love with Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and he tells in a quaint poem the romance which ended in her becoming his queen. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, brought to the block by Henry VIII., was also confined there, and he too lamented his captivity in poetry. From the top of the keep the dome of St. Paul's in London can be seen. The castle was mercilessly plundered in the Civil Wars, till Cromwell interfered for its protection. In its present condition the castle has three grand divisions in the palatial parts—the state apartments, looking north; the queen's private apartments, looking east; and the visitors' apartments, looking south. The south and east sides of the quadrangle contain over three hundred and seventy rooms. Southward of the castle is the Windsor Great Park, to which the "Long Walk," said to be the finest avenue of the kind in Europe, runs in a straight line for three miles from the principal entrance of the castle to the top of a commanding eminence in the park called

Snow Hill. Double rows of stately elms border the "Long Walk" on either hand, and it terminates at the fine bronze equestrian statue of George III., standing on the highest part of Snow Hill.

St. George's Chapel, a beautiful structure of the Perpendicular Gothic, was begun four hundred years ago, and contains the tomb of Edward IV., who built it. In 1789, more than three hundred years after his interment, the leaden coffin of the king was found in laying a new pavement. The skeleton is said to have been seven feet long, and Horace Walpole got a lock of the king's hair. Here also lie Henry VI., Henry VIII., and Charles I. The latter's coffin was opened in 1813, and the king's remains were found in fair preservation. The close companionship of Henry VIII. and Charles in death is thus described by Byron:

"Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies."

The tradition of "Herne the Hunter," which Shakespeare gives in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is said to be founded on the fact that Herne, a keeper of Windsor Forest, having committed some offence, hanged himself upon an oak tree. His ghost afterwards was to be seen, with horns on its head, walking around about this oak in the neighborhood of the castle. Near by on the Thames is that cosy inn, the Bells of Ouseley.

SOME RIVER-SCENES.

Just below Windsor is the village of Datchet, which was the scene of Sir John Falstaff's experiences with the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and now its inns are a favorite resort of anglers. Not far beyond the Thames passes between Runnymede, the "Meadow of Council," where the barons encamped, in 1215, and Magna Charta Island, where King John signed the great charter of English liberty. The river sweeps in a tranquil bend around the wooded isle, where a pretty little cottage has been built which is said to contain the very stone whereon the charter was signed. On the southern shore is the broad Runnymede meadow, with a background of hills enclosing the view. The river Coln now falls into the Thames, and "London Stone" marks the entrance to Middlesex and the domain of the metropolis. We pass Staines and near it Laleham, where Dr. Thomas Arnold lived before he became the head-master of Rugby, and where Matthew Arnold was born in 1822, and, dying in 1888, is buried. Then we come to Chertsey, where the poet Cowley lived, in a house still standing, which has an inscription recording his death there in 1667, and then on the right hand the river Wey comes in at Weybridge. Many villages are passed, and at a bend in the Thames is the place where Cæsar with his legions forded the river at Cowey

Stakes, defeated Cassivelaunus, and conquered Britain. In his *Commentaries* Julius Cæsar writes that he led his army to the Thames, which could be crossed on foot at one place only, and there with difficulty. On arriving, he perceived great forces of the enemy drawn up on the opposite bank, which was fortified by sharp stakes set along the margin, a similar stockade being fixed in the bed of the river and covered by the stream. These facts being ascertained from prisoners and deserters, Cæsar sent the cavalry in front and ordered the legions to follow immediately. The soldiers advanced with such impetuosity, although up to their necks in the water, that the Britons could not withstand the onset and fled. A couple of miles below, at Hampton, Garrick lived in a mansion fronted by a rotunda with a Grecian portico, dying in 1779. We pass Hampton Court and Bushey Park, which revive memories of Wolsey, Cromwell, and William III., and then on the opposite bank see the two charming Dittons—"Thames" and "Long" Ditton—of which Theodore Hook has written :

"When sultry suns and dusty streets proclaim town's 'winter season,'

And rural scenes and cool retreats sound something like high treason,

I steal away to shades serene which yet no bard has hit on,

And change the bustling, heartless scene for quietude and Ditton.

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“Here, in a placid waking dream, I’m free from worldly troubles,
Calm as the rippling silver stream that in the sunshine bubbles;
And when sweet Eden’s blissful bowers some abler bard has
writ on,
Despairing to transcend *his* powers, I’ll *ditto* say for Ditton.”

Then we pass Kingston, where several Saxon kings were crowned, and the coronation-stone, marked with their names, it is said, still remains in the market-place. Teddington Lock is the last upon the Thames, and a mile below is Eel-Pie Island, lying off Twickenham, renowned for the romance that surrounds its ancient ferry. Near here lived the eccentric Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, while in Twickenham Church is the monument to the poet Pope, which states in its inscription that he would not be buried in Westminster Abbey. Pope’s villa no longer exists, and only a relic of his famous grotto remains. The widening Thames, properly named the Broadwater, now sweeps on to Richmond, and if that far-famed hill is climbed, it discloses one of the finest river-views in the world.

LONDON.

Here ends the romantic portion of the Thames. The beauty of Nature is no longer present, being overtopped by the stir and roar of the great Babel, for the metropolis has reached out and swallowed up the suburban villages, although some of the picturesque scenes remain. Many bridges span the river,

which on either hand gradually transforms its garden-bordered banks into the city buildings, and the Thames itself bears on its bosom the valuable commerce that has chiefly made the great capital. When King James I. threatened recalcitrant London with the removal of his court to Oxford, the lord mayor sturdily yet sarcastically replied, "May it please Your Majesty, of your grace, not to take away the Thames too?" This river, so beautiful in its upper loveliness, stands alone in the far-reaching influence of the commerce that its lower waters bear. It has borne us from the Cotswolds to London; while to describe properly the great city would take volumes in itself. Without attempting such a task, we will only give a brief summary of some of the more striking objects of interest that the great British metropolis presents.

The origin of the vast city is obscure. It was a British settlement before the Romans came to England, and its name of Llyn Dyn, the "City of the Lake," was transformed by the conquerors into Londinium. When Cæsar crossed the Thames he thought the settlement of too little importance for mention, and it does not seem to have been occupied as a Roman station until a century afterwards, and was not walled round until A. D. 306. The old wall was about three miles in circumference, beginning near the present site of the Tower, and some slight traces of it remain. The "London Stone" on

Cannon Street was the central stone or *milliarium* from which distances were measured and the great Roman highways started. A worn fragment of this stone, protected by iron bars, now stands against the wall of St. Swithin's Church. When Jake Cade entered London, Shakespeare tells us, he struck his sword on this stone and exclaimed, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city." Wren caused it to be encased, for protection, with a new stone hollowed for the purpose; it now stands very near its original position. London in the sixth century became the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Essex, and in the ninth century the Danes destroyed it. King Alfred a few years afterwards rebuilt London, but it stood barely seven years when it was burned. Finally, it was again rebuilt, and again captured by the Danes, Canute setting himself up as king there. Some relics of these Danes remain. St. Olaf was their saint, and Tooley Street is but a corruption of his name. They had a church and burial-place where now St. Clement-Danes stands awry on the Strand—a church that is of interest not only on its own account, but for the venerable antiquity it represents. The Saxons drove out the Danes, and the Normans in turn conquered the Saxons, the Tower of London coming down to us as a relic of William the Conqueror, who granted the city the charter which is still extant. Henry I. gave it a new charter, which is said to have been the model

for *Magna Charta*. In the twelfth century London attained the dignity of having a lord mayor. It sided with the House of York in the Wars of the Roses, and in Elizabeth's reign had about one hundred and fifty thousand population, being then about two miles south of Westminster, with fields between, and having the Tower standing apart from the city farther down the Thames. The plague devastated it in 1665, carrying off sixty thousand persons, and next year the Great Fire occurred, which destroyed five-sixths of the city within the walls, and burned during four days. This fire began at Pudding Lane, Monument Yard, and ended at Pic Corner, Giltspur Street. To commemorate the calamity the Monument was erected on Fish Street Hill, on the site of St. Margaret's Church, which was destroyed. It is a fluted Doric column of Portland stone, erected by Wren at a cost of \$70,000, and is two hundred and two feet high. The inscriptions on the pedestal record the destruction and restoration of the city; and down to the year 1831 there was also an inscription untruthfully attributing the fire to "the treachery and malice of the popish faction;" this has been effaced, and to it Pope's couplet alluded:

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

A vase of flames forty-two feet high, made of gilt bronze, crowns the apex, up to which leads a wind-

ing staircase of three hundred and forty-five steps. The structure has often been compared to a lighted candle, and the balcony at the top, having been selected as a favorite place for suicides to jump from, is now encased with iron-work to prevent this.

London was rebuilt in four years after the Great Fire, and the first stone of the new St. Paul's was laid in 1675, when the city had, with the outlying parishes, a half million population. Its growth was slow until after the American Revolution, and it began the present century with about eight hundred thousand people. The past hundred years have witnessed giant strides, and it has made astonishing progress in the elegance of its parks and new streets and the growth of adornments and improvements of all kinds. London has become, in fact, a world within itself, and has practically doubled in size within the last half-century, embracing portions of four counties—Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Surrey—covering about one hundred and twenty-two square miles, and being about fifteen miles long from east to west, and nine miles wide from north to south. The population in 1891 was 4,211,056 by the British census of that year. The area included in the "Metropolitan Police District," a radius of fifteen miles around Charing Cross, is six hundred and ninety square miles, partly rural, and its population (5,633,332 in 1891) is now in excess of six millions. The larger portion of London is on the northern side of the Thames.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Among a multitude of famous objects in London, three stand out boldly prominent—St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower. St. Paul's, the cathedral church of the bishops of London, is the finest building in the Italian style in Great Britain; but, unfortunately, in consequence of the nearness of the surrounding houses, no complete general view is attainable. The first church was built there by King Ethelbert in 610; it was destroyed by fire in the eleventh century, and then old St. Paul's was built, suffering repeatedly from fire and lightning, and being finally destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. It was a large church, with a spire rising five hundred and twenty feet. The money-lenders and small dealers plied their vocations in its middle aisle, known as Paul's Walk, while tradespeople took possession of the vaults and cloisters, a baker made a hole in a buttress for his bakeoven, and several buildings were planted against the outer walls, one being used as a theatre. The ruins were not disturbed for eight years after the fire, when Wren began rebuilding, the cathedral being finished in thirty-five years, in 1710. The architect, bishop, and master-mason who laid the corner-stone were all living at the completion—a singular circumstance. Wren got \$1000 a year salary, and for this, said the Duchess of Marlborough, he was content to

be dragged up to the top in a basket three or four times a week. The building cost \$3,740,000, chiefly raised by subscription. It is the fifth of the churches of Christendom in size, being excelled by St. Peter's at Rome, and the cathedrals at Florence, Amiens, and Milan. In ground plan it is a Latin cross five hundred feet long, with a transept of two hundred and fifty feet in length; the nave and choir are one hundred and twenty-five feet wide and the sides one hundred feet high. The majestic dome, which is the glory of the cathedral, rises three hundred and sixty-five feet, and the surmounting lantern carries a gilded copper ball and cross. The grand front towards the west, facing Ludgate Hill, is approached by a double flight of steps from an area which contains a statue of Queen Anne. The portico is in two divisions, with Corinthian columns supporting the pediment, which bears a *bas-relief* of the conversion of St. Paul, and has a statue of St. Paul at the apex, with statues of St. Peter at the sides. Bell-towers rise from each side of the portico to a height of two hundred and twenty feet, surmounted by domes. The large bell, "Great Paul," is the heaviest in England, weighing nearly seventeen tons. Within the cathedral the cupola has a diameter of one hundred and eight feet, and rises two hundred and twenty-eight feet above the pavement; around it runs the famous Whispering Gallery. Beneath the centre of the pavement lie the remains of Lord

Nelson and the Duke of Wellington in the crypt, for St. Paul's has been made the mausoleum of British heroes on sea and land. Here, among others, are monuments to Napier, Ponsonby, Cornwallis, Nelson, Howe, Collingwood, Pakenham, Sir John Moore, Abercrombie, Rodney, St. Vincent, and also a noble porphyry mausoleum for the Duke of Wellington, the finest monument in the cathedral. Some of the heroes of peace also have monuments in St. Paul's, among them Dr. Johnson, Howard the philanthropist, Sir Astley Cooper the surgeon, Bishop Middleton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Rennie the engineer, and also Wren. The memory of the great architect is marked by a marble slab, with the inscription, "Reader, do you ask his monument? Look around."

The outside elevation of the cathedral is of two orders of architecture—the lower, Corinthian, having windows with semicircular headings, while the upper, Composite, has niches corresponding to the windows below. The entablature of each story is supported by coupled pilasters, while the north and south walls are surmounted by balustrades. Each arm of the transept is entered by an external semicircular portico, reached by a lofty staircase. Above the dome is the Golden Gallery, whence there is a grand view around London, if the atmosphere permits, which it seldom does. Above the lantern is the ball, weighing fifty-six hundred pounds; above this

the cross, weighing thirty-three hundred and sixty pounds.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This is the most renowned church in England, for in it her sovereigns have been crowned, and many of them buried, from the days of Harold to Victoria, and it contains the graves of her greatest men in statesmanship, literature, science, and art. The abbey is the collegiate church of St. Peter's, Westminster, and stands not far away from the Thames, near Westminster Hall and the Parliament Houses. Twelve hundred years ago its site was an island in the Thames known as Thorney Island, and a church was commenced there by Sebert, king of Essex, but was not completed until three centuries afterwards, in the reign of King Edgar, when it was named the "minster west of St. Paul's," or Westminster. The Danes destroyed it, and Edward the Confessor rebuilt it in the eleventh century. Portions of this church remain, but the present abbey was begun by Henry III. nearly seven hundred years ago, and it was not completed until Edward III.'s time. Henry VII. removed the Lady Chapel, and built the rich chapel at the east end which is named after him. Wren ultimately made radical changes in it, and in 1740, after many changes, including the building of the towers, the abbey finally assumed its present form and appearance. It has had a great history, the coronations alone that it has witnessed being

marked events. They usually were followed by banquets in Westminster Hall, but over \$1,300,000 having been wasted on the display and banquet for George IV., the banquets were discontinued afterwards. At Queen Victoria's coronation the crown was imposed in front of the altar before St. Edward's Chapel, the entire nave, choir, and transepts being filled with spectators, the queen afterwards sitting upon a chair which, with the raised platform bearing it, was covered with a cloth of gold. Here she received the homage of her officers and the nobility. The ancient coronation-chair, which is probably the greatest curiosity in the abbey, is a most unpretentious and uncomfortable-looking old high-backed chair with a hard wooden seat. Every sovereign of England has been crowned in it since Edward I. There is a similar chair alongside it, the duplicate having been made for the coronation of William and Mary, when two chairs were necessary, as both king and queen were crowned and vested with equal authority. Underneath the seat of the coronation-chair is fastened the celebrated Stone of Scone, a dark-looking, old, rough, and worn-edged rock about two feet square and six inches thick. All sorts of legends are told of it, and it is said to have been a piece of Jacob's Pillar. Edward I. brought it from Scotland, where many generations had done it reverence, and the old chair was made to contain it in 1297. These priceless accessories of the coronation

ceremony, which will some day do service for the Prince of Wales, are kept alongside the tomb of Edward the Confessor, which for centuries has been the shrine of pilgrims, and they are surrounded by the graves of scores of England's kings and queens and princes.

The abbey's ground-plan has the form of a Latin cross, which is apsidal, having radiating chapels. Henry VII.'s Chapel prolongs the building eastward from the transept almost as much as the nave extends westward. Cloisters adjoin the nave, and the western towers, designed by Wren, rise two hundred and twenty-five feet, with a grand window beneath them. The church is five hundred and thirty feet long. The nave is one hundred and sixty-six feet long and one hundred and two feet high; the choir, one hundred and fifty-five feet long; the transept, two hundred and three feet long, and on the south arm one hundred and sixty-five feet high. A great rose-window, thirty feet in diameter, is in the north end of the transept, with a fine portico, beneath which is the beautiful gateway of the abbey. In the interior the height of the roof is remarkable, and also the vast number of monuments, there being hundreds of them. Magnificent woodwork in carving and tracery adorns the choir, and its mosaic pavement comes down to us from the thirteenth century, the stones and workmen to construct it having been brought from Rome. The fine

stained-glass windows are chiefly modern. But the grand contemplation in Westminster Abbey is the graves of the famous dead that have been gathering there for nearly eight centuries. No temple in the world can present anything like it. Wordsworth has written :

———“Be mine in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought to find a refuge here,
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam,
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts if it cross the threshold—where the wreath
Of awestruck wisdom droops.”

Of the nine chapels surrounding the east end of the abbey, the most interesting are those of Edward the Confessor, beyond the altar, and of Henry VII., at the extreme eastern end. The shrine of King Edward above referred to occupies the centre of his chapel, and was formerly richly inlaid with mosaics and precious stones, which, however, have been carried off. Henry VII.'s Chapel is a fine specimen of the architecture of his time, and the monuments of Queens Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland are in the north and south aisles. In the south transept is the Poets' Corner, with monuments to all the great poets, and here, as well as in nave and choir and the north transept, are monuments of hundreds of illustrious Englishmen. In making these burials there is a sort of method observed. Chaucer's interment in the Poets' Corner in 1400 led the south transept

to be devoted to literary men. The north transept is devoted to statesmen, the first distinguished burial there being the elder Pitt in 1778. The organ is on the north side of the nave, and here the eminent musicians repose. In the side chapels the chief nobles are buried, and in the chancel and its adjoining chapels the sovereigns. Isaac Newton in 1727 was the first scientist buried in the nave, and that part has since been devoted to scientific men and philanthropists. Probably the finest tomb in the abbey is that of the elder Pitt, which bears the inscription, "Erected by the King and Parliament as a testimony to the virtues and ability of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, during whose administration, in the reigns of George II. and George III., Divine Providence exalted Great Britain to a height of prosperity and glory unknown to any former age." One of the finest of the stained-glass windows in the nave is the double memorial window in memory of the poets Herbert and Cowper, erected by an American, George W. Childs. George III. and the British sovereigns since his reign have their tombs at Windsor, preferring that noble castle for their last resting-place.

Upon the north side of the abbey is St. Margaret's, the special church of the House of Commons. Its east window contains the celebrated stained-glass representation of the Crucifixion, painted in Holland, which General Monk buried to keep the Puritans

from destroying it. Sir Walter Raleigh is entombed here, and an American subscription has placed a stained-glass window in the church to his memory, inscribed with these lines by James Russell Lowell:

"The New World's sons, from England's breasts we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came,
Proud of her past, wherefrom our present grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name."

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

On the northern bank of the Thames, standing in a somewhat elevated position a short distance east of the ancient city-walls, is the collection of buildings known as the Tower. The enclosure covers about twelve acres, encircled by a moat now drained, and a battlemented wall from which towers rise at intervals. Within is another line of walls with towers, called the Inner Ballium, having various buildings interspersed. In the enclosed space, rising high above all its surroundings, is the great square White Tower, which was the keep of the old fortress. Tradition assigns a very early date to this stronghold, but the written records do not go back earlier than William the Conqueror, who built the White Tower about 1078. It was enlarged and strengthened by subsequent kings, and Stephen kept his court there in the twelfth century. The moat was made about 1190. Edward II.'s daughter was born there, and was known as Joan of the Tower. Edward III. im-

prisoned Kings David of Scotland and John of France there. Richard II. in Wat Tyler's rebellion took refuge in the Tower with his court and nobles, numbering six hundred persons, and in 1399 was imprisoned there and deposed. Edward IV. kept a splendid court in the Tower, and Henry VI., after being twice a prisoner there, died in the Tower in 1471. There also was the Duke of Clarence drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, and the two youthful princes, Edward V. and his brother, were murdered at the instance of Richard III. Henry VII. made the Tower often his residence. Henry VIII. received there in state all his wives before their marriages, and two of them, Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard, were beheaded there. Here the Protector Somerset, and afterwards Lady Jane Grey, were beheaded. The princess Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower, and James I. was the last English sovereign who lived there. The palace, having become ruinous, was ultimately taken down. The Tower during the eight hundred years it has existed has contained a legion of famous prisoners, and within its precincts Chaucer, who held an office there in Richard II.'s reign, composed his poem *The Testament of Love*, and Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his *History of the World*.

The "Yeomen of the Guard," a corps of forty-eight warders, who are meritorious soldiers, dressed in the uniform of Henry VIII.'s reign on state occa-

sions, and at other times wearing black velvet hats and dark-blue tunics, have charge of the exhibition of the Tower. The entrance is in a small building on the western side, where years ago some lions were kept, though they have since been all sent to the London Zoological Garden. From this originated the phrase "going to see the lions." At the centre of the river-front is the "Traitor's Gate," through which persons charged with high treason were formerly taken into the Tower. It is a square building erected over the moat, and now contains a steam pumping-engine. Opposite it is the Bloody Tower, where the young princes were smothered and where Raleigh was confined. Adjoining is the Wakefield Tower, with walls thirteen feet thick. Passing through the Bloody Tower gateway to the interior enclosure, a large number of curious guns are seen, and the Horse Armory at the base of the White Tower is filled with specimens of ancient armor artistically arranged. In this collection the systems of armor can be traced from the time of Edward I. to that of James II., and there are suits that were worn by several famous kings and warriors. Above, in Queen Elizabeth's Armory, is more armor, and also trophies of Waterloo and other battles, and a collection of every kind of weapon in the Tower. There are also specimens of instruments of torture and many other curiosities on exhibition.

The White Tower, which has walls fourteen feet thick in some parts, covers a space one hundred and sixteen by ninety-six feet, and is ninety-two feet high, with turrets at the angles. Each floor is divided into three rooms, with stone partitions seven feet thick. On the second floor is St. John's Chapel, and on the third the council-chamber of the early kings, with a dark, massive timber roof; in this chamber Richard II. resigned his crown; it is now filled with a vast collection of arms. The Salt Tower, which is at an angle of the enclosure, was formerly a prison. The crown jewels are kept in the Wakefield Tower; they are in a glass case, protected by an iron cage. Queen Victoria's state crown, made in 1838, after her coronation, is the chief. It consists of diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds set in silver and gold, and has a crimson velvet cap with carmine border, lined with white silk. It contains the famous ruby given to Edward the Black Prince by the King of Castile, and which is surrounded by diamonds forming a Maltese cross. The jewels in this crown are one large ruby, one large sapphire, sixteen other sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, one thousand three hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds, one thousand two hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds, one hundred and forty-seven table diamonds, and two hundred and seventy-seven pearls. Among the other crowns is St. Edward's crown, of

gold embellished with diamonds, used at all coronations, when it is placed upon the sovereign's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This crown was stolen from the Tower by Blood in 1761. There are also the Prince of Wales' crown, the queen's crown, the queen's diadem, St. Edward's Staff, four feet seven inches long, made of beaten gold and surmounted by an orb said to contain part of the true cross, and carried before the sovereign at coronation; the royal sceptre (surmounted by a cross), which the archbishop places in the sovereign's right hand at coronation; the rod of equity (surmounted by a dove), which he places in the left hand; several other sceptres; the pointless sword of Mercy, the swords of Justice, and the sacred vessels used at coronation. Here is also the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, the "Mountain of Light," which was taken at Lahore in India. The ancient Martin or Jewel Tower, where Anne Boleyn was imprisoned, is near by; the barracks are on the north side of the Tower, and behind them are the Brick and Bowyer Towers, in the former of which Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned, and in the latter the Duke of Clarence was drowned; but only the basements of the old towers remain. The Tower Chapel, or church of St. Peter's, was used for the cemetery of the distinguished prisoners who were beheaded there, and in its little graveyard lie scores of headless corpses, as well as the remains of several constables of the

Tower. In front of it was the place of execution, marked by an oval of dark stones. The Beauchamp Tower stands at the middle of the west side of the fortress, built in the thirteenth century and used as a prison; there are numerous inscriptions and devices on the walls made by the prisoners. Here Lady Jane Grey's husband carved in antique letters "Iane." In the Bell Tower, at the south-western angle, the princess Elizabeth was confined, and in the present century it was the prison of Sir Francis Burdett, committed for commenting in print on the proceedings of the House of Commons. The Tower Subway is a tunnel constructed under the Thames from Tower Hill to Tooley Street for passenger traffic, while the huge Tower Bridge, opened in 1894 is just below the Tower, the ponderous structure rising to let the shipping pass beneath, and at other times making a substantial roadway across the river. The Duke of Wellington was constable of the Tower at one time, and its barracks have been sometimes occupied by as many as eight thousand troops. This ancient fortress always has a profound interest for visitors, and no part of it more than the Water-Gate, leading from the Thames, the noted "Traitor's Gate," through which have gone so many victims of despotism and tyranny—heroes who have passed

" On through that gate, through which before
Went Sydney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

THE LOLLARDS AND LAMBETH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Church of England, who crowns the sovereigns, has his palace at Lambeth, on the south side of the Thames, opposite Westminster, and its most noted portion is the Lollards' Tower. The Lollards, named from their low tone of singing at interments, were a numerous sect exerting great influence in the fourteenth century. The Church persecuted them, and many suffered death, and their prison was the Lollards' Tower, built in 1434, adjoining the archiepiscopal palace. This prison is reached by a narrow stairway, and at the entrance is a small doorway barely sufficient for one person to pass at a time. The palace itself was built in the days of the Tudors, and the gatehouse of red brick in 1499. The chapel is Early English, its oldest portion having been built in the thirteenth century. All the Archbishops of Canterbury since that time have been consecrated there. There are a great hall and library, and the history of this famous religious palace is most interesting. At the red brick gatehouse the dole is distributed by the archbishop, as from time immemorial, to indigent parishioners. Thirty poor widows on three days of the week each get a loaf, meat, and two and a half pence, while soup is also given them and to other poor persons. The Archbishop of Canterbury is

the "Primate of all England," and he receives a salary of \$75,000 annually.

Bow Church, or St. Mary-le-Bow, on Cheapside, is one of the best known churches of London. It is surmounted by one of the most admired of Wren's spires, which is two hundred and twenty-five feet high. There is a dragon upon the spire nearly nine feet long. It is the sure criterion of a London Cockney to have been born within sound of "Bow Bells." A church stood here in very early times, said to have been built upon arches, from which is derived the name of the Ecclesiastical Court of Arches, the supreme court of the province of Canterbury, a tribunal first held in Bow Church. Another of Wren's noted churches is St. Bride's, on Fleet Street (which gets its name from the old Fleet Bank), remarkable for its beautiful steeple, originally two hundred and thirty-four feet high. It has been much damaged by lightning. The east window of St. Bride's is a copy on stained glass of Rubens' painting of "The Descent from the Cross." This church contains several famous tombs.

WHITEHALL.

We will now take a brief view of Westminster, the region of palaces, and first of all pause at the most ancient and famous of them, Whitehall, of which only the admirable Palladian Banqueting House remains. This was originally the residence

of the Archbishops of York, and here lived Cardinal Wolsey in great splendor until his downfall, when Henry VIII. took Whitehall for his palace and made large additions to the buildings, entering it as a residence with his queen, Anne Boleyn. The sovereigns of England lived in Whitehall for nearly two centuries, and in Charles I.'s reign it contained the finest picture-gallery in the kingdom. This unhappy king was beheaded in front of the Banqueting House, being led to the scaffold out of one of the windows. James II. left Whitehall when he abandoned the kingdom, and accidental fires in the closing years of the seventeenth century consumed the greater part of the buildings. The Banqueting House, which is one hundred and eleven feet long and a fine structure of Portland stone, is all that remains, and it now contains the United Service Museum, which is open to the public. Rubens' paintings commemorating King James I. are still on the ceiling.

In the district of Whitehall are also the army headquarters and office of the commander-in-chief—now known popularly as the "Horse Guards," because in front of it two mounted horsemen stand on duty all day in horse-boxes on either side of the entrance. The clock surmounting the building in its central tower is said to be the standard timekeeper of London for the West End. A carriage-way leads through the centre of the building to St. James

Park, a route which only the royal family are permitted to use. Not far away are the other government offices—the Admiralty building and also “Downing Street,” where resides the premier and where the secretaries of state have their offices and the Cabinet meets. Here are the Treasury Building and the Foreign Office, and from this spot England may be said to be ruled. In this neighborhood also is Scotland Yard, the head-quarters of the London detective system. It obtained its name from being the residence of the Scottish kings when they visited London.

ST. JAMES PALACE.

When the palace in Whitehall was destroyed the sovereigns made their residence chiefly at St. James Palace, which stands on the north side of St. James Park. This building is more remarkable for its historical associations than for its architecture. It was originally a leper's hospital, but Henry VIII., obtaining possession of it, pulled down the old buildings and laid out an extensive park, using it as a semi-rural residence called the Manor House. Its gatehouse and turrets were built for him from plans by Holbein. Queen Mary died in it, and in its chapel Charles I. attended service on the morning of his execution, and we are told that he walked from the palace through the park, guarded by a regiment of troops, to Whitehall to be beheaded. Here lived General Monk when he planned the

Restoration, and William III. first received the allegiance of the English nobles here in 1688, but this palace was not used regularly for state ceremonies until Whitehall was burned. From this official use of St. James Palace comes the title of "The Court of St. James." Queen Anne, the four Georges, and William III. resided in the palace, and in its Chapel Queen Victoria was married, but she holds only court drawing-rooms and levees there, using Buckingham Palace for her residence. Passing through the gateway into the quadrangle, the visitor enters the Color Court, so called from the colors of the household regiment on duty being placed there. The state-apartments are on the south front. The great sight of St. James is a queen's drawing-room in the height of the season, when presentations are made at court. On such occasions the "Yeomen of the Guard," a body instituted by Henry VII., line the chamber, and the "Gentlemen-at-Arms," instituted by Henry VIII., are also on duty, wearing a uniform of scarlet and gold and carrying small battle-axes covered with crimson velvet. Each body has a captain, who is a nobleman, these offices being highly prized and usually changed with the ministry.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

We have been to the queen's country-home at Windsor, and will now visit her town-house, Buck-

ingham Palace, which is also in St. James Park. Here stood a plain brick mansion, built in 1703 by the Duke of Buckingham, and in which was gathered the famous library of George III., which is now in the British museum. The house was described as "dull, dowdy, and decent," but in 1825 it was greatly enlarged and improved, and Queen Victoria took possession of the new palace in 1837, and has lived there ever since. Her increasing family necessitated the construction of a large addition in 1846, and a few years afterwards the Marble Arch, which till then formed the entrance, was moved from Buckingham Palace to Hyde Park, and a fine ball-room constructed in its place. This palace contains a gorgeously-decorated throne-room and a fine picture-gallery, the grand staircase leading up to the state-apartments being of marble. The gardens of Buckingham Palace cover about forty acres: in them are a pavilion and an attractive chapel, the latter having been formerly a conservatory. At the rear of the palace, concealed from view by a high mound, are the queen's stables or "mews," so called because the royal stables were formerly built in a place used for keeping falcons. In these stables is the gaudily-decorated state coach, built in 1762 at a cost of \$38,000. Marlborough House, the town-residence of the Prince of Wales, adjoins St. James Palace, but is not very attractive. It was originally built for the first Duke of Marl-

borough, who died in it, and is said to have been designed by Wren, having afterwards been enlarged when it became a royal residence.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

Standing on the west side of the Kensington Gardens is the plain, irregular red brick structure known as Kensington Palace, which was originally Lord Chancellor Finch's house. William III. bought it from his grandson, and greatly enlarged it. Here died William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George II., and here Victoria was born. Perhaps the most interesting event that Kensington Palace has witnessed was the notification to the princess Victoria of the death of William IV. He died on the night of June 19, 1837, and at two o'clock the next morning the Archbishop of Canterbury and the lord chamberlain set out to announce the event to the young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace about five o'clock, early, but in broad daylight, for the sun had long risen, and they knocked and rang and made a commotion for a considerable time before they could arouse the porter at the gate. Being admitted, they were kept waiting in the courtyard, and then, seeming to be forgotten by everybody, they turned into a lower room and again rang and pounded. Servants appearing, they desired that an attendant might be sent to inform the princess that they requested a speedy audience on business of

supreme importance. Then there was more delay, and another ringing to learn the cause, which ultimately brought the attendant, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Thoroughly vexed, they said, "We are come to the queen on business of state, and even her sleep must give way to that." This produced a speedy result, for, to prove that it was not she who kept them waiting, Victoria in a few minutes came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, with her hair falling upon her shoulders and her feet in slippers, shedding tears, but perfectly collected. She was told of the king's death, and immediately summoned her council to assemble at Kensington Palace, but most of the summonses were not received by those to whom they were sent till after the early hour fixed for the meeting. She sat at the head of the table, when the council met, and, as a lady who was then at court writes, "she received first the homage of the Duke of Cumberland, who was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the queen with admirable grace stood up, and, preventing him from kneeling, kissed him on the forehead. The crowd was so great, the arrangements were so ill made, that my brothers told me the scene of swearing allegiance to their young sovereign was more like that of the bidding at an auction than anything else."

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The finest of all the public buildings of the British government in London, the Houses of Parliament, are on the bank of the Thames in Westminster, and are of modern construction. They rise on the verge of Parliament Square, which is embellished by statues of noted prime ministers—Peel, Canning, Palmerston, Derby, and Beaconsfield. The old Parliament Houses were burnt in 1834, and Sir Charles Barry designed the present magnificent palace, which covers nearly eight acres, contains eleven hundred rooms, and cost \$20,000,000. The architecture is in the richest Tudor Gothic style, and the grand façade stretches nine hundred and forty feet along a terrace fronting on the Thames. This palace of St. Stephen is richly decorated with statues of kings and queens and heraldic devices, and has two pinnacled towers at each end and two in the centre. At the northern end one of the finest bridges across the Thames—the Westminster Bridge—is built, and here rises the Clock Tower, forty feet square and three hundred and twenty feet high, copied in great measure from a similar tower at Bruges. A splendid clock and bells are in the tower, the largest bell, which strikes the hours, weighing eight tons and the clock-dials being thirty feet in diameter. The grandest feature of this palace, however, is the Victoria Tower, at the south-

western angle, eighty feet square and three hundred and forty feet high. Here is the sovereign's entrance to the House of Peers, through a magnificent archway sixty-five feet high and having inside the porch statues of the patron saints of the three kingdoms—St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick—and one of Queen Victoria, between the figures of Justice and Mercy. From the centre of the palace rises a spire over the dome of the Central Hall three hundred feet high. In constructing the palace the old Westminster Hall with its magnificent oak ceiling, a masterpiece of timber architecture, has been retained, so that it forms a grand public entrance, leading through St. Stephen's Porch to St. Stephen's Hall, which is ninety-five feet long and fifty-six feet high, where statues have been placed of many of the great statesmen and judges of England. From this a passage leads to the Central Hall, an octagonal chamber seventy feet across and seventy-five feet high, having a beautiful groined roof. Corridors adorned with frescoes stretch north and south from this Central Hall to the House of Commons and the House of Peers. The former is sixty-two feet long, and constructed with especial attention to acoustics, but it only has benches for a little over two-thirds of the membership of the House, and the other members must manage as best they can. The Speaker's chair is at the north end, and the ministers sit on his right hand and the opposition on the left. Outside the

House are the lobbies, to which the members withdraw on a division. The interior of the House is plain, excepting the ceiling, which is richly decorated. The House of Peers is most gorgeously ornamented, having on either side six lofty stained-glass windows with portraits of sovereigns, these windows being lighted at night from the outside. The room is ninety-one feet long, and at each end has three frescoed archways representing religious and allegorical subjects. Niches in the walls contain statues of the barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta. There are heraldic devices on the ceilings and walls, and the throne stands at the southern end. The "Woolsack," where sits the lord chancellor, who presides over the House, is a seat near the middle of the room, covered with crimson cloth. When the sovereign comes to the palace and enters the gateway at the Victoria Tower, she is ushered into the Norman Porch, containing statues and frescoes representing the Norman sovereigns, and then enters the Robing Room, splendidly decorated and having frescoes representing the legends of King Arthur. When the ceremony of robing is completed, she proceeds to the House of Peers through the longest room in the palace, the Victoria Gallery, one hundred and ten feet long and forty-five feet wide and high. Historical frescoes adorn the walls and the ceiling is richly gilded. This gallery leads to the Prince's

Chamber, also splendidly decorated, and having two doorways opening into the House of Peers, one on each side of the throne. In this palace for six months or more in every year the British Parliament meets.

HYDE PARK.

When the Marble Arch was taken from Buckingham Palace, it was removed to Hyde Park, of which it forms one of the chief entrances at Cumberland Gate. This magnificent gate, which cost \$400,000, leads into probably the best known of the London parks, the ancient manor of Hyde. It was an early resort of fashion, for the Puritans in their time complained of it as the resort of "most shameful powdered-hair men and painted women." It covers about three hundred and ninety acres, and has a pretty sheet of water, artificially constructed, called the Serpentine. The fashionable drive is on the southern side, and alongside is the famous road for equestrians known as Rotten Row, which stretches nearly a mile and a half. On a fine afternoon in the season the display on these roads is grand. In Hyde Park are held the great military reviews and the mass-meetings of the populace, who occasionally display their discontent by battering down the railings, a method of practical demonstration which satisfies them and does not do much harm to the government. At Hyde Park Corner is a fine entrance-gate, with the Green Park Gate opposite,

surmounted by the Wellington bronze equestrian statue. The grandest decoration of Hyde Park is the Albert Memorial, situated near the Prince's Gate on the southern side. The upper portion is a cross, supported by three successive tiers of emblematic gilded figures, and at the four angles are noble groups representing the four quarters of the globe. This was the masterpiece of Sir Gilbert Scott, and is considered the most splendid monument of modern times. It marks the site of the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, in which Prince Albert took great interest: there are upon it one hundred and sixty-nine life-sized portrait figures of illustrious artists, composers, and poets, while under the grand canopy in the centre is the seated figure of the Prince. Opposite is the Royal Albert Hall, and behind this the magnificent buildings of the South Kensington Museum, which grew out of the Exhibition of 1851, and the site for which was bought with the surplus fund remaining after paying the expenses of that great display, the first World's Fair. This is a national museum for art and manufactures allied to art. Its collections are becoming enormous and of priceless value, and include many fine paintings, among them Raphael's cartoons, with galleries of sculpture and antiquities and museums of patent models. There are art-schools and libraries, and the buildings, which were constructing for several years, are of rare architectural merit.

The Royal Albert Hall is a vast amphitheatre of great magnificence devoted to exhibitions of industry, art, and music. It is of oval form, and its external frieze and cornice are modelled after the Elgin Marbles. The South Kensington Museum contains one of the most extensive and finest art collections in the world. It has an art training-school and school of science, and is the head of technical education for the British Empire. It also has the natural history collections of the British Museum, and adjoining are the gardens of the Horticultural Society.

A VIEW IN THE POULTRY.

Going down into the heart of the old city of London, and standing in the street called the Poultry, the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange are seen over on the other side, with Threadneedle Street between them, and Lombard Street on the right hand, the region that controls the monetary affairs of the world. Turning round, the Mansion House is behind the observer, this being the lord mayor's official residence, where a police court is open daily at noon, and the head-quarters of the city government. The Royal Exchange has been thrice built and twice burned—first in the great fire of 1666, and afterwards in 1838. The present Exchange, costing \$900,000, was opened in 1844, and is three hundred and eight feet long, with a fine

portico on the western front ninety-six feet wide, and supported by twelve columns, each forty-one feet high. Within is an open area surrounded by an arcade, while at the rear is Lloyds, the underwriters' offices, where the business of insuring ships is transacted in a hall ninety-eight feet long and forty feet wide. Tuesday and Friday afternoons from 3.30 to 4.30 are the times when the chief business is transacted. Wellington's statue stands in front of the Exchange, and in the middle of the central area is a statue of Queen Victoria. The Bank of England, otherwise known as the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," covers a quadrangular space of about four acres, with a narrow street on each side. It is but one story high, and has no windows on the outside, the architecture being unattractive. The interior is well adapted for the bank offices, which are constructed around nine courts. The bank has been built in bits, and gradually assumed its present size and appearance. It was founded in 1691 by William Paterson, but it did not remove to its present site until 1734. Its affairs are controlled by a governor, deputy governor, and twenty-four directors, and the bank shares of \$500 par, paying about ten per cent. dividends per annum, sell at about \$1775. It regulates the discount rate, gauging it so as to maintain its gold reserves, and it also keeps the coinage in good order by weighing every coin that passes through the

bank, and casting out the light ones by an ingenious machine that will test thirty-five thousand in a day. It also prints its own notes upon paper containing its own water-mark, which is the chief reliance against forgery. The bank transacts the government business in connection with the British public debt, requiring over two hundred and fifty thousand separate accounts to be kept. The British public debt at the last annual report was \$3,191,330,000. The government does not promise to pay the principal at any stated period and issues no bonds, but it does promise to pay a fixed rate of interest. The debt is in the form of consols and terminable annuities, and the reduction of the debt comes from the running out of these annuities. In this way the debt has been gradually reduced from the enormous figures it reached in the wars with Napoleon, for which much of it was created. At the accession of Queen Victoria the debt amounted to \$3,807,000,000. The Bank of England transacts all the financial business of the British Government and holds all the Exchequer, or treasury, funds on deposit. This is a very large part of its business. It is the greatest bank in the world; its capital is \$72,765,000, and the "Rest," corresponding in a certain way to surplus, is \$17,498,825. The aggregate bank deposits, government and other, are \$263,164,280, of which about \$80,000,000 are public funds. It is the great British storehouse for gold, and holds

\$170,000,000 in ingots, bars, bullion, and gold coins of all the nations of the world. It thus regulates the whole monetary system of the British islands, as it keeps on deposit the resources of the joint-stock banks and private bankers of London and the kingdom, besides many deposits for banks and bankers of Europe and America. It controls the basis of the entire British banking system, and its changing discount rate becomes the legal rate for all the others. Most of its gold is held in what is known as the "issue department," being, with some government loans, the security for the bank-note issues. The total bank-note issue is a changing one, according to the necessities of trade, and while the aggregate issue is \$243,500,000, about \$121,500,000 is outstanding, and the remainder held in bank subject to public demand. It generally holds over 40 per cent., and often over 50 per cent., resources to cover its liabilities.¹ It keeps an accurate history of every bank-note that is issued, redeeming each note that comes back into the bank in the course of business, and keeping all the redeemed and cancelled notes. The earliest notes were written with a pen, and from this they have been improved until they have become the almost square white pieces of paper of to-day, printed in bold German text, that are so well known, yet are unlike any other bank-

¹ All these figures are based on the official **Bank of England** return, February 15, 1899.

notes in existence. Around the large elliptical table in the bank parlor the directors meet every Thursday to regulate its affairs, and—not forgetting they are true Englishmen—eat a savory dinner, the windows of the parlor looking out upon a little gem of a garden in the very heart of London. The Mansion House, built in 1740, is fronted by a Corinthian portico, with six fluted columns and a pediment of allegorical sculpture. Within is the Egyptian Hall, where the lord mayor fulfils what is generally regarded as his chief duty, the giving of grand banquets. He can invite four hundred persons to the tables in this spacious hall, which is ornamented by several statues by British sculptors, over \$40,000 having been expended for its ornamentation. The lord mayor also has a ball-room and other apartments, including his Venetian parlor and the justice room, where he sits as a magistrate. From the open space in front of the Mansion House diverge streets running to all parts of London and to the great bridges over the Thames.

While in old London the feasting that has had so much to do with the municipal corporation cannot be forgotten, and on Bishopsgate Street we find the scene of many of the famous public dinners, savory with turtle-soup and white-bait—the London Tavern.

THE INNS OF COURT.

The four Inns of Court in London have been described as the palladiums of English liberty—the Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. There are over three thousand barristers members of these Inns, and the best known is probably Lincoln's Inn, which is named after De Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who died in 1312, and had his house on its site, his device, the lion rampant, being adopted by the Inn. The ancient gatehouse, which opens from Chancery Lane, is nearly four hundred years old. The Inn has an old hall dating from 1506, and also a fine modern hall, the Newcastle House, one hundred and twenty feet long, built in Tudor style, with stained-glass windows and having life-size figures of several eminent members in canopied niches. Here is Hogarth's celebrated picture of "Paul before Felix." The Inn has a valuable library, and among its members has counted More, Hale, Selden, Mansfield, and Hardwicke.

Across Fleet Street, and between it and the Thames, is the Temple, a lane dividing it into the Inner and the Middle Temple, while obstructing Fleet Street there was the old Temple Bar, one of the ancient city gates, which was removed in 1878. The name is derived from the Knights Templar, who lived here several centuries ago; and they afterwards gave the site to certain law-students

who wished to live in the suburbs away from the noise of the city. Here in seclusion, for the gates were locked at night, the gentlemen of these societies in a bygone age were famous for the masques and revels given in their halls. Kings and judges attended them, and many were the plays and songs and dances that then enlivened the dull routine of the law. The Inner Temple has for its device a winged horse, and the Middle Temple a lamb. Some satirist has written of these—

“ Their clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession :
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.”

Here is the old Templar Church of St. Mary, built in 1185 and enlarged in 1240. Formerly, the lawyers waited for their clients in this ancient church. During recent years England has erected magnificent buildings for her law courts. The new Palace of Justice fronts about five hundred feet on Fleet Street, at the corner of Chancery Lane, near the site of Temple Bar, which was taken away because it impeded the erection of the new courts, and they cover six acres, with ample gardens back from the street, the wings extending about five hundred feet northward around them. A fine clock-tower surmounts the new courts. In this neighborhood are many ancient structures, above which the Palace of

Justice grandly towers, and some of them have quaint balconies overlooking the street.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Fronting upon Great Russell Street, to which various smaller streets lead northward from Oxford Street, is that vast treasure-house of knowledge whose renown is world-wide, the British Museum. The buildings and their court-yards cover seven acres, and have cost nearly \$5,000,000 to construct. The front is three hundred and seventy feet long, the entrance being under a grand Ionic portico supported by rows of columns forty-five feet high. This vast museum originated from a provision in the will of Sir Hans Sloane in the last century, who had made a valuable collection and directed that it be sold to the government for \$100,000. Parliament, accepting the offer, in 1753 created the museum to take charge of this and some other collections. The present site, then Montagu House, was selected for the museum, but it was not until 1828 that the present buildings were begun, and they were many years in construction. The reading-room, the latest addition, is the finest structure of its kind in the world, being a circular hall one hundred and forty feet in diameter and covered with a dome one hundred and six feet high. It cost \$750,000, and its library is believed to be the largest in the world, containing over one million volumes,

and increasing at the rate of twenty thousand volumes annually. Its collection of prints is also of rare value and vast extent, and by far the finest in the world.


SOME LONDON SCENES.

Let us now take a brief glance at some well-known London sights. The two great heroes who are commemorated in modern London are Wellington and Nelson. Trafalgar Square commemorates Nelson's death and greatest victory, the Nelson Column standing in the centre, with Landseer's colossal lions reposing at its base. Trafalgar Square was called by Sir Robert Peel the finest site in Europe, and Charing Cross is to the southwest, the official centre of the city, adjoined by a capacious railway station, from which the trains cross the Thames to the Surrey side. Passing eastward along the Strand, beyond Charing Cross and Somerset House, we come to Wellington Street, which leads to Waterloo Bridge across the Thames. This admirable structure, the masterpiece of John Rennie, cost \$5,000,000, and was opened on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo in 1817. It is of granite, and with the approaches nearly a half mile long, crossing the river upon nine arches, each of one hundred and twenty feet span. Passing westward from Trafalgar Square, we enter Pall Mall, perhaps the most striking of the London streets in point of architect-

ure. Here are club-houses and theatres, statues and columns, and the street swarms with historical associations. On the south side are the Reform and Carlton Clubs, the headquarters respectively of the Liberal and Conservative parties, and a little beyond, on the same side, the row of buildings of all sizes and shapes making up the War Office. Among them is a quaint old Queen-Anne mansion of brick, with a curious pediment and having many windows—Schomberg House, shorn of one wing, but still retained among so much that is grand around it. Also in Pall Mall is Foley's celebrated statue of Sidney Herbert, one of the most impressive in London—the head drooped sadly and reflectively, indicating that it is the image of a conscientious war-minister, who, overweighted with the responsibility of his office, was cut off prematurely. Although not one of the greatest men in England, Herbert's fame will be better preserved by his finer statue than that of many men who have filled a much larger space in her history. Marlborough House has an entrance on Pall Mall, and adjoining its gate is the curious and elaborately decorated building of the Beaconsfield Club. Over the doorway the semi-circular cornice does duty for a balcony for the drawing-room windows above. The doorway itself is an imposing archway strangely cut into segments, one forming a window and the other the door.

London contains in the West End many squares

surrounded by handsome residences, among them probably the best known being Belgrave, Eaton, Russell, Bedford, Grosvenor, Hanover, and Cavendish Squares. Eaton Square is said to be the largest of these, Grosvenor Square the most fashionable, and Cavendish Square the most salubrious and best cultivated. The line of streets leading by Oxford Street to the Marble Arch entrance to Hyde Park is London's most fashionable route of city travel, and on Tottenham Court Road, which starts northward from Oxford Street, is the Bell Inn at Edmonton. It is not a very attractive house, but it is interesting because it was here that Johnny Gilpin and his worthy spouse should have dined when that day of sad disasters came which Cowper has chronicled in John Gilpin's famous ride. The old house has been much changed since then, but it has capacious gardens, and is the resort to this day of London holiday-makers. It is commonly known as "Gilpin's Bell," and a painting of the ride is proudly placed outside the inn. Tottenham Court Road goes through Camden Town, and here at Euston Square is the London terminus of the greatest railway in England—the London and North-western Company. Large hotels adjoin the station, and the Underground Railway comes into it alongside the platform, thus giving easy access to all parts of the metropolis. This railway is one of the wonders of the metropolis, and it has cost about \$3,250,000 per mile to construct.



The original idea seems to have been to connect the various stations of the railways leading out of town, and to do this, and at the same time furnish means of rapid transit from the heart of the city to the suburbs, the railway has been constructed in the form of an irregular ellipse, running all around the city, yet kept far within the built-up portions. It is a double track, with trains running all around both ways, so that the passenger goes wherever he wishes simply by following the circuit, while branch lines extend to the West End beyond Paddington and Kensington. It is constructed not in a continuous tunnel, for there are frequent open spaces, but on a general level lower than that of the greater part of London, and the routes are pursued without regard to the street-lines on the surface above, often passing diagonally under blocks of houses. The construction has taxed engineering skill to the utmost, for huge buildings have had to be shored up, sewers diverted, and, at the stations, vast spaces burrowed underground to get enough room. In this way London solved its rapid-transit problem, though it could be done only at enormous cost. The metropolis, it will be seen, has no end of attractions, and for the traveller's accommodation the ancient inns are rapidly giving place to modern hotels, some of the finest new ones being built upon the Thames Embankment. The great river sweeps through the heart of London in a magnificent semicircle, and the


banks on either side have had all the old houses removed, and streets one hundred feet wide are laid out with massive walls, enclosing the river, surmounted by balustrades. The northern shore has the Victoria Embankment stretching between Westminster and Blackfriars bridges, constructed at a cost of \$10,000,000 and opened in 1870, the highway continuing to the heart of London as Queen Victoria Street, thus having the Houses of Parliament at one end and St. Paul's Cathedral at the other, with Waterloo Bridge midway. The southern shore has the Albert Embankment, opened about the same time, which cost nearly \$6,000,000, and extends between the Westminster and Vauxhall bridges. Cleopatra's Needle, the noted obelisk brought from Egypt, and several statues, with pleasantly laid-out gardens, adorn the Victoria Embankment; and here is the New Scotland Yard, the police head-quarters. A dozen bridges cross the Thames in London, the most famous being London Bridge, which is at the head of navigation for masted vessels. This bridge is over nine hundred feet long, and countless multitudes cross it, the traffic in vehicles exceeding twenty-five thousand daily. It was here that Macaulay pictured in imagination what might be the coming desolation of the great city, by describing how a future traveller from the antipodes might come and "sit upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

HOLLAND HOUSE.

To describe London, as we said before, would fill a volume, but space forbids lingering longer, and we will pass out of the metropolis, after devoting brief attention to one of its historical mansions, the well-known Holland House. This fine old building of the time of James I. stands upon high ground in the western suburbs of London, and its history is interwoven with several generations of arts, politics, and literature. The house is of red brick, embellished with turrets, gable-ends, and mullioned windows. As its park has already been partly cut up for building-lots, the end of the celebrated mansion itself is believed to be not far off. Built in 1607, it descended to the first Earl of Holland, whence its name. Surviving the Civil Wars, when Fairfax used it for his head-quarters, it is noted that plays were privately performed here in Cromwell's time. In 1716, Addison married the dowager Countess of Holland and Warwick, and the estate passed to him, and he died at Holland House in 1719, having addressed to his stepson, the dissolute Earl of Warwick, the solemn words, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die." Two years later the young earl himself died. In 1762 the estate was sold to Henry Vassall Fox, Baron Holland, the famous Whig, who died there in 1774. It is related that during his last illness George Selwyn called

and left his card. Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies, and the dying lord remarked, "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up: if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he would like to see me." He composed his own epitaph: "Here lies Henry Vassall Fox, Lord Holland, etc., who was drowned while sitting in his elbow-chair." He died in his elbow-chair, of water in the chest. Charles James Fox was his second son, and passed his early years at Holland House. Near the mansion, on the Kensington Road, was the Adam and Eve Inn, where it is said that Sheridan, on his way to and from Holland House, regularly stopped for a dram, and thus ran up a long bill, which Lord Holland ultimately paid.

The house, built like half the letter H, is of red brick with stone finishings, and in the Elizabethan style, with Dutch gardens of a later date. Much of the old-time decorations and furniture remains. The library, a long gallery, forms the eastern wing, and contains a valuable collection, including many manuscripts and autographs. There are fine pictures and sculptures, with old clocks, vases, cabinets, and carvings, and also a celebrated collection of miniatures. For over two centuries it was the favorite resort of wits and beauties, painters and poets, scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. Lord Brougham says that in the time of Vassall, Lord Holland, it was the meeting-place of the Whig party, his liberal hospi-



tality being a great attractive force, and Macaulay writes that it can boast a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England. After Vassall's death his nephew maintained the reputation of Holland House, dying in 1840, when the estates descended to his only son, the late Lord Holland, who also kept up the character of the mansion. But now, however, the glory of the famous old house has chiefly become a fragrant memory.

North-eastward from London is the great park which the queen in 1882 opened with much pomp as a breathing-ground for the masses of that densely-populated region, the east end of the metropolis—Epping Forest. This beautiful enclosure originally consisted of nine thousand acres, but encroachments reduced it to about one-third that size. Reclamations were made, however, and the park now opened covers five thousand six hundred acres with richly wooded heights—a magnificent pleasure-ground.

GREENWICH.

The river Thames, steadily gathering force after sweeping through London past the docks, and receiving upon its capacious bosom the vast commerce of all the world, encircles the Isle of Dogs (where Henry VIII. kept his hounds) below the city, and at the southern extremity of the reach we come to Greenwich. Here go many holiday-parties to the

famous inns, where they get the Greenwich fish-dinners and can look back at the great city they have left. Here the ministry at the close of the session has its annual white-bait dinner. Greenwich was the Roman Grenovicum and the Saxon Green Town. Here encamped the Danes when they overran England in the eleventh century, and their fleet was anchored in the Thames. It became a royal residence in Edward I.'s time, and Henry IV. dated his will at the manor of Greenwich. In 1437, Greenwich Castle was built within a park, and its tower is now used for the Observatory. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, then held Greenwich, and was the regent of England during Henry VI.'s minority. He was assassinated by rivals in 1447, and the manor reverted to the Crown. The palace was enlarged and embellished, and Henry VIII. was born there in 1491. He greatly improved the palace, and made it his favorite residence, Queen Elizabeth being born there in 1533. King Edward VI. died at Greenwich in 1553, and Elizabeth, enlarging the palace, kept a regular court there. It was her favorite summer-home, and the chronicler of the time, writing of a visit to the place, says, in describing the ceremonial of Elizabeth's court, that the presence-chamber was hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the then fashion, was covered with rushes. At the door stood a gentleman in velvet with a gold chain, who introduced persons of distinc-

tion who came to attend the queen. A large number of high officials waited for the queen to appear on her way to chapel. Ultimately she came out, accompanied by a gorgeous escort. She is described as sixty-five years old, very majestic, with an oblong face, fair but wrinkled, small black, pleasant eyes, nose a little hooked, narrow lips, and black teeth (caused by eating too much sugar). She wore false red hair, and had a small crown on her head and rich pearl drops in her ears, with a necklace of fine jewels falling upon her uncovered bosom. Her air was stately, and her manner of speech mild and obliging. She wore a white silk dress bordered with large pearls, and over it was a black silk mantle embroidered with silver thread. Her long train was borne by a marchioness. She spoke graciously to those whom she passed, occasionally giving her right hand to a favored one to kiss. Whenever she turned her face in going along everybody fell on their knees. The ladies of the court following her were mostly dressed in white. Reaching the antechapel, petitions were presented her, she receiving them graciously, which caused cries of "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" She answered, "I thank you, my good people," and then went in to the service.

King James I. put a new front in the palace, and his queen laid the foundation of the "House of Delight," which is now the central building of the Naval Asylum. King Charles I. resided much at

Greenwich, and finished the "House of Delight," which was the most magnificently furnished mansion then in England. King Charles II., finding the palace decayed, for it had fallen into neglect during the Civil Wars, had it taken down, and began the erection of a new palace, built of freestone. In the time of William and Mary it became the Royal Naval Asylum, the magnificent group of buildings now there being extensions of Charles II.'s palace, while behind rises the Observatory, and beyond is the foliage of the park. The asylum was opened in 1705, and consists of quadrangular buildings enclosing a square. In the south-western building is the Painted Hall, adorned with portraits of British naval heroes and pictures of naval victories. The asylum supports about seven thousand pensioners, while it has a school with eight hundred scholars, and a medical hospital for wounded seamen. Its income is about \$750,000 yearly. The Greenwich Observatory, besides being the centre whence longitude is reckoned, is also charged with the regulation of time throughout the kingdom.

The Thames, which at London Bridge is eight hundred feet wide, becomes one thousand feet wide at Greenwich, and then it pursues its crooked, winding course between uninteresting shores past Woolwich dockyard, where it is a quarter of a mile wide, and on to Gravesend, where the width is half a mile; then it broadens into an estuary which is eighteen

miles wide at the mouth. Almost the only thing that relieves the dull prospect along the lower Thames is Shooter's Hill, behind Woolwich, which rises four hundred and twelve feet. Southward of the Thames below Woolwich is Dartford, where the first English paper-mill was erected in Queen Elizabeth's time, the grave of its founder being in the church, and from his crest—a fool's cap—the name of foolscap paper, which he made, is derived. Here also lived the rebel Wat Tyler, who began his revolt by killing the Dartford tax-collector in 1381. His opinion of tax-gatherers has been often reflected since. Gravesend, twenty-six miles below London Bridge by the river, is the outer boundary of the port of London, and is the head-quarters of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. Its long piers are the first landing-place of foreign vessels. Gravesend is the head-quarters for shrimps, its fishermen taking them in vast numbers and London consuming a prodigious quantity. This fishing and custom-house town, for it is a combination of both, has its streets filled with "tea- and shrimp-houses."

TILBURY FORT.

On the opposite bank of the Thames is Tilbury Fort, the noted fortress that commands the navigation of the river and protects the entrance to London. It dates from Charles II.'s time, **fright from De Ruyter's Dutch incursion up the Thames in 1667**

having led the government to convert Henry VIII.'s blockhouse that stood there into a strong fortification. It was to Tilbury that Queen Elizabeth went when she defied the Spanish Armada. Leicester put a bridge of boats across the river to obstruct the passage, and gathered an army of eighteen thousand men on shore. Here the queen made her bold speech of defiance, in which she said she knew she had the body of but a weak and feeble woman, but she also had the heart and stomach of a king, and rather than her realm should be invaded and dishonor grow by her, she herself would take up arms. She had then, all told, one hundred and thirty thousand soldiers and one hundred and eighty-one war-vessels, but the elements conquered the "Invincible Armada," barely one-third of it getting back to Spain. Southend, out in the Thames estuary, thirty-six miles below London, is a great resort for excursionists, having a spacious esplanade and a pier over a mile long, with golf-links and other amusements. Further down is Shoeburyness at the mouth, the government station for artillery practice, with a long gun-range where the ordnance trials take place, and the artillery volunteers have a competitive exhibition in summer.

Thus we have traced England's famous river from its source in the Cotswolds until it falls into the North Sea at the mouth of the broad estuary beyond Sheerness and the Nore. Knowing the tale of

grandeur that its banks unfold, Wordsworth's feelings can be understood as he halted upon Westminster Bridge in the early morning and looked down the Thames upon London ; its mighty heart was still and its houses seemed asleep as the tranquil scene inspired the great poet to write his sonnet :

“ Earth has not anything to show more fair ;
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.”

LONDON TO CAMBRIDGE AND
NORWICH.

Vol. I.—19

V.

LONDON TO CAMBRIDGE AND NORWICH.

Harrow—St. Albans—Verulam—Hatfield House—Lord Burleigh—Cassiobury—Knebworth—Great Bed of Ware—The river Cam—Audley End—Saffron Walden—Newport—Nell Gwynn—Littlebury—Winstanley—Harwich—Cambridge—Trinity and St. John's Colleges—Caius College—Trinity Hall—The Senate House—University Library—Clare College—Great St. Mary's Church—King's College—Corpus Christi College—St. Catharine's College—Queens' College—The Pitt Press—Pembroke College—Peterhouse—Fitzwilliam Museum—Hobson's Conduit—Downing College—Emmanuel College—Christ's College—Sidney-Sussex College—The Round Church—Magdalene College—Jesus College—Trumpington—The Fenland—Bury St. Edmunds—Hengrave Hall—Ely—Peterborough—Crowland Abbey—Guthlac—Norwich Castle and Cathedral.

HARROW AND ST. ALBANS.

FROM the great metropolis of England let us explore the northern suburbs and then seek for further knowledge beyond. On the outskirts of London, in the north-western suburbs, is the well-known school founded over three hundred years ago by John Lyon, yeoman, at Harrow-on-the-Hill, standing on a hill two hundred feet high. The buildings accommodate about six hundred and thirty scholars, and the panels of the great school-room are covered with

the rude carvings of the boys' names, including Byron, Peel, and Palmerston. Sheridan and Spencer Perceval were also educated here. A flat tombstone in the churchyard, on which Byron used to lie when at school, is pointed out, and the lofty spire of Harrow Church is a conspicuous object in the landscape for many miles around. To the eastward is Edmonton, where Charles Lamb died in 1834, and is buried in the churchyard with his sister Mary, who survived him a few years. John Keats was apprenticed to a surgeon, and wrote his "Juvenile Poems" here between 1810 and 1816. Cheshunt near by, noted for its rose gardens, has the house in which Richard Cromwell died. Also in the neighborhood is Enfield, famous for the government rifle-factory. Lamb lived at Enfield for several years, and Keats and Captain Marryat were educated there.


One of the most interesting towns north of London, for its historical associations and antiquarian remains, is St. Albans in Hertfordshire. Here, on the opposite slopes of a shelving valley, are seen on the one hand the town that has clustered around the ancient abbey of St. Albans, and on the other the ruins of the fortification of Verulam, both relics of Roman power and magnificence. On this spot stood the chief town of the Cassii, whose king, Cassivelaunus, vainly opposed the inroads of Cæsar. Here the victorious Roman, after crossing the Thames, besieged and finally overthrew the Britons.

The traces of the ancient earthworks are still plainly seen on the banks of the little river Ver, and when the Romans got possession there arose the flourishing town of Verulam, which existed until the British warrior-queen, Boadicea, stung by the oppressions of her race, stormed and captured the place and ruthlessly massacred its people. But her triumph was short lived, for the Romans, gaining reinforcements, recaptured the city. This was in the earlier days of the Christian era, and at a time when Christian persecutions raged. There then lived in Verulam a prominent man named Alban, a young Roman of good family, who had been a soldier. In the year 303 a persecuted priest named Amphibalus threw himself upon the mercy of Alban, and sought refuge in his house. The protection was granted, and in a few days the exhortations of Amphibalus had converted his protector to Christianity. The officials getting word of Amphibalus's whereabouts, sent a guard to arrest him, whereupon Alban dismissed his guest secretly, and, wrapping himself in the priest's robe and hood, awaited the soldiers. They seized him, and took him before the magistrates, when the trick was discovered. He was given the alternative of dying or sacrificing to the gods of Rome, but, preferring the crown of martyrdom, after cruel torments he was led to his doom. He was to be taken across the Ver to be beheaded, but miracles appeared. The stream, which had been a-flood,

quickly dried up, so that the multitude could pass, and this so touched the executioner that he refused to strike the blow and declared himself also a convert. The executioner's head was quickly stricken off, and another headsman obtained. Alban meanwhile was athirst, and at his prayer a spring broke from the ground for his refreshment. The new executioner struck off Alban's head, but in doing so his eyes dropped from their sockets. Holmhurst Hill, near the town, is supposed to have been the scene of his martyrdom in the year 304. His death did not save Amphibalus, who was soon captured and killed at Redburn, a few miles away, where his relics were afterwards discovered and enshrined, like those of his pupil, in the abbey.

The sacrifice of the protomartyr brought its fruits. Verulam became Christian, and within a century was paying him the honors of a saint. In the eighth century King Offa of Mercia, having treacherously murdered King Ethelbert, became conscience-stricken, and to propitiate Heaven founded the abbey. He built a Benedictine monastery, which was richly endowed, and gradually attracted the town away from Verulam and over to its present site. This monastery existed until the Norman Conquest, when it was rebuilt, the ruins of Verulam serving as a quarry whence Roman tiles and other materials were taken. Thus began the great abbey of St. Albans, which still overlooks the Ver, although

it has been materially altered since. It prospered greatly, and the close neighborhood to London brought many pilgrims as well as royal visits. The abbots were invested with great powers and became dictatorial and proud, having frequent contests with the townsfolk; and it is recorded that one young man who applied for admission to the order, being refused on account of his ignorance, went abroad and ultimately became Pope Adrian IV. But he bore the abbey no ill-will, afterwards granting it many favors. Cardinal Wolsey was once the abbot, but did not actively govern it. In 1539 its downfall came, and it surrendered to King Henry VIII. The deed of surrender, signed by thirty-nine monks, is still preserved, and the seal is in the British Museum. The abbey is now in ruins; the church and gateway remain, but the great group of buildings that composed it has mostly disappeared, so that the old monastery is almost as completely effaced as Verulam. But the church, by being bought for \$2000 for the St. Albans parish church, is still preserved, and is one of the most interesting ecclesiastical structures in England; yet its great length and massive central tower are rather unfavorable to its picturesqueness, though the tower when seen from a distance impresses by its grandeur and simplicity. In this tower, as well as in other parts of the church, can be detected the ancient tiles from Verulam. The ground-plan of St. Albans Church is a Latin cross,



and it is five hundred and forty-eight feet long. The western part was erected in the twelfth, and the greater portion of the nave and choir in the thirteenth, century. This church was advanced to the dignity of a cathedral in 1877, when the new Episcopal See of St. Albans was created, and it is not only one of the largest, but it is said to be the highest cathedral in England, being elevated three hundred and forty feet above sea level. It has been thoroughly restored at a cost of \$650,000. The floor of the choir is almost paved with sepulchral slabs, though of the two hundred monuments the church once contained barely a dozen remain. At the back of the high altar was the great treasury of the abbey, the shrine enclosing St. Alban's relics, but this was destroyed at the Reformation: some fragments have since been discovered, and the shrine thus reproduced with tolerable completeness. On the side of the chapel is a wooden gallery, with cupboards beneath and a staircase leading up to it. In the shrine and cupboards were the abbey treasures, and in the gallery the monks kept watch at night lest they should be despoiled. This vigilance, we are told, was necessary, for rival abbeys were by no means scrupulous about the means by which they augmented their stores of relics. This quaint gallery, still preserved, is five hundred years old. Near the shrine is the tomb of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, brother of King Henry V. and regent during the minority of

Henry VI., who was assassinated at Windsor. The tomb was opened in 1703, and the skeleton found buried among spices and enclosed in two coffins, the outer of lead. The vault remained opened, and visitors purloined good Humphrey's bones till nearly all had disappeared, when the authorities concluded it was better to close up the vault and save what remained. The massive gatehouse, which still exists, was built in Richard II.'s reign, and was used for a jail until not long ago they determined to put a school there. In front of it the martyr Tankertield was burnt, and buried in 1555 in a little triangular graveyard which still exists. Foxe, in his *Book of Martyrs*, relates that he endured the pain with great constancy, and testified to the last against the errors of his persecutors.

In the town of St. Albans, near the abbey and at the junction of two streets, stands the ancient clock-tower, built in the early part of the fifteenth century, and mainly of flint. It occupies the site of an earlier one said to have been erected by two ladies of Verulam, who, wandering alone in the woods and becoming lost, saw a light in a house, sought refuge there, and erected the tower on the site as a memorial of their deliverance. The bell in this tower was in former days used to ring the curfew. The town itself has little to show. In the church of St. Peter, among the monumental brasses, is the one to a priest, often quoted, that reads :

“Lo, all that here I spent, that some time had I;
 All that I gave in good intent, that now have I;
 That I neither gave nor lent, that now abie * I;
 That I kept till I went, that lost I.”

Edward Strong, the mason who built St. Paul's Cathedral in London under the direction of Wren, is also buried in this church. Its chief tenants, however, are the slain at the second battle of St. Albans in the Wars of the Roses. At the first of these battles, fought in 1455 on the east side of the town, Henry of Lancaster was wounded and captured by the Duke of York. The second battle, a much more important contest, was fought on Shrove Tuesday, February 17, 1461, at Barnard's Heath, north of the town, and near St. Peter's Church. Queen Margaret of Lancaster led her forces in person, and was victorious over the Yorkists under the Earl of Warwick, liberating the captive king, who was in the enemy's camp, and following the battle by a ruthless execution of prisoners. King Henry, who had gone to St. Alban's shrine in tribulation when captured in the earlier contest, also went there again in thanksgiving when thus liberated six years later. The town of St. Albans, by the growth of time, has stretched across the Ver, and one straggling suburb reaches into the north-western angle of the ruins of ancient Verulam, where it clusters around the little church of St. Michael within the Roman city. This

* This word means *erpiute*.

is a plain church, built in patches, parts of it nearly a thousand years old, and is the burial-place of Francis Bacon, who was Baron of Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. Within a niche on the side of the chancel is his familiar effigy in marble, where he sits in an arm-chair and contemplatively gazes upward. From these ruins of Verulam is obtained the best view of St. Alban's Abbey, with the town in the background, overlooked by its clock-tower.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

A short distance east of St. Albans is Hatfield, a small town on the river Lea, and in a fine park in the suburbs stands the magnificent mansion of the Marquis of Salisbury—Hatfield House. The place is ancient, though the house is completely modern. The manor was given by King Edgar to the monastery at Ely, and, as in course of time the abbot became a bishop, the manor afterwards became known as Bishops Hatfield, a name that it still bears. The oldest portion of the present buildings was erected in the reign of Henry VII., and in the time of his successor it passed into possession of the Crown. Here lived young Edward VI., and he was escorted by the Earl of Hertford and a cavalcade of noblemen from Hatfield to London for his coronation. The youthful king granted Hatfield to his sister Elizabeth, and here she was kept in Queen Mary's reign after her release from the Tower. She was

under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Pope when, in November, 1558, Queen Mary died, and Sir William Cecil sent messengers from London to apprise Elizabeth that the crown awaited her. We are told that when they arrived the princess was found in the park, sitting under a spreading oak—a noble tree then, but time has since made sad havoc with it, though the scanty remains are carefully preserved as one of the most precious memorials at Hatfield. The family of Cecil, thus introduced to Hatfield, was destined to continue associated with its fortunes. Sir William came to the manor on the next day, and then peers and courtiers of all ilks flocked thither to worship the rising sun. On the following day the queen gave her first reception in the hall and received the fealty of the leading men of every party; but she did not forget Cecil, for her earliest act was to appoint him her chief secretary, lord treasurer, and adviser—a tie that continued for forty years and was only sundered by death. Cecil was afterwards made Lord Burghley, and the confidence thus first reposed in him within the hall that was afterwards to become the home of his descendants was most remarkable. “No arts,” writes Lord Macaulay, “could shake the confidence which she reposed in her old and trusty servant. The courtly graces of Leicester, the brilliant talents and accomplishments of Essex, touched the fancy, perhaps the heart, of the woman, but no rival could deprive the

treasurer of the place which he possessed in the favor of the queen. She sometimes chid him sharply, but he was the man whom she delighted to honor. For Burghley she forgot her usual parsimony, both of wealth and dignities; for Burghley she relaxed that severe etiquette to which she was unreasonably attached. Every other person to whom she addressed her speech, or on whom the glance of her eagle eye fell, instantly sank on his knee. For Burghley alone a chair was set in her presence, and there the old minister, by birth only a plain Lincolnshire esquire, took his ease, while the haughty heirs of the Fitzalans and De Veres humbled themselves to the dust around him. At length, having survived all his early coadjutors and rivals, he died, full of years and honors."

But it was not until after his death that Hatfield came into possession of his family. He built Burghley House near Stamford in Lincolnshire, and left it to his younger son, Sir Robert Cecil. After Elizabeth's death, King James I. expressed a preference for Burghley over Hatfield, and an exchange was made by which Hatfield passed into possession of Sir Robert, who had succeeded his father as chief minister, and, though in weak health and of small stature, was a wise and faithful servant of the queen and of her successor. In Elizabeth's last illness, when she persisted in sitting propped up on a stool with pillows, he urged her to rest herself, and inad-

vertently said she "must go to bed." The queen fired up. "Must!" cried she. "Is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father if he had been alive durst not have used that word." Sir Robert did not survive the queen many years, and to him King James's peaceful succession to the throne is said to have been greatly due. The king made him the Earl of Salisbury, and the title descended for several generations, until, in 1773, the seventh earl was promoted to the rank of marquis, and now Robert Cecil, the third Marquis of Salisbury the leader of the Conservative party and premier of England, presides over the estates at Hatfield. The chief entrance to Hatfield House is on the northern side, and above it rises a cupola. The buildings form three sides of an oblong, the longer line fronting the north and the two wings pointing towards the south. They are of brick, with stone dressings and facings, and are admired as a faithful example of the excellent domestic architecture of the early part of the seventeenth century. The approach through the park from the town is of great beauty, the grand avenue, bordered by stately trees, conducting the visitor to a court in front of the house enclosed by a balustrade with handsome gates. Within the building the most remarkable features are the galleries, extending along the entire southern front. The gallery on the ground floor was formerly a corridor, open on one

side to the air ; but at a comparatively recent period this has been enclosed with glass, and thus converted into a gallery paved with black and white marble, and ornamented with arms and armor, some being trophies from the Armada and others from the Crimea. Here is the rich saddle-cloth used on the white steed that Queen Elizabeth rode at Tilbury. There are a fine chapel and attractive state-apartments, but around the old house there lingers a tale of sorrow. The western wing was burned in 1835, and the dowager marchioness, the grandmother of the present marquis, who was then five years old, perished in the flames, which originated in her chamber. This wing has been finely restored, and the room in which she was burned contains her portrait, an oval medallion let into the wall over the fireplace. It is the sweet and sunny face of a young girl, and her tragic fate in helpless age reminds of Solon's warning as we look at the picture : "Count no one happy till he dies." In the gallery at Hatfield are portraits of King Henry VIII. and all six of his wives. In the library, which is rich in historical documents, is the pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, emblazoned in 1559, and tracing her ancestry in a direct line back to Adam ! The state bedrooms have been occupied by King James, Cromwell, and Queen Victoria. In the gardens, not far from the house, is the site of the old episcopal palace of Bishops Hatfield, of which one side remains stand-

ing, with the quaint gatehouse now an entrance for a road up the hill from the town to the stables. There is a fine view of the town through the ancient gateway. Here lived the princess Elizabeth, and in the halls where kings have banqueted the marquis's horses now munch their oats. Immediately below, in the town, is Salisbury Chapel, in which repose the bones of his ancestors. To the northward of Hatfield is Bocket Hall, which was the home of two famous British prime ministers, Lord Melbourne, who died in 1848, and afterwards Lord Palmerston, who died in 1865.

Also in Hertfordshire are Cassiobury, the seat of the Earls of Essex, whose ancestor, Lord Capel, who was beheaded in 1648 for his loyalty to King Charles I., brought the estate into the family by his marriage with Elizabeth Morison; and Knebworth, the home of Lord Lytton the novelist, which has been the home of his ancestors since the time of Henry VII., when it was bought by Sir Robert Lytton. The "Great Bed of Ware" is one of the curiosities of the county—a vast bed twelve feet square, originally at the Saracen's Head Inn. It was built for King Edward IV., and was curiously carved, and has had a distinguished place in English literary allusions. The bed still exists at Rye House in Hertfordshire, where it was removed a few years ago. A dozen people have slept in it at the same time.

AUDLEY END AND SAFFRON WALDEN.

Journeying farther from London, and into the county of Essex, we come to the village of Dunmow, which has the ruins of an ancient priory, where it was the custom, which has recently been revived in the village, to present a flitch of bacon to any married couple "who have not repented of their marriage in a year and a day." Beyond, we reach the little river Cam, and on the side of its valley, among the gentle undulations of the Essex uplands, is seen the palace of Audley End, and beyond it the village of Saffron Walden. Here in earlier times was the abbey of Walden, which when dissolved by Henry VIII., was granted to Sir Thomas Audley, who then stood high in royal favor. But almost all remains of this abbey have disappeared, and Sir Thomas, who was Speaker of the House, got the grant because of his industry in promoting the king's wishes for the dissolution of the religious houses, and was also made Lord Audley of Walden. This, as Fuller tells us, was "a dainty morsel, an excellent receipt to clear the Speaker's voice, and make him speak clear and well for his master." But he did not live long to enjoy it, although giving the estate his name, and it passed ultimately to the Duke of Norfolk, after whose execution it became the property of his son, Lord Thomas Howard, whom Queen Elizabeth made

Baron Walden, and King James appointed lord treasurer and promoted to be Earl of Suffolk. He built the great palace of Audley End, which was intended to eclipse every palace then existing in England. It was begun in 1603, and was finished in 1616, the date still remaining upon one of the gateways. King James twice visited Audley End while building, and is said to have remarked, as he viewed its enormous proportions, that the house was too large for a king, though it might do for a lord treasurer. It cost over \$1,000,000, but no accurate account was kept, and the earl was so straitened by the outlay, that after being dismissed from office he was compelled to sell out several other estates, and died nearly \$200,000 in debt. The second and third earls tried to maintain the white elephant, but found it too heavy a burden, and the latter sold the house to King Charles II. for \$250,000, of which \$100,000 remained on mortgage. It was known as the New Palace, and became a royal residence. It consisted of a large outer court and a smaller inner one. Around these the buildings were constructed from one to three stories high, with towers at the corners and centres of the fronts. The impression produced by the design is said not to have been very favorable, it being insufficiently grand for so vast a pile, and while it was a pleasant residence in summer, the want of facilities for heating made it in winter little better than a barn. When Pepys visited Aud-

ley End in 1660 and 1668, his chief impression seems to have been of the cellars, for he writes: "Only the gallery is good, and, above all things, the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor. And, indeed, the cellars are fine, and here my wife and I did sing, to my great content." It was in the following year that the house was sold to the king. In 1701, however, it passed back to the fifth Earl of Suffolk, and about twenty years later a large part of the structure was taken down. Three sides of the great court, including the gallery referred to by Pepys, were demolished, and Audley End was reduced to the buildings around the smaller quadrangle; this was further reduced in 1749, so that the house assumed its present appearance of three sides of a square, open towards the east, and thus remains an excellent type of an early Jacobean mansion, its best view being from the garden front. Within it has fine apartments, and contains the only authentic portrait of George II. that is known. This king would never sit for his picture, and the artist by stealth sketched his likeness from a closet near the staircase of Kensington Palace, where he had an excellent view of the peculiar monarch. It is, as Thackeray says, the picture of a "red-faced, staring princeling," but is believed true to nature nevertheless. Lady Suffolk, it seems, was one of this king's few favorites. Audley End has been for a long time in possession of the Barons of Bray-

brooke, and is their principal seat. Lord Cornwallis, of American Revolutionary remembrance, was a member of this family, and his portrait is preserved here.

Over the undulating surface of the park, barely a mile away, can be seen the pretty spire of Saffron Walden Church, with the village clustering around it. Here on a hill stand the church and the castle, originally of Walden, but from the extensive cultivation of saffron in the neighborhood the town came to have that prefix given it; it was grown there from the time of Edward III., and the ancient historian Fuller quaintly tell us "it is a most admirable cordial, and under God I owe my life, when sick with the small-pox, to the efficacy thereof." Fuller goes on to tell us that "the sovereign power of genuine saffron is plainly proved by the antipathy of the crocodile thereto: for the crocodile's tears are never true save when he is forced where saffron groweth, whence he hath his name of *croco-deilos*, or the saffron-fearer, knowing himself to be all poison, and it all antidote." Saffron attained its highest price at Walden in Charles II.'s time, when it was as high as twenty dollars a pound, but its disuse in medicine caused its value to diminish, and at the close of the last century its culture had entirely disappeared from Walden, though the prefix still clings to the name of the town. While saffron was declining, this neighborhood became a great producer of

truffles, and the dogs were trained here to hunt the fungus that is so dear to the epicure's palate. The church of St. Mary, which is a fine Perpendicular structure and the most conspicuous feature of Saffron Walden, was built about four hundred years ago, though the slender spire crowning its western tower is of later date, having been built in the present century. In the church are buried the six Earls of Suffolk who lived at Audley End, and all of whom died between 1709 and 1745. The ruins of the ancient castle, consisting chiefly of a portion of the keep and some rough arches, are not far from the church, and little is known of its origin. There is a museum near the ruins which contains some interesting antiquities and a fine natural-history collection. The modern-built town-hall, constructed in antique style, overhanging the footway and supported on arches, is one of the most interesting buildings in Saffron Walden: the mayor and corporation meeting here date their charter from 1549. Not far away, at Newport, lived Nell Gwynn, in a modest cottage with a royal crown over the door. She was one of the numerous mistresses of Charles II., and is said to have been the only one who remained faithful to him. She bore him two sons, one dying in childhood, and the other becoming the Duke of St. Albans, a title created in 1684, and still continued in the persons of his descendants of the family of Beauclerc. Nell was originally an

orange-girl who developed into a variety actress, and, fascinating the king, he bought her from Lord Buckhurst, her lover, for an earldom and a pension. Nell is said to have cost the king over \$300,000 in four years. She had her good qualities and was very popular in England, and she persuaded the king to found Chelsea Hospital for disabled soldiers, and he also bore her genuine affection, for his dying words were, "Let not poor Nelly starve." She survived him about seven years. Also in the neighborhood, at Littlebury, was the home of Winstanley, the builder of the first Eddystone Lighthouse, who perished in it when it was destroyed by a terrific storm in 1703.

Digressing down to the coast of Essex, on the North Sea, we find at the confluence of the Stour and Orwell the best harbor on that side of England, bordered by the narrow and old-fashioned streets of the ancient seaport of Harwich. Here vast fleets seek shelter in easterly gales behind the breakwater that is run out from the Beacon Hill. From here sail many steamers to Rotterdam and Antwerp, and other Holland and Belgic seaports, in connection with the railways from London, and the harbor-entrance is protected by the ancient Languard Fort, built by James I. on a projecting spit of land now joined to the Suffolk coast to the northward. One of the most interesting scenes at Harwich is a group of old wrecks that has been utilized for a series of

jetties in connection with a shipbuilder's yard. Weather-beaten and battered, they have been moored in a placid haven, even though it be on the unpicturesque coast of Essex.

CAMBRIDGE.

Returning to the valley of the Cam, we will follow it down to the great university city of Cambridge, fifty-eight miles north of London. It stands in a wide and open valley, and is built on both banks of the river, which is navigable up to this point, so that the town is literally the "Bridge over the Cam." The situation is not so picturesque nor so favorable as that of the sister university city of Oxford, but it is nevertheless an attractive city, the stately buildings being admirably set off by groups and avenues of magnificent trees that flourish nowhere to better advantage than in English scenery. The chief colleges are ranged along the right bank of the Cam, with their fronts away from the water, while behind each there is a sweep of deliciously green meadow-land known as the "Backs of the Colleges," surrounded by trees, and with a leafy screen of foliage making the background beyond the buildings. While the greater part of modern Cambridge is thus on the right bank of the river, the oldest portion was located on a low plateau forming the opposite shore. It is uncertain when the university was first established there. Henry Beauclerc, the youngest

son of William the Conqueror, studied the arts and sciences at Cambridge, and when he became king he bestowed many privileges upon the town and fixed a regular ferry over the Cam. A misty legend ascribes the foundation of the first seat of learning on the Cam, or Granta as it was anciently called, to a Spanish prince named Cantaber, three hundred years before the Christian era. The name of the place appears in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle as *Granta-bryege*, and later developed into *Cantebrigge*. The first establishment of a teaching-body, as at Oxford, seems to have taken place in the twelfth century, the documentary history beginning in the next century, when scholars regularly assembled, and the earliest recognition of Cambridge University is found in a writ of the second year of King Henry III., 1217. In 1270, the title of university was formally bestowed, and the oldest known collegiate foundation—Peterhouse, which became St. Peter's College—was established in 1284. The university was recognized in 1318 by Pope John XXII. as a *studium generale*. As at Oxford, there were numerous early disputes between the students and the townsmen, the most serious being in 1381, when the colleges were stormed and most of their charters destroyed. In the Civil War Cambridge did not resist the rule of the Commonwealth, though several colleges sent their plate to the king. Cambridge has in all seventeen colleges and one hostel, attended in

the aggregate by about three thousand students, and the present act of incorporation was granted by Queen Elizabeth. The Duke of Devonshire is the chancellor. The student graduates either "in Honors" or "in the Poll." In the former case he can obtain a distinction in mathematics, classics, the sciences, theology, etc. The names of the successful students are arranged in three classes in a list called the *Tripes*, a name derived from the three-legged stool whereon sat in former days one of the bachelors, who recited a set of satirical verses at the time the degrees were conferred. In the Mathematical *Tripes* the first class are called *Wranglers*, and the others Senior and Junior *Optimes*. Thus graduate the "*Dons*" of Cambridge.

TRINITY AND ST. JOHN'S COLLEGES.

Let us now take a brief review of the seventeen colleges of Cambridge. In Trinity Street is Trinity College, the largest college in England, founded in 1546 by Henry VIII. by combining several earlier foundations. It consists of four quadrangular courts, the Great Court being the largest quadrangle in the university, and entered from the street by the grand entrance-tower known as the King's Gateway, of most attractive construction. On the northern side of the quadrangle are the chapel and King Edward's Court, and in the centre of the southern side the Queen's Tower, with a statue of Queen Mary. In

the centre of the quadrangle is a quaint conduit. The chapel is a plain wainscoted room, with an ante-chapel filled with busts of former members of the college—among them Bacon and Macaulay—and also a noble statue of Newton. Trinity College Hall is one hundred feet long, and is the finest in Cambridge, its walls being adorned with several portraits, and in the huge kitchen dinner is daily cooked for seven hundred persons. It was in Trinity that Newton, Bacon, Byron, Dryden, Cowley, Herbert, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Tennyson were all students, while Bentley and Whewell were masters of Trinity. There are said to be few spectacles more impressive than the choral service on Sunday evening in term-time, when Trinity Chapel is crowded with surpliced students. In the Master's Lodge, on the western side of the quadrangle, are the state-apartments where royalty is lodged when visiting Cambridge, and here also in special apartments the judges are housed when on circuit. Through screens or passages in the hall the second quadrangle, Neville's Court, is entered, named for a master of the college who died in 1615. Here is the library built by Wren in 1676, an attractive apartment supported on columns, which contains Newton's telescope and some of his manuscripts, the manuscripts of several of Milton's poems, and also a statue of Byron. There are over one hundred thousand volumes in this library and two thousand manuscripts. The King's

(or New) Court is a modern addition, built in the present century at a cost of \$200,000. From this the College Walks open on the western side, the view from the gateway looking down the long avenue of lime trees being strikingly beautiful. The Master's Court is the fourth quadrangle.

Adjoining Trinity is its rival, St. John's College, also consisting of four courts, though one of them is of modern construction and on the opposite bank of the river. This college was founded by the countess Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., and was opened in 1516, having been for several centuries previously the Hospital of St. John, established on this site in the twelfth century. It is generally regarded from this circumstance as being the oldest college at Cambridge. The gateway is a tower of mingled brick and stone, and is one of the earliest structures of the college. Entering it, on the opposite side of the court is seen the New Chapel, a grand edifice one hundred and seventy-two feet long and sixty-three feet high, with a surmounting tower whose interior space is open and rises eighty-four feet above the pavement. The roof and the windows are richly colored, and variegated marbles have been employed in the interior decoration. The eastern end is a five-sided apse; the ceiling is vaulted in oak, while the chapel has a magnificent screen. Between the first and second courts is the hall, recently enlarged and decorated, and the library,

containing 35,000 volumes, is on the northern side of the third court. It is a picturesque room of James I.'s time, with a timbered roof, whitened walls, and carved oaken bookcases black with age. The second court is of earlier date, and is a fine specimen of sixteenth-century brickwork. On the southern side is an octagonal turret, at the top of which is the queer little room occupied by Dr. Wood, whose statue is in the chapel. When he first came to college from his humble home in the north of England he was so poor that he studied by the light of the staircase candle, and wrapped his feet in wisps of hay in winter to save the cost of a fire. He became the Senior Wrangler, and in due course a Fellow, and ultimately master of the college. To this was added the deanery of Ely. Dying, he bequeathed his moderate fortune for the aid of poor students and the benefit of his college. Of the third court the cloister on the western side fronts the river. The New Court, across the Cam, is a handsome structure, faced with stone and surmounted by a tower. A covered Gothic bridge, which the students have named the "Bridge of Sighs," leads to it over the river from the older parts of the college. In the garden along the river, known as the Wilderness, Prior the poet is said to have laid out the walks. Here among the students who have taken recreation have been Wordsworth and Herschel, Wilberforce and Stillingfleet, and the graduates include Lord

Burleigh, Ben Jonson, Lord Strafford, Lord Falkland, Matthew Prior, Bentley, Darwin, Rowland Hill, Horne Tooke, and Lord Palmerston.

CAIUS AND CLARE COLLEGES.

It took two founders to establish Gonville and Caius College, and both their names are preserved in the title, though it is best known as Caius (pronounced Keys) College. Edward de Gonville was the founder in 1348, and the erudite Dr. Caius, physician to Queen Mary, refounded the college in 1558. Its buildings were ancient, but they have been greatly changed in the present century, so that the chief entrance is now beneath a lofty tower, part of the New Court and fronting the Senate House. This New Court is a fine building, ornamented with busts of the most conspicuous men of Caius. Beyond is the smaller or Caius Court of this college, constructed in the sixteenth century. The "Gate of Virtue and Wisdom" connects them, and is surmounted by an odd turret. On the other side is the "Gate of Honor," a good specimen of the Renaissance. The "Gate of Humility" was removed in rebuilding the New Court. Thus did this college give its students veritable sermons in stones. The founders of Caius were physicians, and among its most eminent members were Hervey and Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Gresham and Lord Chancellor Thurlow. Adjoining Caius is Trinity Hall, as noted

for the law as its neighbor is for medicine, having had on its rolls Lord Howard, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Lytton, Chief Justice Cockburn, Sterling, and Stephen: and immediately to the south is a group of university buildings. Among these is the Senate House, opened in 1730, where the university degrees are conferred. It has a fine interior, especially the ceiling, and among the statues is an impressive one of the younger Pitt. The most exciting scene in the Senate House is when the result of the mathematical examination is announced. This for a long time was almost the only path to distinction at Cambridge. When all are assembled upon a certain Friday morning in January, one of the examiners stands up in the centre of the western gallery and just as the clock strikes nine proclaims to the crowd the name of the "Senior Wrangler," or first student of the year, with a result of deafening cheers; then the remainder of the list is read. On the following day the recipients of degrees and visitors sit on the lower benches, and the undergraduates cram the galleries. Then with much pomp the favored student is conducted to the vice-chancellor to receive alone his first degree. The University Library is near by, and, as it gets a copy of every book entered for English copyright, it has become a large one, with 500,000 volumes. Some of the manuscripts it contains are very valuable, particularly the *Codex Beza*, a manuscript of the Gospels given in 1581 by Beza,

a Persian manuscript of 1388, and a copy on vellum of Wycliffe's Bible.

Adjoining Trinity Hall is the beautiful court of Clare College, dating from the time of the Civil Wars, when it replaced older structures. Its exterior is most attractive to visitors, exhibiting the pleasing architecture of the sixteenth century. The river-front is much admired, while the gateway is marked by quaint lantern-like windows. In the library is one of the rare Bibles of Sixtus V., and in the Master's Lodge is kept the poison-cup of Clare, which is both curious and beautiful. The gentle lady's mournful fate has been told by Scott in *Marmion*. Tillotson and other famous divines were students at Clare, and the college also claims Chaucer, but this is doubtful, though the college figures in his story of the "Miller of Trumpington," and adjuts upon Trumpington Street. Clare is the second oldest college in Cambridge, having been founded in 1326. Upon the opposite side of this street is Great St. Mary's Church, the university church, an attractive building of Perpendicular architecture dating from the fifteenth century, and having fine chimes of bells. Here the vice-chancellor listens to a sermon every Sunday afternoon in term-time. Formerly, on these occasions, the "heads and doctors" of the university sat in an enclosed gallery built like a sort of gigantic opera-box, and profanely called the "Golgotha." A huge pulpit faced them on the other end of the

church, and the centre formed a sort of pit. Modern improvements have, however, swept this away, replacing it with ordinary pews.

KING'S, CORPUS CHRISTI, AND QUEENS' COLLEGES.

Trumpington Street broadens into the King's Parade, and here, entered through a modern buttressed screen pierced with openings filled with tracery, is King's College. It was founded by Henry VI., in 1440, and in immediate connection with the school at Eton, from which the more advanced scholars were to be transferred. The great King's Chapel, which gives an idea of the grand scale on which this college was to be constructed, is the special boast of Cambridge. It is two hundred and ninety feet long, eighty-five feet wide, and seventy-eight feet high, with a marvellously fretted roof of stone, and large windows at the sides and ends filled with beautiful stained glass. This is the most imposing of all the buildings in Cambridge, and occupies the entire northern side of the college court. Its fine doorway is regarded as the most pleasing part of the exterior design. The stained-glass windows are divided into an upper and a lower series of pictures. The lower is a continuous chain of gospel history, while the upper exhibits the Old-Testament types of the subjects represented below. Although designed on such a magnificent scale, the Wars of the Roses interfered with the completion of

King's College, and even the chapel was not finished until Henry VIII.'s reign. The other college buildings are modern and without particular attraction. Among the students at King's have been Archbishop Sumner, Sir William Temple, Robert Walpole, Horace Walpole, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

Adjoining King's is Corpus Christi College, established in 1352, the buildings being almost entirely modern. Of the ancient structure one small court alone remains, a picturesque steep-roofed building almost smothered in ivy. Corpus Christi Hall is said to have been partly designed after the great hall of Kenilworth. In its library are the famous manuscripts rescued from the suppressed monasteries, there being four hundred interesting and curious volumes of these precious documents, which are most jealously guarded. Samuel Wesley was a student here. Opposite Corpus is St. Catharine's College, founded in 1475, with a comparatively plain hall and chapel. Behind this is Queens' College, an antique structure, though not a very ancient foundation. Its entrance-tower is of brick, and a quaint low cloister runs around the interior court. Within is Erasmus's Court, where are pointed out the rooms once occupied by that great scholar. Across the river a wooden bridge leads to a terrace by the water-side with an overhanging border of elms, and known as Erasmus's Walk. This college was founded by the rival queens, Margaret of Anjou

and Elizabeth Widvile, and though it is very proud of having had the great scholar of the Reformation within its halls, he does not seem to have entirely reciprocated the pleasure; for he complains in a letter to a friend that while there "he was blockaded with the plague, beset with thieves, and drugged with bad wine." Returning to Trumpington Street, we find on the western side the University Printing Press, named from the younger statesman the Pitt Press. He represented the university in Parliament, and the lofty square and pinnacled tower of this printing-office is one of the most conspicuous objects in Cambridge. Yet even this structure has its contrasts, for the "Cantabs" consider that its architecture is as bad as its typography is good, and have nicknamed it the "Freshmen's Church."

OTHER CAMBRIDGE COLLEGES.

Pembroke College, founded in 1347 by the Countess of Pembroke, near the Pitt Press, has a chapel designed by Christopher Wren and recently enlarged. This was the college of Spenser and Gray, the latter having migrated from the neighboring Peterhouse because of the practical jokes the students played upon him. It was also Pitt's college, and Ridley studied here. Opposite Pembroke is Peterhouse, or St. Peter's College, the most ancient foundation in Cambridge, established by Hugh

de Balsham, Bishop of Ely, in 1284. Its most famous student was Gray, and his upper room is shown, having iron bars at the window, said to have been placed there by Gray to fasten a rope-ladder in case of fire. Beyond Peterhouse is the Fitzwilliam Museum, a most successful reproduction of classic architecture, built and maintained by a legacy of \$500,000 left by Viscount Fitzwilliam in 1816. It contains an excellent art and literary collection, which was begun by the viscount. This is regarded as probably the finest classical building constructed in the present century in England. A short distance beyond, at the end of a water-course, is an attractive hexagonal structure with niched recesses and ornamental capstones. This is Hobson's Conduit, erected in 1614 by Thomas Hobson. This benefactor of Cambridge was a livery-stable keeper and carrier between London and the university, and his unswerving rule of strict rotation in letting out his horses is said to have been the origin of the phrase "Hobson's Choice." Downing College, erected in 1807, is an unobtrusive structure in a fine park; and near by is Emmanuel College, built on the site of a Dominican convent and designed by Wren. It was founded by Sir Walter Mildmay, the Puritan, in 1584, who on going to court was taxed by Queen Mary with having erected a Puritan college. "No, madam," he replied, "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established

laws, but I have set an acorn, which when it becomes an oak God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." Sir William Temple was educated at Emmanuel, also several of the Pilgrim Fathers, and John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University. Christ's College is chiefly interesting from its associations with Milton, whose rooms are still pointed out, while a mulberry tree that he planted in 1632 is preserved in the garden. Latimer and Paley, with a host of other divines, Sir Philip Sidney, and Leland the antiquary, were students here. This college was founded by Queen Margaret, mother of Henry VII., in 1506, and some beautiful silver plate, her gift to the Fellows, is still preserved. At Sidney-Sussex College, founded in 1596 by the Countess of Sussex, daughter of Sir William Sidney, Cromwell was a Fellow in 1616, and his crayon portrait hangs in the dining-hall. Owing to want of means, he left without taking a degree. An oriel window projecting over the street is said to mark his chamber. Upon Bridge Street is the Round Church, or St. Sepulchre's Church, obtaining its name from its circular Norman nave, dating from 1101, being the oldest of the four "Temple churches" still remaining in England. Across the Cam stands Magdalene College (pronounced Maudlin), founded in 1542 by Baron Thomas Audley of Walden. Within the building behind it are the literary collections of Samuel Pepys, who was secretary to the

Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., together with the manuscript of his famous diary, a book of marvellous gossip, recording the peccadilloes of its author, the jealousy of his wife, and the corruptions of the court. He was educated at Magdalene, as also was Archbishop Cranmer.

Jesus Lane leads out of Bridge Street to Jesus College, founded by Bishop Alcock in 1497, remotely placed on the river-bank within spacious grounds, and of which the chief building of interest is the chapel, a fine Gothic structure. This college is upon the site of a Benedictine nunnery founded in 1133, and is entered by a lofty brick gate-tower which is much admired, and was constructed soon after the foundation of the college in 1497 by the Bishop of Ely, whose successors until this day retain the gift of the mastership. Sterne and Coleridge were graduates of Jesus. The most modern of the Cambridge colleges is Selwyn, founded in 1882, and designed, like Keble College at Oxford, to provide an economical university education for members of the Church of England. There are two foundations for women at Cambridge. One of these is near Selwyn, and was founded in 1875, Newnham College, accommodating one hundred students. The other, a short distance north-east of the town, is Girton College, established in 1869 for the higher education of women. The students of Newnham and Girton are admitted to the University Previous Ex-


amination and Triposes, but do not receive degrees. Cavendish College is a Non-conformist training-school, Redley Hall is a theological college for graduates, and Westminster College, just completed, is a large new establishment of the Presbyterian Church.

From Jesus Lane a path leads down to the boat-houses on the river-bank, where each college has a boat-club wearing a distinctive dress. The race-course is at the Long Reach or Lower River, just below the town, separated from the Upper River by locks. Of the ancient Cambridge Castle, built by the Conqueror in 1068, nothing remains but the mound upon Castle Hill, where the county courts are now located. Cambridge, however, has little besides its university buildings to attract attention. Two miles away is Trumpington, near which is the site of the mill told of in Chaucer's *Canterbury tale* of the "Miller of Trumpington." The place is now used for gates to admit the river-water into Byron's Pool, which is so called because the poet frequently bathed in it when he was an undergraduate of Trinity College.

THE FENLAND.

The river Cam below Cambridge flows through that country of reclaimed marshland which ultimately ends in the Wash, between Norfolk and Lincolnshire, and is known as the Fenland. This

"Great Level of the Fens" has been drained and reclaimed by the labors of successive generations of engineers, and contains about six hundred and eighty thousand acres of the richest lands in England, being as much the product of engineering skill as Holland itself. Not many centuries ago this vast surface, covering two thousand square miles, was entirely abandoned to the waters, forming an immense estuary of the Wash, into which various rivers discharge the rainfall of Central England. In winter it was an inland sea and in summer a noxious swamp. The more elevated parts were overgrown with tall reeds that in the distance looked like fields of waving corn, and immense flocks of wild-fowl haunted them. Into this dismal swamp the rivers brought down their freshets, the waters mingling and winding by devious channels before they reached the sea. The silt with which they were laden became deposited in the basin of the Fens, and thus the river-beds were choked up, compelling the intercepted waters to force new channels through the ooze; hence there are numerous abandoned beds of old rivers still traceable amid the level of the Fens. This region now is drained and dyked, but in earlier times it was a wilderness of shallow waters and reedy islets, with frequent "islands" of firmer and more elevated ground. These were availed of for the monasteries of the Fenland—Ely, Peterborough, Crowland, and others, all established by



the Benedictines. The abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, although situated some distance from the marshland, may also be classed among the religious houses of the Fens. This abbey, which is a short distance east of Cambridge, was built in the eleventh century as the shrine of St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, who was killed by the Danes about the year 870. It soon became one of the wealthiest English monasteries, and was the chief religious centre of that section, St. Edmund's shrine long being a Mecca for vast numbers of English pilgrims. Only ruins remain, the chief being the abbey-gate, now the property of the Marquis of Bristol, and the Norman tower and church, which have recently been restored. In the suburbs of Bury is Hengrave Hall, one of the most interesting Tudor mansions remaining in the kingdom. Originally, it was three times its present size, and was built by Sir Thomas Kytson about 1525. Its gate-house is rich in details, and the many windows and projections of the southern front group picturesquely.

Following the Cam northward from Cambridge through the marshland, we come to the "Isle of Ely," the great "fortress of the Fens," formerly surrounded by water, and standing upon its highest ground is the great cathedral of Ely. This ancient island in the marshland is said to have got its name from the eels in the adjacent waters. It is memorable as having been the last stronghold of the

Saxons, who maintained themselves against the Norman Conquest by holding their island-fortress from 1066 to 1071, under the leadership of Hereward, who has been mournfully described as the "last of the English." Its final capture was only made by King William the Conqueror after prodigious labor and heavy loss. He subsequently regarded it as one of his most important strongholds. Here St. Etheldreda founded a monastery in the seventh century, which ultimately became a cathedral, Ely having been given a bishop in 1109. The present buildings date all the way from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, so that they give specimens of all Gothic styles. The cathedral is five hundred and twenty feet long, and from the summit of its western tower can be gained a fine view of the spreading fens and lowlands of Cambridgeshire, amid which stands the Isle of Ely. One of the finest views of this tower is that obtained from the road leading to Ely Close. The lofty castellated western tower, and indeed the whole cathedral, are landmarks for the entire country round, and from the rising ground at Cambridge, fully twenty miles to the southward, they can be seen standing out against the sky. From the dykes and fields and meadows that have replaced the marshes along the Cam and Ouse the huge tower can be seen looming up in stately grandeur. It is almost the sole attraction of the sleepy little country town. The great feature of this massive cathedral is the

wonderful central octagon, with its domelike roof crowned by a lofty lantern, which is said to be the only Gothic dome of its kind in existence in England or France. We are told that the original cathedral had a central tower, which for some time showed signs of instability, until on one winter's morning in 1321 it came down with an earthquake crash and severed the cathedral into four arms. In reconstructing it, to ensure security the entire breadth of the church was taken as a base for the octagon, so that it was more than three times as large as the original square tower. Magnificent windows are inserted in the exterior faces of the octagon, and the entire cathedral has been restored. It was to Bishop Cox, who then presided over the see of Ely, that Queen Elizabeth, when he objected to the alienation of certain church property, wrote her famous letter :

"PROUD PRELATE: You know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God, I will unfrock you."

"ELIZABETH R."

The bishop, it is almost unnecessary to say, surrendered. The town contains little of interest beyond some quaint old houses.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

North-westward of Ely, and just on the border of the Fenland, Penda, a thane of Mercia who had acquired great wealth, founded Medeshamstede, near the bank of the Neve, the first and most powerful of the great Benedictine abbeys of this region, in the year 656. Around this celebrated religious house has grown the town of Peterborough, now one of the chief railway-junctions in Midland England. The remains of the monastic buildings, and especially of the cathedral, are magnificent, the great feature of the latter being its western front, which was completed in the thirteenth century, and has three great open arches, making probably the finest church portico in Europe. On the left of the cathedral is the chancel of Becket's Chapel, now a grammar school, while on the right is the ancient gateway of the abbot's lodgings, which has become the entrance to the bishop's palace. The main part of the cathedral is Norman, though portions are Early English. It is built in the form of a cross, with a smaller transept at the western end, while the choir terminates in an apse, and a central tower rises from four supporting arches. This is the third church that has been built on the site. Penda's first structure was destroyed during the Danish invasion of 870-3; the second, founded a century afterwards, was burnt in 1116; and the choir of the third, consecrated in

1140, is the oldest part of the present cathedral. The nave and transepts were built later in the twelfth century. A complete restoration was begun in 1897. Within the cathedral, to the north of the western doorway, is a portrait of old Scarlett, who died in 1594, Peterborough's noted sexton, who buried here Queen Catharine of Aragon, wife of Henry VIII., in 1548, and Mary Queen of Scots, after her execution in 1587. The grave of the former is in the north choir-aisle, and a slab in the corresponding portion of the south choir-aisle marks the original resting-place of Mary, whose remains were taken by King James I. to Westminster Abbey. In 1643, the Puritans destroyed the interior, including both monuments. In 1895, a tablet to the Scottish queen was placed near her former grave, by a subscription made by ladies bearing the Christian name of Mary. The nave has an ancient wooden roof of the twelfth century carefully preserved and painted with various devices. The transept arches are fine specimens of Norman work.

CROWLAND ABBEY.

Farther northward in the Fenland, and over the border in Lincolnshire, was the Benedictine abbey of "courteous Crowland," though its remains are now scanty. It derives its name from the "Land of Crows," which in this part of the Fenland, is drained by the Welland River and the great Bedford Level.

On one of the many islands of firmer soil abounding in this oozy region the monks constructed their monastery, but had little space for cultivation, and brought their food from remoter possessions. Now, Crowland is no longer an island, for the drainage has made fast land all about, and the ruins have attracted a straggling village. Here is the famous "triangular bridge," a relic of the abbey. Three streams met, and the bridge was made to accommodate the monks, who, from whatever direction they approached, had to cross one of them. The streams now are conveyed underground, but the bridge remains like a stranded monster which the tide has abandoned, and gives the children a play-place. Its steep half-arches, meeting in the centre, are climbed by rough steps. The dissolved abbey served as a quarry for the village, and hence on this strange bridge and on all the houses fragments of worked stone and of sculpture everywhere appear. It was located at the eastern end of the village, where its ruins still stand as a guide across the fens, seen from afar. Most of it is in complete ruin, but the north aisle of the nave has been sufficiently preserved to serve as the parish church of Crowland; round about the church and the ruins extends the village graveyard. Set up in the porch beneath the tower is a memorial of William Hill, the sexton, who died in 1792. When forty years old he was blinded by exposure during a snowfall, yet he lived

for twenty-five years afterwards, able to find his way everywhere and to know every grave in the churchyard. Not far away from Peterborough is Ramsay, where a few relics remain of another famous Benedictine abbey, long since gone to ruin. In the neighborhood is the village of Stilton, which has achieved undying fame by giving its name to the well-known cheese.

In the earlier days of Christianity the solitudes in this Fenland had peculiar attractions for the hermits who fled from the world to embrace an ascetic life. Thus the islands each gradually got its hermit, and the great monasteries grew up by degrees, starting usually in the cell of some recluse. Guthlac, who lived in the seventh century, was of the royal House of Mercia, and voluntarily exiled himself in the Fens. This region was then, according to popular belief, the haunt of myriads of evil spirits, who delighted in attacking the hermits. They assaulted Guthlac in hosts, disturbed him by strange noises, once carried him far away to the icy regions of the North, and not seldom took the form of crows, the easier to torment him; but his unremitting prayers and penance ultimately put them to flight, and the existence of his cell became known to the world. Ethelbald fled to Guthlac for refuge, and the hermit predicted he would become king, which in time came to pass. Guthlac died at Crowland, and the grateful king built a stone church there. The build-

ings increased, their great treasure being of course the tomb of the hermit, which became a source of many miracles. The Northmen in the ninth century plundered and destroyed Crowland, but it was restored, and in Edward the Confessor's time was one of the five religious houses ruled by the powerful abbot of Peterborough. It became the shrine of Waltheof, the Earl of Northampton beheaded for opposing William the Conqueror, and Crowland was thus made a stronghold of English feeling against the Normans, like the other monasteries of the Fens. Its fame declined somewhat after the Conquest, though its hospitality was fully maintained. It had little subsequent history. The abbey was garrisoned by the Royalists, and captured by Cromwell in 1643, after which it fell into ruin. Such has been the fate of almost all the religious houses in the Fens, the merits of which the people in the olden time judged according to a local rhyme which yet survives :

“ Ramsay, the bounteous of gold and of fee ;
Crowland, as courteous as courteous may be ;
Spalding the rich, and Peterborough the proud ;
Sawtre, by the way, that poor abbaye,
Gave more alms in one day than all they.”

NORWICH.

Proceeding eastward out of the Fenland and among the hills of Norfolk, the little river Wensum is found to have cut a broad, deep, and trench-like

valley into the chalk and gravel plateau. Upon the elevated bank of the river is the irregularly picturesque town of Norwich, with the castle-keep rising above the undulating mass of buildings, and the cathedral and its noble spire overtopping the lower portion of the city on the right hand. Norwich is an ancient town, but very little is known with certainty about it anterior to the Danish invasions. We are told that its original location was at the more southerly castle of Caister, whence the inhabitants migrated to the present site, for—

“Caister was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built of Caister stone.”

Canute held possession of Norwich and had a castle there, but the present castle seems to date from the Norman Conquest, when it was granted to Ralph de Quader, who turned traitor to the king, causing Norfolk to be besieged, captured, and greatly injured. Then the castle was granted to Roger Bigod. The town grew, and became especially prosperous from the settlement there of numerous Flemish weavers in the fourteenth century and of Walloons in Elizabeth's reign. It managed to keep pretty well out of the Civil Wars, but a local historian says, “The inhabitants have been saved from stagnation by the exceeding bitterness with which all party and local political questions are discussed and contested, and by the hearty way in which all classes

throw themselves into all really patriotic movements, when their party feeling occasionally sleeps for a month or two." Norwich is pre-eminently a town of churches, into the construction of which flint enters largely, it being dressed with great skill into small roughened cubical blocks. The East-Anglian "flush-work" is interesting in the Norwich buildings, being so called because faced flints are used to fill up flush the interstices of the freestone pattern.

The great attraction of Norwich is the cathedral, which stands upon a low peninsula enclosed by a semicircular sweep of the river, much of the ground in this region having been originally a swamp. The cathedral is generally approached from its western side, where there is an open space in front of the Close called Tombland, upon which two gates open from it. These are St. Ethelbert's and the Erpingham gates. The latter, opposite the western front of the cathedral, is named for its builder, "old Sir Thomas Erpingham," whose "good white head," Shakespeare tells us, was to be seen on the field of Agincourt. The cathedral is a Norman structure, cruciform in plan, with an exceptionally long nave, an apsidal choir, and attached chapels. The earliest parts of it were begun by Bishop Herbert de Losinga in 1096, and when partially completed five years afterwards it was handed over to the care of the Benedictine monks. Thirty years later the nave was added, but the cathedral was not completed

until about 1150. Twice it was seriously injured by fire, and it was not thoroughly restored for a century, when in 1278 it was again consecrated with great pomp, in the presence of Edward I. and his court, on Advent Sunday. The spire, which is one of its most conspicuous features, was added by Bishop Percy in the fourteenth century, though, having been seriously injured by lightning, it had to be replaced afterwards. At the same time the building was greatly altered, its roofs raised and vaulted, and repairs went on until 1536. Yet, with all the changes that were made in this famous cathedral, no other in England has managed to preserve its original plan so nearly undisturbed.

Entering the nave from the westward, this grand apartment is found to extend two hundred and fifty-two feet, and to the intersection of the transepts comprises fourteen bays, three of them being included in the choir. The triforium is almost as lofty as the nave-arches, and the solidity of these, surmounted by the grandeur of the upper arcade, gives a magnificent aspect to the nave. Above is the fine vaulted roof, the elaborately carved bosses giving a series of scenes from sacred history extending from the Creation to the Last Judgment. Small chapels were originally erected against the organ-screen, one of them being dedicated to the young St. William, a Norfolk saint who in the twelfth century was tortured and crucified by some Jews. His body, clan-

destinely buried in a wood, was found, miracles were wrought, and it was translated to the cathedral. The Jews of Norwich were then attacked and plundered, and these outrages were renewed a century later. But times have fortunately changed since then. The choir extends to the eastern apse, and at the back of the altar recent alterations have exposed an interesting relic in a fragment of the original bishop's throne, an elevated chair of stone placed in the middle of the apse and looking westward. On either side are apsidal chapels. Among the monuments is that to Sir William Boleyn, grandfather to the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. He lived at Blickling, about thirteen miles from Norwich, where Anne is believed to have been born. Several bishops also lie in the cathedral, and among the later tombs is that of Dr. Moore, who died in 1779, and whose periwigged head is in grotesque juxtaposition with a cherub making an ugly face and appearing to be drying his eyes with his shirt. The spire of Norwich Cathedral rises two hundred and eighty-seven feet.

Norwich Castle is a massive block of masonry crowning the summit of a mound. Who first built it is unknown, but he is said by popular tradition to sit buried in his chair and full armed deep down in the centre of this mound, and "ready for all contingencies." But the castle degenerated into a jail, and the great square tower or keep, ninety-five feet square and seventy feet high, is the only part of the

original structure remaining. It has been refaced with new stone, and the interior has also been completely changed. After five centuries' use as the county-jail, in 1887 the castle was converted into a museum, and now contains a collection of birds and fossils. The moat is planted with trees, and on the outside slope the cattle-market is held every Saturday. Norwich has some historical structures. In its grammar-school Nelson was a scholar, and his statue stands on the green. On the edge of Tombland stands the house of Sir John Falstaff, a brave soldier and friend of literature, whose memory is greatly prized in Norfolk, but whose name has been forgotten by many in the shadow of Shakespeare's "Fat Jack." The chief centre of the town, however, is the market-place, on the slope of a hill, where modernized buildings have replaced some of the more antique structures. Here stands the ancient Guildhall, which in 1413 replaced the old Tolbooth, where the market-dues were paid. Within is the sword surrendered to Nelson by Admiral Winthuisen at the battle of St. Vincent, and by him presented to the chief city of his native county of Norfolk, and other souvenirs of the great naval hero. In the olden time the glory of Norwich was the Duke of Norfolk's palace, but it was destroyed at the end of the seventeenth century by the then duke in a fit of anger because the mayor would not permit his troop of players to march through the

town with trumpets blowing. Not a brick of it now stands, the site being covered with small houses. Norwich was formerly famous for its trade in woollens, a colony of Flemish weavers in the twelfth century introducing them at the neighboring village of Worstead, whence the name. Now, the coal-mines have aided the spinning-jenny, but the worsteds are overshadowed by other Norwich manufactures. Colman's starch and mustard-factories cover ten acres, and Barnard's ornamental iron-work from Norwich is world-renowned. Norwich also contains an enormous brewery, but in this the city is not singular, for what is a Briton without his beer? Thus do the colliers and iron-workers, the brewers and mustard-grinders of Norwich make its present fame and fortune. But if they now overshadow possibly the ducal and aristocratic memories of the ancient town, these should not suffer, for does not that wisest of English humorists, W. S. Gilbert, tell us :

“Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected !
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well-connected.
High rank involves no shame ;
We boast an equal claim
With him of humble name,
To be respected.

LONDON TO SHEFFIELD AND YORK.

VI.

LONDON TO SHEFFIELD AND YORK.

The Flying Scotsman—Grantham—The Angel Inn—Woolsthorpe—Sir Isaac Newton—Stamford—Burghley House—Lord Cecil—The George Inn—Lincoln—Brayford Pool—The Fosse Dyke Canal—Lincoln Cathedral—Ermine Street—St. Botolph's Town—Boston—Scrooby—Austerfield—Nottingham—Hosiery-knitting—Southwell—The Minster—The Saracen's Head—Sherwood Forest—Robin Hood—The Dukeries—Thoresby Hall—Rufford Abbey—Clumber Park—Ollerton—Worksop—Welbeck Abbey—Its Subterranean Apartments—Newstead Abbey—Newark—The Talbot Arms—The Clinton Arms—Kingston-upon-Hull—The Humber—Trinity House—William Wilberforce—Beverley—Leconfield Castle—Sheffield—The Cutlers' Company—Wakefield—The Wars of the Roses—The Six Chimblies—Leeds—Woollen Cloth—St. John's Church—Teasels—Kirkstall Abbey—Rumbald's Moor—Ilkley—Bolton Abbey—The Strid—Bardon Tower—The Boy of Egremont—Ripon Minster—Fountains Abbey—Studley Royal—Anne Boleyn's Seat—Fountains Hall—Richmond Castle—Easby Abbey—Darlington—Stockton-on-Tees—York—Eboracum—Towton Field—Marston Moor—Micklegate Bar—The Red Tower—York Minster—Hotspur's Tomb—York Castle—Clifford's Tower—Robinson Crusoe's Birthplace.

GRANTHAM.


THE railway running from London to Edinburgh, and on which the celebrated fast train the "Flying Scotsman" travels between the two capitals, is the longest in Britain. Its route northward from the metropolis to the Scottish border, with occasional

digressions, will furnish many places of interest. This famous "Flying Scotsman," speeding from London, makes its first stop after an unbroken run of one hundred and five miles at Grantham, on the river Witham, where we will leave the train and visit the quaint old Angel Inn, formerly belonging to the Knights Templar, and so old that King John is said to have held court in it in 1213. It was here, too, that King Richard III. signed the death-warrant of the Duke of Buckingham. Extensive iron-works now employ the people, and its chief memory is of Sir Isaac Newton, who was born in 1642 at the village of Woolsthorpe, seven miles westward. His statue adorns the park on St. Peter's Hill in Grantham, and one of the interesting buildings is the quaint old grammar-school founded by Bishop Fox of Winchester, in 1528, where Newton was educated and prepared for college. The local tradition is that he was not very brilliant during his career here as a scholar, a circumstance which may be recorded, if for nothing else, at least for the encouragement of some of the backward schoolboys of later generations.

BURGHLEY HOUSE.

On the banks of the Welland River is Stamford, in Lincolnshire, where the earliest English newspaper, the *Stamford Mercury*, began publication in 1712. A short distance south of the town is located the well-known Burghley House, which was the

home of Lord Treasurer Cecil, whose history is referred to in the notice of Hatfield House. This mansion is now the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, also a Cecil. It is said to have furnished the text for Lord Bacon's "Essay on Building," it having been completed but a short time previously. The plans of this famous house are still preserved in London. It is a parallelogram built around an open court, with a lofty square tower projecting from the western front, and having octangular turrets at the angles. The northern (which is the main) front is divided into three compartments, and bears on the parapet 1587 as the date when the house was finished. Within the building a long corridor, commanding a view of the inner court, leads to a stone staircase which rises to the top of the structure and is peculiarly decorated. There is a fine chapel, and in an adjoining room was Giordano's renowned painting of "Seneca Dying in the Bath," which was eulogized in Prior's poems, he having seen it there, though it is now removed. One of the most interesting pictures in the gallery is that of Henry Cecil, the tenth Earl and the first Marquis of Exeter, his wife, and daughter. Tennyson has woven the romance of their marriage into a poem. Cecil, before coming into his title, was living in seclusion in Shropshire, and fell in love with a farmer's daughter. He married her under an assumed name, and only disclosed his true rank when, succeeding to his



uncle's title and estates, he became the lord of Burghley and took her home to Burghley House. Tennyson tells how she received the disclosure :

“ Thus her heart rejoices greatly, till a gateway she discerns
 With armorial bearings stately, and beneath the gate she turns ;
 Sees a mansion more majestic than all those she saw before :
 Many a gallant gay domestic bows before him at the door,
 And they speak in gentle murmur, when they answer to his call,
 While he treads with footstep firmer, leading on from hall to
 hall.
 And, while now she wonders blindly, nor the meaning can
 divine,
 Proudly turns he round and kindly, ‘ All of this is mine and
 thine.’
 Here he lives in state and bounty, Lord of Burghley, fair and
 free,
 Not a lord in all the county is so great a lord as he.
 All at once the color flushes her sweet face from brow to chin :
 As it were with shame she blushes, and her spirit changed within.
 Then her countenance all over pale again as death did prove ;
 But he clasp'd her like a lover, and he cheer'd her soul with
 love.”

The building has many attractive apartments, including a ball-room and Queen Elizabeth's chamber, but it is doubted whether the maiden queen ever visited it, though she did stay at Burghley's house in Stamford, and here made the celebrated speech to her old minister in which she said that his head and her purse could do anything. Burghley's eldest son, Thomas, was created Earl of Exeter, and his descendants are now in possession of the house.

His younger son, Robert, as previously related, was made Earl of Salisbury, and his descendants hold Hatfield House. The apartments at Burghley are filled with historical portraits. The grand staircase on the southern side of the house is finer than the other, but is not so full of character. The gardens of Burghley were planted by "Capability Brown," the same who laid out Kew. He imperiously overruled King George III. in the gardening at Kew, and when he died the king is said to have exclaimed with a sigh of relief to the under-gardener, "Brown is dead; now you and I can do what we please here." Within St. Martin's Church in Stamford is the canopied tomb of the lord treasurer, constructed of alabaster, and bearing his effigy clad in armor, with the crimson robes of the Garter; it is surrounded with the tombs of his descendants. It was into Stamford that Nicholas Nickleby rode through the snowstorm, and the coach stopped at the George Inn, which was a popular hostelry in the days of Charles II., as it still remains.

LINCOLN.

Continuing northward down the river Witham, we come to a point where the stream has carved in a limestone-capped plateau a magnificent valley, which, changing its course to the eastward, ultimately broadens on its route to the sea into a wide tract of fenland. Here, upon a grand site overlook-

ing the marshes and the valley, stands the city of Lincoln, with its cathedral crowning the top of the hill, while the town-buildings spread down the slope to the river-bank at Brayford Pool, from which the Witham is navigable down to Boston, near the coast, and ultimately discharges into the Wash. The Brayford Pool is crowded with vessels and bordered by warehouses, and it receives the ancient Fosse Dyke Canal, which was dug by the Romans to connect the Witham with the more inland river Trent. This canal has been modernized, and through it the city, which is a considerable manufacturer of agricultural implements, conducts a profitable trade with the Midland counties. This was the British Lindcoit and afterwards the Roman colony of Lindum, from which the present name of Lincoln is derived, and the noble cathedral crowns the highest ground, known as Steep Hill. William the Conqueror was proud of Lincoln, which was then accounted the fourth city in Britain, and he selected it as the site of one of his castles. He also conferred upon Bishop Remigius of Fecamp the see of Dorchester, who transferred it to Lincoln and founded in 1075 this celebrated cathedral, which, with its three noble towers and two transepts, is one of the finest in England. St. Paulinus is said to have introduced Christianity at Lindcoit in the seventh century, and to have built a church, the site of which in the Westgate Street is now occupied by St. Paul's Church.

Approaching the grand cathedral from the river, at the foot of the hill is encountered the Stonebow, a Gothic gateway of the Tudor age, the upper part of which serves as the guildhall. The centre of the western front is the oldest part of Lincoln Cathedral, and the gateway facing it, and forming the chief entrance to the Close, is the Exchequer Gate, an impressive structure built in the reign of Edward III. The cathedral arcade and the lower parts of the two western towers and the western doorway were built in the twelfth century. Subsequently an earthquake shattered the cathedral, and in the thirteenth century it was restored and extended by Bishop Hugh of Avelon, not being finished until 1315. The massive central tower is supported on four grand piers composed of twenty-four shafts, and here is hung the celebrated bell of Lincoln, "Great Tom," which was recast about seventy years ago, and weighs five and a half tons. The transepts have splendid rose windows, retaining the original stained glass. Lincoln's shrine was that of its restoring Bishop St. Hugh, and his choir is surmounted by remarkable vaulting, the eastern end of the church being extended into the Angel Choir, a beautiful specimen of Decorated Gothic, which has been described as "one of the loveliest of human works," built in 1280 to accommodate the enormous concourse of pilgrims attracted by St. Hugh's shrine, which stood in this part of the building. In

the cathedral is the tomb of Katherine Swynford, third wife of John of Gaunt. Adjoining the south-eastern transept are the cloisters and chapter-house. The most ingenious piece of work of the whole structure is the "stone beam," a bridge with a nearly flat arch, extending between the two western towers over the nave, composed of twenty-two stones, each eleven inches thick, and vibrating sensibly when stepped upon. There are two ancient circular windows in the transepts, which contain old-time glass, and are very interesting. That in the north transept dates from 1225, and is called the "Dean's Eye," and that in the south transept, dating from 1325, the "Bishop's Eye." In the choir is a shrine for "Little St. Hugh of Lincoln," a child alleged to have been crucified by Jews, and also an impressive monument for Bishop Wordsworth, who died in 1885. There is a grand view from the towers over the neighboring country and far away down the Witham towards the sea. The exterior of the cathedral is one of the finest specimens of architecture in the kingdom, its porches, side-chapels, decorated doorways, sculptured capitals, windows, cloisters, and towers admirably illustrating every portion of the history of English architecture. Its interior length is four hundred and eighty feet, the great transept two hundred and fifty feet, and the lesser transept one hundred and seventy feet. The western towers are two hundred

feet high, and the central tower two hundred and sixty-two feet, while the width of the cathedral's noble western front is one hundred and seventy-four feet. Upon the southern side of the hill, just below it, are the stately ruins of the Bishop's Palace, of which the tower has been restored. Bishop Hugh's ruined Great Hall is now overgrown with ivy, but the walls can be climbed to disclose a glorious view of the cathedral.

The ancient Ermine Street of the Romans enters Lincoln through the best-preserved piece of Roman masonry in England, built at the beginning of the Christian era, the Newport Gate of two arches, where on either hand may be seen fragments of the old wall. Near the south-east corner of this originally walled area, William the Conqueror built Lincoln Castle, with its gate facing the cathedral. The ruins are well preserved, and parts of the site have been used for the jail and court-house. Within this old castle King Stephen besieged the empress Maud, but though he captured it she escaped. Her partisans recaptured the place, and Stephen in the second siege was made a prisoner. It suffered many sieges in the troubled times afterwards. In the Civil War the townspeople supported the king, but being attacked they retreated to the castle and cathedral, which were stormed and taken by the Parliamentary army. Afterwards the castle was dismantled. One of the interesting remains in Lincoln is the "Jew's

House," one of the most ancient specimens of domestic architecture in England, built early in the twelfth century, and said to have been the home in the Hebrew quarter of a Jewess who was hanged for clipping coin in the reign of Edward I. But the noble cathedral is the crowning glory of this interesting old city, the massive structure, with its three surmounting towers standing on high, being visible for many miles across the country around.


The trade of Lincoln by sea goes down the river Witham through the low-lying fen country, thirty miles or more south-eastward, to the ancient St. Botolph's Town, now known as Boston. This venerable seaport is perhaps best known from its association with its famous New England prototype, the founders having come from here. It has about fifteen thousand people, and is a railway centre of some importance. Its Church of St. Botolph has a lofty tower, crowned by an octagonal lantern, and is known as the "Boston Stump." John Cotton, born in 1585, was vicar here before he went to Massachusetts, and this church contains a chapel, restored by Bostonians of New England in 1857, in his memory. In the old guildhall elder William Brewster and his Pilgrim companions were tried, Brewster having been born at Scrooby in 1560, and William Bradford, the governor of Plymouth Colony, at Austerfield, near by, in 1588.

NOTTINGHAM.

We will now cross over the border from Lincoln into Nottinghamshire, and, seeking the valley of the Trent, find upon the steep brow of a cliff by the river at the junction with the little river Leen the ancient castle of Nottingham, which is surrounded by the busy machinery of the hosiery-weavers. When it was founded no one accurately knows, but it is believed to antedate the Roman occupation of the island. As long ago as the tenth century there was a bridge across the Trent at Snodengahame—meaning the “dwelling among the rocks”—as it was then called, and afterwards the town suffered from the Danes, as it also suffered during the troubled reign of King Stephen. The castle was built by one of the Peverils soon after the Norman Conquest, and was frequently the abode of kings. It was here that Roger Mortimer was seized prior to being tried and hanged in London. He was the favorite of Queen Isabella, and was surprised in 1330 by Edward III., who gained entrance to the castle by a secret passage, which has since been known as “Mortimer’s Hole.” King David of Scotland and Owen Glendower of Wales were held prisoners in Nottingham Castle, and from it Richard III. advanced to meet his fate on Bosworth Field, while Charles I. set up his standard and gathered his army at Nottingham at the opening of the Civil

Wars, the blowing down of his standard by a gale on Castle Hill being taken as ominous of the unfortunate termination of the conflict. The old castle, which fell into ruins, subsequently passed into possession of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who cleared away almost the whole of the ancient structure and built a more modern one upon its site in 1674, which was burnt by a mob in 1831, in consequence of the then duke's opposition to the Reform Bill. It was afterwards acquired by the city corporation and restored, being used for a museum. The city was noted for its manufactures as early as the reign of King John, and the hand-knitting of stockings was introduced in the sixteenth century. Previously to that time hosiery had been cut out of cloth, with the seams sewed up the same as outer clothing. As early as 1589 a machine for weaving was invented, but failing to reap a profit from it, the inventor, a clergyman, took it to Paris, where he afterwards died broken-hearted. Ultimately, his apprentices brought the machines back to Nottingham, improved them, and prospered. Many improvements followed. Jedediah Strutt produced the "Derby ribbed hose;" then the warp-loom was invented in the last century, and the bobbin-traverse net in 1809. The improved machinery was not introduced, however, without serious conflicts with the working-people. In the early part of the present century Nottingham was the scene of the "Luddite"

riots, in which the stocking-makers destroyed over a thousand stocking-frames, and several rioters were killed before order was restored. The knitting-machines have since been steadily improved, and now hosiery-making is carried on in extensive factories that give an individuality to the town. The rapidity with which stockings are reeled off the machines is astonishing. An ordinary stocking is made in four pieces, which are afterwards sewed or knitted together by another machine. Some of the looms, however, knit the legs in one piece, and may be seen working off almost endless woollen tubes, which are afterwards divided into convenient lengths. Fancy hosiery is knitted according to patterns, the setting up of which requires great skill. Vast amounts of lace are woven, and in the factories female labor preponderates. Some of the greatest lace and hosiery factories in the world are here, notably the Morleys, employing six thousand people, the Nottingham Manufacturing Company, and the great lace depot of Thomas Adams & Co. The upper town of Nottingham, clustering around the castle on the river-crag, has a picturesque aspect from the valley below. Among the features of the lower town is the market-place, a triangular area of slightly over five acres, where the market is held every Saturday, and where once a year is also held that great event of Nottingham, the Michaelmas goose fair. Here also disport themselves at election-times the rougher ele-



ment, who from their propensity to bleat when expressing disapprobation, are known as the "Nottingham lambs," and who claim to be lineal descendants of that hero of the neighboring Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood.

SOUTHWELL.

We will now go down the valley of the Trent below Nottingham, and mounting the gentle hills that border Sherwood Forest, come to the Roman station *Ad Pontem*, of which the Venerable Bede was the historian. Here Paulinus was baptized, and it was early made the site of an episcopal see. The name was Sudwell at the Norman Conquest, and then it became Southwell, and the noted minster was one of the favorite residences of the Archbishop of York. It is a quiet, old-fashioned place, with plenty of comfortable residences, and in a large churchyard on ground sloping away from the main street, with the ruins of the archbishop's palace near by, is Southwell Minster. There are few finer examples of a Norman building remaining in England, the three towers, nave, transepts, and chapter-house forming a majestic group. An enormous western window has been inserted by later architects, rather to the detriment of the gable, and this produces a singular effect. The interior of the minster is magnificent. The Norman nave is of eight bays with semicircular arches, surmounted by a triforium

of rows of arches almost equal to those below, and rising from piers with clustered side-columns. It is nearly three-fourths the height of the lower stage, and this produces a grand effect. The flat roof is modern, it and the bells having been replaced after the church was burned in the last century. The ruins of the archiepiscopal palace, erected six hundred years ago, have been availed of in one portion for a dwelling-house. Wolsey built part of it, and beneath the battlemented wall enclosing the garden there was not long ago found the skeleton of a soldier in armor, a relic of the Civil Wars. The name of the town is derived from its wells. The South Well is a short distance outside the limits in a little park. The Holy Well, which was inside the minster, is now covered up. Lady Well was just outside the church-walls, but a wandering clergyman fell into it one dark night and was drowned, and it too has been closed. St. Catherine's Well was surmounted by a chapel, and is in repute as a cure for rheumatism. The ancient inn of the Saracen's Head in Southwell, not far from the minster on the main street, witnessed the closing scene of the Civil War. After the battle of Naseby the Scotch had reached Southwell, and Montreville, an agent of Cardinal Mazarin, came there to negotiate on behalf of King Charles in 1646. The Scotch commissioners had rooms in the archiepiscopal palace, and Montreville lodged at the

Saracen's Head. After the negotiations had proceeded for some time, the king in disguise quitted Oxford in April, and after a devious journey by way of Newark appeared at Montreville's lodgings at the inn on May 6th. On the south side of the inn was an apartment divided into a dining-room and a bedroom, which the king occupied, and in the afternoon, after dining with the Scotch commissioners, he placed himself in their hands, and was sent a prisoner to their head-quarters. The canny Scots before leaving stripped the lead from the roof of the palace, and it afterwards fell into ruin, so that Cromwell, who arrived subsequently, found it uninhabitable, and then occupied the king's room at the Saracen's Head, his horses being stabled in Southwell Minster. Southwell since has had an uneventful history.


THE DUKERIES.

Not far away is the well-known Sherwood Forest, wherein in the olden time lived the famous forester and bandit Robin Hood. Roaming among its spreading oaks with his robber band, he was not infrequently a visitor to the bordering towns, sometimes for pleasure, but oftener for "business." Who Robin was, or exactly when he lived, no one seems to know. He is associated alike with the unsettled times of Kings John and Richard, with Henry V. and with Jack Cade, but so much mystery surrounds all reports of him that some do not hesitate to de-

clare Robin Hood a myth. But whoever he was, his memory and exploits live in many a ballad sung along the banks of the Trent and in the towns and villages of Sherwood Forest. His abiding-place is now divided up into magnificent estates, the most famous of them being known as "The Dukeries." One of them, near Ollerton, is Thoresby Hall, the splendid home of the Earl of Manvers, a park that is ten miles in circumference, and another is Rufford Abbey, the seat of Lord Savile. Near by is the stately seat of the present Duke of Newcastle—Clumber Park—charmingly situated between Ollerton and Worksop. From the entrance-lodge a carriage-drive of over a mile through the well-wooded grounds leads up to the elegant yet homelike mansion. It is of modern construction, having been built in 1770, and has received important additions since. Before that time the park was a tract of wild woodland, but the then Duke of Newcastle improved it, and constructed an extensive lake, covering ninety acres, at a cost of \$35,000. It was originally intended for a shooting-box, but this was elaborately extended. In the centre of the west front is a colonnade, and between the mansion and the lake are fine gardens ornamented by a large fountain. The owner of Clumber is the lineal representative of the family of Pelham-Clinton—which first appeared prominently in the reign of Edward I.—and is Henry Pelham Archibald Douglas Pelham-Clinton,

Duke of Newcastle. Clumber is rich in ornaments, among them being four ancient Roman altars, but the most striking feature is the full-rigged ship which with a consort rests upon the placid bosom of the lake.

Adjoining Clumber Park is the most celebrated of "The Dukeries," Welbeck Abbey, which is one of the remarkable estates of England, a place peculiar to itself. The mansion is about four miles from Worksop, and the surrounding park contains a grand display of fine old trees, beneath which roam extensive herds of deer. Welbeck Abbey of White Canons was founded in the reign of Henry II., and dedicated to St. James. After the dissolution it was granted to Richard Whalley, and subsequently passed into possession of Sir Charles Cavendish, a son of the famous Bess of Hardwicke, whose grandson converted the abbey into an elaborate mansion, leaving little of the original religious building standing. The present house was constructed in the seventeenth century, its old riding-house being completed in 1623, and William Cavendish, then the Duke of Newcastle, who built it, was noted as the most accomplished horseman of his time. For several generations Welbeck remained in possession of the Dukes of Newcastle, until in the last century an only daughter and the heiress of the abbey married William Bentinck, the Duke of Portland, thus carrying the estate over to that family,



which now possesses it. The founder of this ducal house came over from Holland as a page of honor with King William III. The present owner, who not long ago succeeded to the title, is the sixth Duke of Portland. The chief feature of the original Welbeck, the old riding-house, remains, but is no longer used for that purpose. It is a grand hall, one hundred and seventy-seven feet long, with a massive open-work timber roof of admirable design. The mansion is full of fine apartments, many of them elaborately decorated, but it is not from these that the estate gets its present fame. The late Duke of Portland, who was unmarried, was an eccentric man, and he developed a talent for burrowing underground that made his house one of the most remarkable in England and consumed enormous sums of money. The approach is through a tunnel two miles long, leading to a curious, yet magnificent, series of subterranean apartments. The libraries of Welbeck, five superb rooms opening into each other, the picture-gallery, a spacious hall adjoining, one hundred and fifty-nine feet long, the stables, large gardens, hot-houses, lodges, and other apartments, are all underground. They have glass roofs of magnificent design. They are approached from and connected with the rest of the mansion by subterranean passages, and, being lofty rooms, the cost of this deep digging and of the necessary drainage and other adjuncts may be imagined. The new

riding-house, the finest in existence, and also underground, but lighted by an arched glass roof, is three hundred and seventy-nine by one hundred and six feet, and is fifty feet high. It is elaborately ornamented, and at night is lighted by nearly eight thousand gas-jets. Near it are the extensive hunting-stables, coach-houses, and that marked feature of Welbeck, the covered "gallop," one thousand and seventy-two feet long, with large "hanging rooms" at either end; these too are covered with glass, so as to get their light from the top. The whole place abounds in subterranean apartments and passages, while above ground are extensive gardens and dairies. In the gardens are the peach-wall, one thousand feet long, a similar range of pine-houses, a fruit-arcade of ornamental iron arches stretching nearly a quarter of a mile, with apple trees trained on one side and pear trees on the other, and extensive beds of flowers and plants. To construct and maintain all this curious magnificence there are workshops on a grand scale. This eccentric duke, who practically denied himself to the world, and for years devoted his time to carrying on these remarkable works at an enormous cost, employed over two thousand persons in burrowing out the bowels of the earth and making these grand yet strange apartments. When finished he alone could enjoy them, for Welbeck was for a long time a sealed book to the outer world. But the eccentric duke died, as all

men must, and his successor, William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck, the present Duke of Portland, opened Welbeck to view and to the astonishment of all who saw it. Then the Prince of Wales and a noble company visited the strange yet magnificent structure, and for the first time the amazed assemblage explored this underground palace in Sherwood Forest, and when their wonder was satisfied they turned on the myriads of gas-jets, and amid a blaze of artificial light indulged in a ball—an unwonted scene for the weird old abbey of the eccentric and solitary duke. Like the fairies and mermaids of old in their underground palaces, the prince and his friends at Welbeck right merrily

“Held their courtly revels down, down below.”

Also in this neighborhood is Newstead Abbey, the ancient seat of the Byrons. It is about eight miles from Nottingham, and was founded by the Augustinians in the time of Henry II. In 1540 it came into possession of Sir John Byron, and a century later was held for King Charles. The poet Byron's bedroom remains almost as he left it, and on the lawn is the monument to his favorite dog, “Boatswain.” Lord Byron is buried in the church at Hucknall Torkard, on the road to Nottingham. Newstead Abbey contains several relics of Livingstone, the African explorer. Near it is Robin Hood's Cave,

and the neighborhood is full of remains of the famous chieftain, such as his Hill and his Chair, and Fountain Dale where Robin encountered Friar Tuck.

NEWARK.

Descending again to the banks of the Trent, we come to the causeway which carries over the flat meadows the Great North Road, the Roman military route to the north of England, which made it necessary to build a castle to hold the key to its passage across the river. We are told that Egbert built the earliest fortress here, but the Danes destroyed it. Leofric, Earl of Mercia, rebuilt it, and gave the castle the name of the "New Work." But it too fell into decay, and in 1123 the present castle was built, which, though much altered and afterwards sadly ruined in the Civil War, has come down to the present time. It was here that, after his army was swamped in the Wash, King John died in 1216, some say by poison, but the prosaic historian attributes the sad result to over-indulgence in "unripe peaches and new beer." In the Civil War it was a royal stronghold and sent King Charles large numbers of recruits. Then it was besieged by Cromwell, but stoutly resisted, and Prince Rupert by some brilliant manœuvres relieved it. Finally, the king sought refuge within its walls after the defeat at Naseby, and here he was besieged by the Scotch until his voluntary surrender to them at

Southwell, when two days afterwards, by his order, Newark capitulated to his captors. The Parliamentary forces afterwards dismantled the castle, and it fell into decay, but it has recently been restored as well as possible, and the site converted into a public garden. Within the town of Newark-on-Trent are several objects of interest. At the Saracen's Head Inn, which has existed from the time of Edward III., Sir Walter Scott tells us that Jeanie Deans slept on her journey from Midlothian to London. The most striking part of the town is the market-square, which is very large, and is surrounded by old and interesting houses, several of them projecting completely over the footwalks, and having the front walls supported upon columns—a most picturesque arrangement. One of these old houses has windows in continuous rows in the upper stories, having between them wooden beams and figures moulded in plaster. Through the openings between these old houses can be seen the church, which is one of the finest parish churches in this district, so celebrated for the magnificence of its religious houses. Surmounting its Early English tower is a spire of later date. The plan is cruciform, but with very short transepts, not extending beyond the aisles, which are wide and stretch the entire length of the church. There is a fine roof of carved oak, and some of the stained glass and interior paintings are highly prized. It was at New-

ark that Thomas Magnus lived and founded the grammar-school at which the antiquarian Dr. Stukley was educated, and afterwards the famous Warburton, who became Bishop of Gloucester.

In Newark, over three hundred years ago, there was a tavern called the Talbot Arms, named in honor of the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose countess was Mary, daughter of the famous Bess of Hardwicke by her second husband, Sir William Cavendish. Between the Talbots and the neighboring family of Stanhopes at Shelford there was a feud, which resulted in the Stanhopes defacing the tavern-sign. This was not taken notice of by the Earl of Shrewsbury, but the quarrel was assumed by the imperious countess and her brother, Sir Charles Cavendish. They dispatched a messenger to Sir Thomas Stanhope, accusing him and his son of the insult, and declaring him to be a "reprobate and his son John a rascal." Then a few days later they sent a formal defiance: the Stanhopes avoided a duel as long as possible until they began to be posted as cowards, and then, having gone to London, whither Cavendish followed them, a duel was arranged with the younger Stanhope at Lambeth Bridge. They met after several delays, when it was found that Stanhope had his doublet so thickly quilted as to be almost impenetrable to a sword-thrust. Then there was a new dispute, and it was proposed they should fight in their shirts, but this

Stanhope declined, pleading a cold. Cavendish offered to lend him a waistcoat, but this too was declined; then Cavendish waived all objections to the doublet and proposed to fight anyhow, but the seconds interposed and the duel was put off. Stanhope was then again posted as a coward, and he and his adherents were hustled in the streets of London. A few days later Stanhope and his party were attacked in Fleet Street by the Talbots, and one of the former faction was mortally wounded. The feud went on six years, when one day Cavendish, riding near his home in Nottinghamshire with three attendants, was attacked by Stanhope and twenty horsemen. He fought bravely, and was badly wounded, but killed four and wounded two others of his opponents, when, reinforcements appearing, the Stanhope party fled, leaving six horses and nearly all their hats and weapons behind them. But all feuds have an end, and this one ultimately exhausted itself, the families within a century being united in marriage. Newark-on-Trent is now noted for its breweries, but the Talbot Arms has given way to the Clinton Arms as its principal inn.

HULL AND BEVERLEY.

Following the Trent down to the Humber, and turning towards the sea, we come to the noted seaport of Hull, or, as it is best known in those parts, Kingston-upon-Hull. While not possessing great

attractions for the ordinary tourist, yet Hull ranks as the third seaport of England, being second only to London and Liverpool, and having over three hundred and fifty thousand population. It is the great packet-station for the north of Europe, with steam lines leading to Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, and the Baltic, most of the English trade with those countries being centred at Hull. It is a town of extreme activity, its docks being all the time crowded with shipping, and its location, practically upon an island, with the broad river Humber on the south, the river Hull upon the east, and docks upon the northern and western sides, giving it every maritime convenience. It is also a great fishing-port, having some five hundred vessels engaged in the North Sea fisheries. The docks, though inferior to those of Liverpool, are the chief feature of the town. The Hull River itself forms a natural dock about a mile and a half long, and from this a chain of other docks leads through the warehouses and the town to the Humber. Hull possesses the Trinity House, one of the three ancient establishments in England—the others being at London and Newcastle—which were founded first as religious fraternities in the fourteenth century, and became afterwards establishments for the relief of distressed and decayed seamen and their families. The present Trinity House building was erected in the last century. The chief ornament of Hull is

the Wilberforce Monument, a pillar of sandstone seventy-two feet high, erected about seventy years ago, and surmounted by a statue of the celebrated philanthropist. He was born on High Street August 24, 1759, this being the most important thoroughfare in ancient Hull, but now a narrow and inconvenient lane following the right bank of the Hull River. Here were in former days the houses of the great Hull merchants, and the Wilberforce House is about halfway down the street. It is a curious specimen of red brickwork, of a style said to have been imported from Flanders in the reign of William and Mary. It is a low, broad house with a surmounting tower over the doorway. Hull has little else of interest in the way of buildings. Its Holy Trinity Church, in the market-place, is the largest parish church in England, having been thoroughly restored, and the Town Hall, built in the Italian style, with a clock-tower, is its finest edifice of modern construction. Across the wide estuary of the Humber the low-lying Lincolnshire coast is not inappropriately called New Holland.

We have now come into Yorkshire, and a few minutes' ride northward by railway along the valley of the Hull River brings the visitor to Beverley, an old-fashioned Yorkshire town of considerable antiquity, eight miles from the seaport. This was anciently a walled town, but of the entrance-gates only one survives, the North Bar, of the time of

Edward III. It is a good specimen of brick architecture, with mouldings and niches upon the surface and battlements at the top. This is a favorite old town for the retired merchant and tradesman who wish to pass the declining years of life in quiet, and it contains many ancient buildings of interest. Several of these are clustered around the picturesque market-square, which is an enclosure of about four acres, and contains a quaint cross, a relic of the time when it was customary to build market-crosses. These ancient crosses, which were practically canopies erected over a raised platform, were generally used as pulpits by the preachers when conducting religious services in the open air. Sometimes they were memorials of the dead. We are told there were formerly five thousand of these crosses of various kinds in England, but most of them were destroyed in the Civil Wars. At these old crosses proclamations used to be read and tolls collected from the market-people. The covered market-cross at Beverley was one of the last that was erected. The name of this interesting town is said to be derived from Beaver Lake, the site having at one time been surrounded by lakes that were formed by the overflowing of the Humber, in which beavers lived in great numbers. The Beverley Minster is an attractive Gothic church, and from the tops of its towers there is an excellent view over the rich and almost level valley through which the

Hull River flows, while within the minster there is a beautiful shrine of the Percys, dating from 1365. Leconfield Castle, in the suburbs, was an ancient residence of the Percys, of which the moat alone remains.

SHEFFIELD.

Let us now ascend the estuary of the Humber, and, proceeding up its numerous tributaries, seek out various places of interest in the West Riding of Yorkshire. And first, ascending the river Don, we come to that great manufacturing centre of the "Black Country," sacred to coal and iron, Sheffield. *Murray's Guide* tells us that while Sheffield is one of the largest and most important towns in Yorkshire, it is "beyond all question the blackest, dirtiest, and least respectable." Horace Walpole in the last century wrote that Sheffield is "one of the foulest towns of England in the most charming situation." It is a crowded city, with narrow and badly-arranged streets, having few handsome public buildings, but bristling with countless tall chimneys belching forth clouds of heavy smoke that hang like a pall over the place. The Don and its tributaries have their beds defiled, and altogether the smoky city is an unpleasant contrast with the beauty of the surrounding country. But, unfortunately, an omelette cannot be made without breaking eggs, nor can Sheffield make cutlery without smoke and bad odors, all of which have amazingly multiplied within the

present century, its population having grown from forty-five thousand in 1801 to nearly four hundred thousand now. It stands at the confluence of the rivers Don and Sheaf, its name being derived from the latter. Three smaller streams join them within the city and are utilized for water-power. The factories spread over the lowlands of the Don valley, and mount up its western slopes towards the moorlands that stretch away to Derbyshire; it is therefore as hilly as it is grimy. Sheffield at the time of the Norman Conquest was the manor of Hallam, which had passed through various families, until, in the seventeenth century, it became by marriage the property of the Duke of Norfolk. The present duke is lord of the manor of Sheffield, and derives a large income from his vast estates there, owning a large part of the town. Sheffield Castle once stood at the confluence of the two rivers, but all traces of it have disappeared. The manor-house, which has been restored, dates from the time of Henry VIII. It is three stories high, and a turret staircase leads from floor to floor, and finally out upon the flat roof.

We are told that Sheffield manufactures of metals began in the days of the Romans, and also that Sheffield-made arrows fell thickly at Crecy and Agincourt. Richmond used them with effect at Bosworth Field, and in the sixteenth century we read of Sheffield knives and whittles. Almost the only

ancient building of any note the city has is the parish church of St. Peter, but it is so much patched and altered that there is difficulty in distinguishing the newer from the older parts. The chief among the modern structures is the new Municipal Building, completed in 1897. There also is the Cutlers' Hall, a Grecian structure erected for the Cutlers Company in 1833, and enlarged afterwards by the addition of a handsome apartment. This company, the autocrats of Sheffield, was founded in 1624 by act of Parliament with two express objects—to keep a check upon the number of apprentices and to examine into the quality of Sheffield wares, all of which were to be stamped with the warranty of their excellence. But recently the restrictive powers of this company have been swept away, and it is now little more than a grantor of trade-marks and an excuse for an annual banquet, the famous Sheffield Cutlers' Feast, given in September, which is noted for its display of political oratory. The office of the master cutler, who presides on this occasion, is the highest honorary dignity the townsmen have in their gift. Sheffield has extensive markets and parks, and the Duke of Norfolk is conspicuous in his gifts of this character to the city; but overtopping all else are the enormous works, which make everything into which iron and steel can be converted, from huge guns, armor-plates, and railway-rails, down to the most delicate springs and highly-

tempered cutlery. Their products go to every part of the world, and are of enormous value and importance.

WAKEFIELD.

Upon the Calder, another tributary of the Humber, northward of the Don, is the town of Wakefield, which, until the recent great growth of Leeds, was the head-quarters of the Yorkshire clothing-trade. It was here that in the Wars of the Roses the battle of Wakefield was fought on the closing day of the year 1460. The Duke of York wished to remain at Wakefield on the defensive against Queen Margaret's Lancastrian army of twenty thousand men, for his forces were barely one-fourth that number. The Earl of Salisbury, however, prevailed on him to advance to meet the queen, and he probably had no idea of the strength she had to oppose him. The duke was soon cut off, and was among the first to fall, his head having afterwards been put on the Micklegate Bar at York. Scenes of great barbarity followed: the Duke of York's son, the Earl of Rutland, was murdered with shocking cruelty on Wakefield Bridge after the battle. Young Rutland's brother, afterwards Edward IV., erected a chantry on the bridge on the spot where he was slain, in order that prayer might be constantly said in it for the repose of the souls of the followers of the White Rose who were slain in the battle. It covers thirty by twenty-four feet, and has been restored by

a successor of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Near the bridge the spot is pointed out where the Duke of York was killed, now marked by two willows. There is a fine old three-gabled house in Wakefield which was built about the same date as the battle was fought, and is now divided into small shops. It is a good specimen of the ancient black-and-white timbered house, though the carved work on the front has been considerably defaced. It stands in the Kirkgate, which runs down to the Calder, and is known locally as the "Six Chimblies." Wakefield was made a bishopric in 1888, and its handsome parish church, which was thoroughly restored, was advanced to the dignity of a cathedral. The town is the capital of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

LEEDS.

Further up the Calder and about nine miles north of Wakefield is the great commercial capital of Yorksire and centre of the cloth-trade, Leeds, built in the valley of the river Aire. Twelve hundred years ago this region, embracing the valleys of the Aire and the Calder, was the independent kingdom of Loidis. It was soon overrun and conquered, however, by the Anglian hosts, and ultimately the conquerors built here the monastery that in Bede's time was presided over by the abbot Thrydwulf. This stood on the site of the present parish church, and in the eighth century it was called "the monas-

tery at Leeta." It stood at the crossing of two important Roman roads in the midst of a forest. This was the beginning of the great city, for soon a hamlet gathered around the monastery, though long since the woods, and indeed all green things, were driven away from Leeds. The village was laid waste by William the Conqueror, and at the time of the Domesday Book it was one of one hundred and fifty manors held by Baron Ilbert de Lacy, whose possessions stretched halfway across Yorkshire. He built a castle at Leeds, which was afterwards a prison of Richard II., but has long since disappeared. In 1530, Leland described Leeds as "a pretty market-town, as large as Bradford, but not so quick as it." Charles I. incorporated it, and the cloth-market was then of some importance. In the Civil War it was taken by the Royalists, and afterwards retaken by Fairfax for the Parliament in a short, sharp struggle, in which a clergyman named Scholfield distinguished himself by his valor, and "by his triumphant psalm-singing" as work after work was captured from the enemy. Flemish workmen brought cloth-making into this part of Yorkshire as early as the reign of Edward III., and two centuries ago the cloth-makers prospered so much that they held a market twice a week at Leeds on a long, narrow bridge crossing the Aire. They laid their cloth on the battlements of the bridge and on benches below, and the country clothiers

could buy for four cents from the innkeepers "a pot of ale, a muggin of porridge, and a trencher of boiled or roast beef." This substantial supply was known as the "brigg (bridge)-shot," and from the bridge ran the street known as the Briggate, which has since developed into one of the finest avenues of the city.

Leeds began to grow in the last century, when it became the chief mart of the woollen clothiers, while the worsted trade gathered about Bradford. These still remain the centres of the two great divisions of the woollen industry, which is the characteristic business of Yorkshire. The factories began then to appear at Leeds, and in the present century the city has made astonishing advances, growing from fifty-three thousand population in 1801 until it exceeds four hundred thousand now. The great cloth-mart to-day is for miles a region of tall chimneys and barrack-like edifices, within which steadily roars machinery that represents some of the most ingenious skill of the human race. Within this hive of busy industry there still linger some memorials of the past among its hundreds of cloth-mills. Turning out of the broad Briggate into the quiet street of St. John, we come to the church built there by the piety of the wealthy clothier John Harrison, and consecrated in 1634. St. John's Church, which he built and presented to the town because the older parish church could scarce hold half the inhabitants, con-

sists of a long nave and chancel, with a south aisle. It is of Gothic architecture, and much of the ancient woodwork, including the pulpit, remains. Arabesques moulded in white plaster fill the panels between the main roof-beams. This interesting church has undergone little historical change excepting the rebuilding of the tower. John Harrison is entombed in the church. The old parish church in Kirkgate has been entirely rebuilt. The other churches of Leeds, like this one, are all modern, and it also has an imposing Town Hall, opened by the queen in 1858, in which are held the annual musical festivals, which have attained much importance. A statue of the Duke of Wellington stands in the square in front. The two Cloth Halls of Leeds, the Mixed Cloth Hall and the White Cloth Hall, where the business of selling was at first carried on, are now little used, the trade being conducted directly between the manufacturer and the clothier. Some of the mills are of enormous size, and they include every operation from the raw material to the finished fabric. But, with all their ingenious machinery, the cloth-weavers have not yet been able to supersede the use of the teasel, by which the loose fibres of wool are raised to the surface to form, when cut and sheared, the pile or nap. These teasels, which are largely grown in Yorkshire, are fastened into a cylinder, and at least three thousand of them will be consumed in "teasling" a piece of

cloth forty yards long. In the suburbs of Leeds are the well-preserved ruins of Kirkstall Abbey of the Cistercians, founded in the twelfth century.

BOLTON ABBEY.

North of the valley of the Aire is the valley of the Wharfe River, and following that pleasant stream a short distance up we come to Rumbald's Moor and the water-cure establishments of the town of Ilkley, which is an array of villas and terraces spreading up the hillside from the southern bank of the river. The neighborhood is full of attractive rock- and river-scenery. In the suburbs is the palace of Ben Rhydding, built in the Scottish baronial style, with the Cow and Calf Rocks overhanging the adjacent park. The Panorama Rock also commands a wide prospect, while Rumbald's Moor itself is elevated over thirteen hundred feet. A few miles from Ilkley are the celebrated ruins of Bolton Abbey, founded by the Augustinians in the twelfth century, standing on a patch of open ground, around which the Wharfe curves, but with much woods clustering near the ruins and on the river-bank. Bolton stands in a deep valley, and on the opposite side of the river rises the steep rock of Simon's Seat, sixteen hundred feet high. The architecture of the abbey is of various styles, the west front coming down to us from the reign of Henry VIII., while its gateway is much older. There is no south aisle to

the abbey, and at present the nave and north aisle are roofed in and serve as the parish church. The east end of this aisle is divided from the rest by an ancient wooden screen so as to form a chapel, and beneath this is the vault where the former owners of Bolton—the Claphams and Mauleverers—were buried. Some years ago, when the floor was being repaired, their coffins were found standing upright, whereof the poet Wordsworth tells us :

“ Through the chinks in the fractured floor
 Look down and see a grisly sight—
 A vault where the bodies are buried upright:
 There face by face and hand by hand,
 The Claphams and Mauleverers stand.”

The ruins of the north transept are in fair preservation, and the choir has a beautiful arcade, while through the openings beneath there is a charming view of the green-bordered river and of the hills beyond. Bolton Hall, which was the ancient gateway of the abbey, is opposite its western front, and is one of the favorite homes in the shooting season of the Duke of Devonshire, its owner.

A pleasant walk of two miles along the Wharfe brings us to the famous rapid, the Strid, where the river is hemmed in between ledges of rock, and the scene of the rushing waters is very fine, especially after a rain. Beautiful paths wind along the hill-sides and through the woods, and here, where the

ruins of Bardon Tower rise high above the valley, is a favorite resort of artists. At the most contracted part of the rocky river-passage the water rushes through a narrow trench cut out for about sixty yards length, within which distance it falls ten feet. The noise here is almost deafening, and at the narrowest part the distance across is barely five feet. It looks easy to jump over, but from the peculiar position of the slippery rocks and the confusing noise of the rushing water it is a dangerous leap.

“ This striding-place is called ‘ the Strid,’
A name which it took of yore :
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.”

It was here that young Romilly, the “ Boy of Egremont,” was drowned several centuries ago, the story of his death being told by Wordsworth in his poem of “ The Force of Prayer.” He had been ranging through Bardon Wood, holding a greyhound in a leash, and tried to leap across the Strid :

“ He sprang in glee ; for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep ?
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

“ The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,
And strangled by a merciless force ;
For nevermore was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.”

It is said that his disconsolate mother built Bolton Abbey to commemorate the death of her only son, and placed it in one of the most picturesque spots in England.

RIPON AND FOUNTAINS.

Proceeding still farther northward from the charming vale of Wharfe, we come to the valley of the Ure, which flows into the Ouse, a main tributary of the Humber, and to the famous cathedral-town of Ripon. This is a place of venerable antiquity, for it has been over twelve centuries since a band of Scotch monks came from Melrose to establish a monastery on the sloping headland above the Ure. A portion of the ancient church then founded is incorporated in the present Ripon Minster, which was built seven centuries ago. It was burned and partly injured by the invading Scots in the fourteenth century, and subsequently the central tower and greater part of the nave were rebuilt. It was not long ago entirely restored. The cathedral consists of a nave, with aisles extending the full width of the western front, and rather broad for its length; the transepts are short. Parallel to the choir on the southern side is a chapter-house. It is one of the smallest cathedrals in England, being two hundred and seventy feet long, and other buildings so encompass it as to prevent a good near view. There is an ample churchyard, but the shrine of St. Wilfrid, the founder, whose relics were the great

treasure of the church, has long since disappeared. It appears that in ancient times there was great quarrelling over the possession of his bones, and that Archbishop Odo, declaring his grave to be neglected, carried them off to Canterbury, but after much disputing a small portion of the saint's remains were restored to Ripon. Beneath the corner of the nave is the singular crypt known as Wilfrid's Needle. A long passage leads to a cell from which a narrow window opens into another passage. Through this window we are told that women whose virtue was doubted were made to crawl, and if they stuck by the way were adjudged guilty. This is the oldest part of the church, and is regarded as the most perfect existing relic of the earliest age of Christianity in Yorkshire. The cathedral contains some interesting monuments, one of which demonstrates that epitaph-writing flourished in times ago at Ripon. It commemorates, as "a faint emblem of his refined taste," William Weddell of Newby, "in whom every virtue that ennobles the human mind was united with every elegance that adorns it." Ripon still retains the ancient custom by which from time immemorial, nightly at nine o'clock, a horn has been sounded at the market-cross, and before the house of the "wakeman" or mayor.

In the neighborhood of Ripon is the world-renowned Fountains Abbey, of which the remains are in excellent preservation, and stand in a beauti-

ful situation on the verge of the fine estate of the Marquis of Ripon, Studley Royal. The gates of this park are about two miles from Ripon, the road winding among the trees, beneath which herds of deer are browsing, and leading up to the mansion, in front of which is an attractive scene. The little river Skell, on its way to the Ure, emerges from a glen, and is dammed up to form a lake, from which it tumbles over a pretty cascade. The steep bank opposite is covered with trees. John Aislabie, who had been chancellor of the exchequer, laid out this park in 1720, and such repute did his ornamental works attain that Studley was regarded as the most embellished spot in the North of England. Ultimately, through heiresses, it passed into the hands of the present owner. The pleasure-grounds were laid out in the Dutch style then in vogue, and the slopes of the valley were terraced, planted with evergreens, and adorned with statues. Modern landscape-gardening has somewhat varied the details, but the original design remains. In the gardens are the Octagon Tower, perched upon a commanding knoll, the Temple of Piety, near the water-side, and an arbor known as Anne Boleyn's Seat, which commands a superb view over Fountains Dale and the ruins of the abbey, far below, across the Skell. Let us enter this pretty glen, which gradually narrows, becomes more abrupt and rocky, and as we go along the Skell leads us from the woods out

upon a level grassy meadow, at the end of which stand the gray ruins of the famous Cistercian abbey. The buildings spread completely across the glen to its craggy sides on either hand. On the right there is only room for a road to pass between the transept and the limestone rock which rears on high the trees rooted in its crannies, whose branches almost brush the abbey's stately tower. On the other side is the little river, with the conventual buildings carried across it in more than one place, the water flowing through a vaulted tunnel. These buildings extend to the bases of the opposite crags. The remains are of great size, being the most extensive and picturesque monastic ruin in England, and it does not take much imagination to restore the glen to its aspect when the abbey was in full glory five hundred years ago. Its founders came hither almost as exiles from York, and began building the abbey in the fourteenth century, but it was barely completed when Henry VIII. forced the dissolution of the monasteries. It was very rich, and furnished rare plunder when the monks were compelled to leave it. The close or immediate grounds of the abbey contained about eighty acres, entered by a gate-house to the westward of the church, the ruins of which can still be seen. Near by is an old mill alongside the Skell, and a picturesque bridge crosses the stream, while on a neighboring knoll are some ancient yews which are believed to have sheltered the earliest

settlers, and are called the "Seven Sisters." But, unfortunately, only two now remain, gnarled and twisted, with decaying trunks and falling limbs—ruins in fact that are as venerable as Fountains Abbey itself. Botanists say they are twelve hundred years old, and that they were full-grown trees when the exiles from York first encamped alongside the Skell.

Entering the close, the ruins of the abbey church are seen in better preservation than the other buildings. The roof is gone, for its woodwork was used to melt down the lead by zealous Reformers in the sixteenth century, and green grass has replaced the pavement. The ruins disclose a noble temple, the tower rising one hundred and sixty-eight feet. In the eastern transept is the beautiful "Chapel of the Nine Altars" with its tall and slender columns, some of the clustering shafts having fallen. For some distance southward and eastward from the church extend the ruins of the other convent-buildings. In former times they were used as a stone-quarry for the neighborhood, many of the walls being levelled to the ground, but since the last century they have been scrupulously preserved. The plan is readily traced, for excavations have been made to display better the ruins. South of the nave of the church was the cloister-court. On one side were the transept and chapter-house, and on the other a long corridor supporting the dormitory. This was one hundred

yards long, extending across the river, and abutting against the crags on the other side. South of the cloister-court were the chapter-house, buttery, refectory, kitchen, and other apartments. To the eastward was a group of buildings terminating in a grand house for the abbot, which also bridged the river. All these are now in picturesque ruins, the long corridor, with its vaulted roof supported by a central row of columns with broad arches, being considered one of the most impressive religious remains in England. One of the chief uses to which the Fountains Abbey stone-quarry was devoted was the building, in the reign of James I., of a fine Jacobean mansion as the residence for its then owner, Sir Stephen Proctor. This is Fountains Hall, an elaborate structure of that period, which stands near the abbey gateway, and to a great extent atones, by its quaint attractiveness, for the vandalism that despoiled the abbey to furnish materials for its construction. In fact, the mournful reflection is always uppermost in viewing the remains of this famous place that it would have been a grand old ruin could it have been preserved, but the spoilers who plundered it for their own profit are said to have discovered, in the fleeting character of the riches thus obtained, that ill-gotten gains never prosper.

RICHMOND CASTLE.

Proceeding northward from Ripon, and crossing over into the valley of the river Swale, we reach one of the most picturesquely located towns of England—Richmond, whose great castle is among the best English remains of the Norman era. The river flows over a broken and rocky bed around the base of a cliff, and crowning the precipice above is the great castle magnificent even in decay. It was founded in the reign of William the Conqueror by Alan the Red, Duke of Brittany, who was created Earl of Richmond, and it covers a space of about five acres on a rock projecting over the river, the prominent tower of the venerable keep being surrounded by walls and buildings. A lane leads up from the market-place of the town to the castle-gate, alongside of which are Robin Hood's Tower and the Golden Tower, the latter named from a tradition of a treasure being once found there. The Scolland's Hall, a fine specimen of Norman work, adjoins this tower. The keep is one hundred feet high and furnished with walls eleven feet thick, time having had little effect upon this noble structure, one of the most perfect Norman keep-towers remaining in England. There is a grand view from the battlements over the romantic valley of the Swale. In the village is an old gray tower, the only remains of a Franciscan monastery founded in the thirteenth

century, and the ruins of Easby Abbey, dating from the twelfth century, are not far away ; its granary is still in use. The valley of the Swale may be pursued for a long distance, furnishing constant displays of romantic scenery, or, if that is preferred, excellent trout-fishing.

The romantic valley of the Tees makes the northern boundary of Yorkshire, dividing it from Durham. Not far over the border is the woollen and carpet manufacturing town of Darlington, also noted as the terminus of the first steam passenger railway line opened in England—the Stockton and Darlington Railway—constructed in 1825, mainly through the enterprise of Edward Pease, then a prominent Quaker townsman of Darlington. The earliest locomotive used on this railway is preserved in a glass house on the station platform. This road went down the valley among the iron furnaces to the seaport of Stockton-on-Tees, near the head of the estuary made by Tees Bay on the North Sea. The Tees River valley to the westward as it comes out of the hills is most beautiful. Here is the High Force, one of the highest and finest waterfalls in England, falling sixty feet. Every cataract in this region is a “Force.” Just south of the Tees, at Bowes, is the reputed original of Dotheboys Hall, the peculiar Yorkshire school made famous by Dickens.

YORK.

From the high hills in the neighborhood of Fountains Dale there is a magnificent view of the plain of York, and we will now proceed down the valley of the Ouse to the venerable settlement, originally the *Caer Eborac* of the Britons, which the Romans called *Eboracum*, and now the capital of a county exceeding in extent many kingdoms and principalities of Europe. This ancient British stronghold has given its name to the metropolis of the New World, but the modern Babylon on the Hudson has far outstripped the little city of about sixty-five thousand people on the equally diminutive Ouse. It was *Ebrane*, the king of the *Brigantes*, who is said to have founded York, but so long ago that the story is believed a myth. Whatever its origin, a settlement was there before the Christian era, but nothing certain is known of it beyond the fact that it existed when the Romans invaded Britain and captured York, with other strongholds, in the first century of the Christian era. *Eboracum* was made the head-quarters of their sixth legion, and soon became the chief city of a district now rich in relics of the Roman occupation, their dead being still found thickly buried around the town. Portions of the walls of *Eboracum* remain, among them being that remarkable relic, the tower, polygonal in plan, which is known as the *Multangular Tower*, and

which marks the south-western angle of the ancient Roman city. Not far away are the dilapidated ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, once one of the wealthiest and proudest religious houses in the North of England, but with little now left but portions of the foundations, a gateway, and the north and west walls of the nave. This abbey was founded in the eleventh century, and it was from here that the exiled monks who built Fountains Abbey were driven out. This ruin has been in its present condition during over two hundred and fifty years.

For more than three centuries Eboracum was a great Roman city. Here came the emperor Severus and died in 211, his body being cremated and the ashes conveyed to Rome. When the empire was divided, Britain fell to the share of Constantius Chlorus, and he made Eboracum his home, dying there in 305. Constantine the Great, his son, was first proclaimed emperor at Eboracum. When the Romans departed evil days fell upon York: the barbarians destroyed it, and it was not till 627 that it reappeared in history, when Eadwine, King of Northumbria, was baptized there by St. Paulinus on Easter Day, a little wooden church being built for the purpose. Then began its ecclesiastical eminence, for Paulinus was the first Archbishop of York, beginning a line of prelates that has continued unbroken since, and York was the centre from which Christianity spread through Northern England. In

the eighth century the Northmen began their incursions, and from spoilers ultimately became settlers. York prospered, being thronged with Danish merchants, and in the tenth century it had thirty thousand population. In King Harold's reign the Northmen attacked and captured the town, when Harold surprised and defeated them, killing their leader Tostig, but no sooner had he won the victory than he had to hasten southward to meet William the Norman, and he in turn vanquished and slain. York resisted William, but he ultimately conquered the city and built a castle there, but being rebellious the people attacked the castle. He returned and chastised them, and built a second castle on the Ouse; but the discontent deepened, and a Danish fleet appearing in the Humber there was another rebellion, and the Norman garrison firing the houses around the castle to clear the ground for its better defence, the greater part of the city was consumed. While this was going on the Danes arrived, attacked and captured both castles, slaughtered their entire garrisons of three thousand men, and were practically unopposed by the discontented people. Then it was that the stalwart Norman William swore "by the splendor of God" to avenge himself on Northumbria, and, keeping his pledge, he devastated the entire country north of the Humber.

York continued to exist without making much history for several centuries, till the Wars of the

Roses came between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. In this York bore its full part, but it was at first the Lancastrian king who was most frequently found at York, and not the duke who bore the title. But after Towton Field, on Palm Sunday, March 29, 1461, the most sanguinary battle ever fought in England, one hundred thousand men being engaged, the news of their defeat was brought to the Lancastrian king Henry and Queen Margaret at York, and they soon became fugitives, and their youthful adversary, the Duke of York, was crowned Edward IV. in York Minster. In the Civil War it was in York that Charles I. took refuge, and from that city first issued his declaration of war against the Parliament. For two years York was loyal to the king, and then the fierce siege took place in which the Parliamentary forces ruined St. Mary's Abbey by undermining and destroying its tower. Prince Rupert raised this siege, but the respite was not long. Marston Moor saw the king defeated, Rupert's troopers being, as the historian tells us, made as "stubble to the swords of Cromwell's Ironsides." The king's shattered army retreated to York, and was pursued, and in a fortnight York surrendered to the Parliamentary forces. The city languished afterwards, losing its trade, and developing vast pride, but equal poverty. Since the days of railways, however, it has become a very important junction, and has thus somewhat revived its activity.

The walls of York are almost as complete as those of Chester, while its ancient gateways are in much better preservation. The gateways, called "bars," are among the marked features of the city, and the streets leading to them are called "gates." The chief of these is Micklegate, the highroad leading to the south, the most important street in York, and Micklegate Bar is the most graceful in design of all, coming down from Tudor days, with turrets and battlements pierced with cross-shaped loopholes and surmounted by small stone figures of warriors. It was on this bar that the head of the Duke of York was exposed, and the ghastly spectacle greeted his son, Edward IV., as he rode into the town after Towton Field. It did not take long to strike off the heads of several distinguished prisoners and put them in his place as an expiatory offering. Here also whitened the heads of traitors down to as late as the last Jacobite rebellion. One of the buttresses of the walls of York is the Red Tower, so called from the red brick of which it is built. These walls and gates are full of interesting relics of the olden time, and they are still preserved to show the line of circumvallation of the ancient walled city. But the chief glory of York is its famous minster, on which the hand of time has been lightly laid. When King Eadwine was baptized in the little wooden church hastily erected for the purpose, he began building at the same place, at the suggestion

of Paulinus, a larger and more noble basilica of stone, wherein the little church was to be included. But before it was completed the king was slain, and his head was brought to York and buried in the portico of the basilica. This church fell into decay, and was burned in the eighth century. On its site was built a much larger minster, which was consumed in William the Conqueror's time, when the greater part of York was burned. From its ashes rose the present magnificent minster, portions of which were building from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, it being completed as we now see it in 1470, and reconsecrated as the cathedral of St. Peter with great pomp in 1472. Its chief treasure was the shrine of St. William, the nephew of King Stephen, a holy man of singularly gentle character. When he came into York it is said the pressure of the crowd was so great that it caused the fall of a bridge over the Ouse, but the saint by a miracle saved all their lives. The shrine was destroyed at the Reformation, and the relics buried in the nave, where they were found in the last century. York Minster remained almost unchanged until 1829, when a lunatic named Martin concealed himself one night in the cathedral and set fire to the woodwork of the choir, afterwards escaping through a transept-window. The fire destroyed the timber roofs of the choir and nave and the great organ. Martin was arrested, and confined in an asylum until he died.

The restoration cost \$350,000, and had not long been completed when some workmen accidentally set fire to the south-western tower, which gutted it, destroyed the bells, and burned the roof of the nave. This mischief cost \$125,000 to repair, and the southern transept, which was considered unsafe, has since been partially rebuilt.

Few English cathedrals exceed York Minster in dignity and massive grandeur. It is the largest Gothic church in the kingdom, and contains one of the biggest of bells, "Old Peter," weighing ten and three-quarters tons, which is struck regularly every day at noon. The minster is five hundred and twenty-five feet long, two hundred and twenty-two feet wide, and ninety-nine feet high in the nave, and its towers rise about two hundred feet, the imposing central tower being two hundred and sixteen feet high. Its great charms are its windows, most of them containing the original stained glass, some of it six hundred years old. The east window is one of the largest stained-glass windows in the world, seventy-seven by thirty-two feet, and is of exquisite design, being made by John Thornton of Coventry in 1408, who was paid one dollar per week wages and got a present of fifty dollars when he finished it. At the end of one transept is the Five Sisters Window, designed by five nuns, each planning a tall, narrow sash; and a beautiful rose-window is at the end of the other transept. High up in the nave the

statue of St. George stands on one side defying the dragon, who pokes out his head on the other. Its tombs are among the minster's greatest curiosities. The effigy of Archbishop Walter de Grey, six hundred and fifty years old, is stretched out in an open coffin lying under a superb canopy, and the corpse instead of being in the ground is overhead in the canopy. This is the finest monument in the minster. All the walls are full of memorial tablets—a few modern ones to English soldiers, but most of them ancient. Strange tombs are also set in the walls, bearing effigies of the dead. Sir William Gee stands up with his two wives, one on each side, and his six children—all eight statues having their hands folded. Others sit up like Punch and Judy, the women dressed in hoops, farthingales, and ruffs, the highest fashions of their age. Here is buried Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford, and scores of archbishops, including Archbishop Scrope, beheaded in 1405. The body of the famous Hotspur is entombed in the wall beneath the great east window. Burke's friend Saville is buried here, that statesman having written his epitaph. The outside of the minster has all sorts of grotesque gargoyles, protuberances which, according to the ancient style of church-building, represent the evil spirits that religion casts out. Adjoining the north transept, and approached through a beautiful vestibule, is the chapter-house, an octagonal building sixty-three feet in diameter

and surmounted by a pyramidal roof. Seven of its sides are large stained-glass windows, and the ceiling is a magnificent work. This is considered the most beautiful chapter-house in England. The Archbishop of York is also given the dignity of "the Primate of England," and he receives a salary of \$50,000 annually.

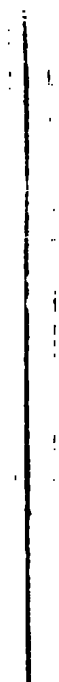
York Castle occupied a peninsula between the Ouse and a branch called the Foss. Of this, Clifford's Tower, built in the thirteenth century, is about all of the ancient work that remains. It rises on its mound high above the surrounding buildings, and was the keep of the ancient fortress, constructed according to a remarkable and unique plan, consisting of parts of four cylinders running into each other. It dates from Edward I., but the entrance was built by Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, its governor under Charles I. The interior of the tower was afterwards burned, and George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, who was imprisoned there, planted a walnut tree within the tower which is still growing. It was in the keep of the Norman castle, which this tower replaced, that the massacre of the Jews, which grew out of race-jealousy at their great wealth, occurred in 1190. On March 16th the house of Benet, the leading Jew in York, was sacked by a mob and his wife and children murdered. Five hundred of his countrymen then sought refuge in the castle, and those who remained

outside were killed. The mob besieged the castle, led by a hermit from the neighborhood "famed for zeal and holiness," who was clothed in white robes, and each morning celebrated mass and inflamed the fury of the besiegers by his preaching. At last he ventured too near the walls, and was brained by a stone. Battering-rams were then brought up, and a night's carouse was indulged in before the work of knocking down the castle began. Within was a different scene: the Jews were without food or hope. An aged rabbi, who had come as a missionary from the East, and was venerated almost as a prophet, exhorted his brethren to render up freely their lives to God rather than await death at the enemy's hands. Nearly all decided to follow his council; they fired the castle, destroyed their property, killed their wives and children, and then turned their swords upon themselves. Day broke, and the small remnant who dared not die called from the walls of the blazing castle that they were anxious for baptism and "the faith and peace of Christ." They were promised everything, opened the gates, and were all massacred. In later years York Castle has been used as a prison, and has enclosed some well-known prisoners, among them Eugene Aram, and Dick Turpin, who was hanged there. The York elections and mass-meetings are held in the courtyard. Here Wilberforce, who long represented York in Parliament, spoke in 1784, when Boswell wrote of him:

"I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table, but as I listened he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." The York streets are full of old houses, many with porches and overhanging fronts. One of the most curious rows is the Shambles, on a narrow street and dating from the fourteenth century. A little way out of town is the village of Holgate, which was the residence of Lindley Murray the grammarian. Guy Fawkes is said to have been a native of York, and this strange and antique old city, we are also credibly assured, was in 1632 the birthplace of Robinson Crusoe.

"Each has his destined time : a span
Is all the heritage of man :
'Tis virtue's part, by deeds of praise,
To lengthen fame through after days."—CONINGTON.

END OF VOLUME I.





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